POEMS
ON
Affairs of State,
From the Reign of K. *James* I. to the Year 1703.

Written by the Greateſt Wits of the Age.

VIZ.

The late Duke of *Buckingham*,	Mr. *Dryden*,
Late Earl of *Rocheſter*,	Dr. *Garth*,
Earl of *Dorſet*,	Mr. *Toland*,
Lord *Jefferys*,	Mr. *Hughes*,
Mr. *Milton*,	Mr. *Foe*,
Andrew Marvel Eſq;	Mr. *Finch*,
Mr. *St. John*,	Mr. *Harcourt*,
	Mr. *Tutchin*, &c.

Many of which were never before publiſh'd.

VOL. II.

The Second Edition.

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The PREFACE.

THERE having been publish'd some time since a Collection of *State-Poems* from the time of *Oliver Cromwel* to the Abdication of the late K. *James*; and the same having met with a General Reception, notwithstanding several valuable Pieces both in Print, and Manuscript had not come to the Publisher's hands; 'twas therefore thought fit to present the World with a *Second Volume*, that that Defect might be supplied.

This Collection, of which a great part never appear'd in Print, commences from the beginning of K. *Charles* the First's Reign, and comes down to this present Year 1703. It must be own'd, the Poems are not plac'd in an exact Chronological Order, as 'twas design'd they should be; but the Difficulty of getting them all together, gave occasion to the misplacing 'em. However, a transient View of the Table will in a great measure make amends for that, where the Authors of several of 'em, and the Time when written, are specified.

There are some *Miscellany* Poems, which at first may be thought inproper to have been in this Collection; but 'tis hop'd the Publisher will

not be blam'd for inſerting 'em, particularly the *Hiſtorical* ones, when 'tis obſerv'd, that they either come from Conſiderable Hands, or the Dignity of the Subject requir'd their being preſerv'd,

The Reader need not be ſurpriz'd to find the Poems of all Partys; for therein the Publiſher has ſhewn himſelf a faithful Collector, and that he is of no Party himſelf. Beſides, the Deſign of Collections of this kind, is to afford ſome aſſiſtance to Hiſtory; the Spirit of the ſeveral Parties in the Nation being to be diſcover'd hereby, as much, if not more, than from any other ſort of Writings.

All that remains to be ſaid, is, that the Difficulty of making a good Collection of Poems (not to mention the Charge, which wou'd be at leaſt tentimes the Price of this Book) is a ſufficient Argument of the Uſefulneſs of this Deſign.

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THE

THE FOREIGNERS.

LONG time had *Israel* been diſus'd from Reſt,
Long had they been by Tyrants ſore oppreſt;
Kings of all ſorts they ignorantly crav'd,
And grew more ſtupid as they were enſlav'd:
Yet want of Grace they impiouſly diſown'd,
And ſtill like Slaves beneath the Burden groan'd:
With longuid Eyes their Race of Kings they view,
The Bad too many, and the Good too few;
Some rob'd their Houſes, and deſtroy'd their Lives,
Raviſh'd their Daughters, and debauch'd their Wives;
Profan'd the Altars with polluted Loves,
And worſhip'd Idols in the Woods and Groves.
To Foreign Nations next they have recourſe;
Striving to mend, they made their State much worſe.
They firſt from *Hebron* all their Plagues did bring,
Cramm'd in the Single Perſon of a King;
From whoſe baſe Loins ten thouſand Evils flow,
Which by Succeſſion they muſt undergo.
Yet ſenſe of Native Freedom ſtill remains,
They fret and grumble underneath their Chains;
Incens'd, enrag'd, their Paſſion does ariſe,
Kill at his Palace-Gate their Monarch dies.
This Glorious Feat was by the Fathers done,
Whoſe Children next depos'd his Tyrant Son,
Made Him like *Cain*, a murd'rous Wanderer,
Both of his Crimes, and of his Fortunes ſhare.

But ſtill reſolv'd to ſplit on Foreign Shelves,
Rather than venture once to truſt Themſelves,
To Foreign Courts and Councils do reſort,
To find a King their Freedoms to ſupport:
Of one for mighty Actions fam'd the're told,
Profoundly Wiſe, and deſperately Bold,
Skilful in War, Succeſsful ſtill in Fight,
Had vanquiſh'd Hoſts, and Armies put to flight;
And when the Storms of War and Battles ceaſe,
Knew well to ſteer the Ship of State in Peace.
Him they approve, approaching to their ſight,
Lov'd by the Gods, of Mankind the Delight.
The numerous Tribes reſort to ſee him land,
Cover the Beach, and blacken all the Strand;
With loud Huzza's they welcome him on ſhore,
And for their Bleſſing do the Gods implore.
The Sanhedrim conven'd, at length debate
The ſad Condition of their drooping State,
And Sinking Church, juſt ready now to drown;
And with one Shout they do the Hero crown.
Ah Happy *Iſrael!* had there never come
Into his Councils crafty Knaves at home,
In combination with a Foreign Brood,
Sworn Foes to *Iſrael*'s Rights ond *Iſrael*'s Good;
Who impiouſly foment inteſtine Jars,
Exhauſt our Treaſure, and prolong our Wars;
Make *Iſrael*'s People to themſelves a Prey,
Miſlead their King, and ſteal his Heart away:
United Intereſts thus they do divide,
The State declines by Avarice and Pride;
Like Beaſts of Prey they ravage all the Land,
Acquire Preferments, and uſurp Command:
The Foreign Inmates the Houſe-keepers ſpoil,
And drain the Moiſture of our fruitful Soil.
If to our Monarch there are Honours due,
Yet what with *Gibeonites* have we to do?
When Foreign States employ 'em for their Food,
To draw their Water, and to hew their Wood.

What

What Mushroom Honours does our Soil afford!
One day a Begger, and the next a Lord.
What dastard Souls do *Jewish* Nobles wear!
The Commons such Affronts would never bear.
Let no Historian the sad Stories tell
Of thy base Sons, O servile *Israel!*
But thou, my Muse, more Generous and Brave,
Shalt their black Crimes from dark Oblivion save;
To future Ages shalt their Sins disclose,
And brand with Infamy thy Nation's Foes.
A Country lies, due East from *Judah*'s Shoar,
Where stormy Winds and noisy Billows roar;
A Land much differing from all other Soils,
Forc'd from the Sea, and buttress'd up with Piles:
No marble Quarrys bind the spungy Ground,
But Loads of Sand and Cockle-shells are found:
Its Natives void of Honesty and Grace,
A Booorish, rude, and an inhumane Race;
From Nature's Excrement their Life is drawn,
Are born in Bogs, and nourish'd up from Spawn.
Their hard-smoak'd Beef is their continual Meat,
Which they with Rusk, their luscious Manna, eat.
Such Food with their chill Stomachs best agrees,
They sing *Hosannah* to a Mare's-milk Cheese.
To supplicate no God, their Lips will move;
Who speaks in Thunder like Almighty *Jove*,
But watry Deities they do invoke,
Who from the Marshes most Divinely croak.
Their Land, as if asham'd their Crimes to see,
Dives down beneath the Surface of the Sea.
Neptune, the God who does the Seas command,
Ne'er stands on Tip-toe to descry their Land;
But seated on a Billow of the Sea,
With Ease their humble Marshes does survey.
These are the Vermin do our State molest;
Eclipse our Glory, and disturb our Rest.
BENTIR in the Inglorious Roll the first,
Bentir to this and future Ages curst,

Of mean Deſcent, yet inſolently proud,
Shun'd by the Great, and hated by the Crowd;
Who neither Blood nor Parentage can boaſt,
And what he got the *Jewiſh* Nation loſt:
By laviſh Grants whole Provinces he gains,
Made forfeit by the *Jewiſh* Peoples Pains;
Till angry Sanhedrims ſuch Grants reſume,
And from the Peacock take each borrow'd Plume.
Why ſhould the *Gibeonites* our Land engroſs,
And aggrandize their Fortunes with our Loſs?
Let them in foreign States proudly command,
They have no Portion in the Promis'd Land,
Which immemorially has been decreed
To be the Birth-right of the *Jewiſh* Seed.
How ill does *Bentir* in the Head appear
Of Warriours, who do *Jewiſh* Enſigns bear,
By ſuch we're grown e'en ſcandalous in War.
Our Fathers Trophies wore, and oft could tell
How by their Swords the mighty Thouſands fell;
What mighty Deeds our Grandfathers had done,
What Battels fought, what Wreaths of Honour won:
Thro' the extended Orb they purchas'd Fame,
The Nations trembling at their Awful Name:
Such wondrous Heroes our Fore-fathers were,
When we, baſe Souls! but Pigmies are in War:
By Foreign Chieftains we improve in Skill;
We learn how to intrench, not how to kill:
For all our Charge are good Proficients made,
In uſing both the Pickax and the Spade.
But in what Field have we a Conqueſt wrought?
In Ten Years War what Battel have we fought?
If we a Foreign Slave may uſe in War,
Yet why in Council ſhould that Slave appear?
If we with *Jewiſh* Treaſure make him great,
Muſt it be done to undermine the State?
Where are the Antient Sages of Renown?
No *Magi* left, fit to adviſe the Crown?
Muſt we by Foreign Councils be undone?

Unhappy

Unhappy *Iſrael*, who ſuch Meaſures takes,
And ſeeks for Stateſmen in the Bogs and Lakes;
Who ſpeak the Language of moſt abject Slaves,
Under the Conduct of our *Jewiſh* Knaves.
Our *Hebrew*'s murder'd in their hoarſer Throats;
How ill their Tongues agree with *Jewiſh Notes!*
Their untun'd Prattle does our Senſe confound,
Which in our Princely Palaces does ſound;
The ſelf-ſame Language the old Serpent ſpoke,
When misbelieving *Eve* the Apple took:
Of our firſt Mother why are we aſham'd,
When by the ſelf-ſame Rhetorick we are damn'd?
But *Bentir*, not content with ſuch Command,
To canton out the *Jewiſh* Nation's Land;
He does extend to other Coaſts his Pride,
And other Kingdoms into Parts divide;
Unhappy *Hiram!* diſmal is thy Song;
Tho born to Empire, thou art very young!
Ever in Nonage, canſt no Right transfer:
But who made *Bentir* thy Executor?
What mighty Power does *Iſrael*'s Land afford?
What Power has made the famous *Bentir* Lord?
The Peoples Voice, and *Sanhedrim*'s Accord.
Are not the Rights of People ſtill the ſame?
Did they e'er differ in or Place or Name?
Have not Mankind on equal Terms ſtill ſtood,
Without Diſtinction, ſince the mighty Flood?
And have not *Hiram*'s Subjects a free Choice
To chuſe a King by their united Voice?
If *Iſrael*'s People cou'd a Monarch chuſe,
A living King at the ſame time refuſe;
That *Hiram*'s People, ſhall it e'er be ſaid,
Have not the Right of Choice when he is dead?
When no Succeſſor to the Crown's in ſight,
The Crown is certainly the Peoples Right.
If Kings are made the People to enthral,
We had much better have no King at all:

But Kings, appointed for the Common Good,
Always as Guardians to their People ſtood.
And Heaven allows the People ſure a Power
To chuſe ſuch Kings as ſhall not them devour:
They know full well what beſt will ſerve themſelves,
How to avoid the dangerous Rocks and Shelves.
Unthinging *Iſrael!* Ah henceforth beware
How you entruſt this faithful Wanderer!
He who another Kingdom can divide,
May ſet your Conſtitution ſoon aſide,
And o're your Liberties in Triumph ride.
Support your Rightful Monarch and his Crown,
But pull this proud, this croaking Mortal down.
Proceed, my Muſe; the Story next relate
Of *Keppech* the Imperious Chit of State,
Mounted to Grandeur by the uſual Courſe
Of Whoring, Pimping, or a Crime that's worſe;
Of Foreign Birth, and undeſcended too,
Yet he, like *Bentir*, mighty Feats can do.
He robs our Treaſure, to augment his State,
And *Jewiſh* Nobles on his Fortunes wait:
Our raviſh'd Honours on his Shoulder wears,
And Titles from our Antient Rolls he tears.
Was e'er a prudent People thus befool'd,
By upſtart Foreigners thus baſely gull'd?
Ye *Jewiſh* Nobles, boaſt no more your Race,
Or ſacred Badges did your Fathers grace!
In vain is Blood, or Parentages, when
Ribbons and Garters can ennoble Men.
To Chivalry you need have no recourſe,
The gawdy Trappings make the Aſs a Horſe.
No more, no more your Antient Honours own,
By ſlaviſh *Gibeonites* you are outdone:
Or elſe your Antient Courage re-aſſume,
And to aſſert your Honours once preſume;
From off their Heads your raviſh'd Lawrels tear,
And let them know what *Jewiſh* Nobles are.

The True-Born *Engliſhman*: A SATYR.

An Explanatory Preface.

IT is not that I ſee any Reaſon to alter my Opinion in any thing I have writ, which occaſions this Epiſtle; but I find it neceſſary for the ſatisfaction of ſome Perſons of Honour, as well as Wit, to paſs a ſhort Explication upon it, and tell the World what I mean, or rather what I do not mean, in ſome things wherein I find I am liable to be miſ-underſtood.

I confeſs my ſelf ſomething ſurpriz'd to hear that I am tax'd with Bewraying my Own Neſt, and Abuſing our Nation, by Diſcovering the Meaneſs of our Original, in order to make the Engliſh *contemptible abroad and at home; in which, I think, they are miſtaken: For why ſhould not our Neighbours be as good as We to Derive from? And I muſt add, That had we been an unmix'd Nation, I am of opinion it had been to our Diſadvantage: For to go no farther, we have three Nations about us as clear from Mixtures of Blood as any in the World, and I know not which of them I could wiſh our ſelves to be like; I mean the* Scots, *the* Welſh *and* Iriſh: *And if I were to write a Reverſe to the* Satyr, *I would examine all the Nations of* Europe, *and prove, That thoſe Nations which are moſt mix'd, are the beſt, and have leaſt of Barbariſm and Brutality among them; and abundance of Reaſons might be given for it, too long to bring into a* Preface.

But I give this Hint, to let the World know, that I am far from thinking 'tis a Satyr *upon the* Engliſh *Nation, to tell them, They are deriv'd from all the Nations under Heaven; that is,* from ſeveral Nations. *Nor is it meant to undervalue the Original of the* Engliſh, *for we ſee no reaſon to like them worſe, being the Relicks of* Romans, Danes, Saxons, Normans, *then we ſhould ha' done, if they had remain'd* Britains, *that is,* than if they had been all *Welſhmen.*

But the Intent of the Satyr *is pointed at the Vanity of thoſe who talk of their Antiquity, and value themſelves upon their Pedigree, their Antient Families, and being* True Born; *whereas 'tis impoſſible we ſhou'd be* True Born; *and if we could, ſhou'd have loſt by the Bargain.*

Theſe ſort of People, who call themſelves True Born, *and tell long Stories of their Families, and like a Nobleman of* Venice, think a Foreigner ought not to walk on the ſame ſide of the Street with them, *are own'd to be meant in this* Satyr. *What they could infer from their long Original, I know not, nor is it eaſie to make out whether they are the better, or the worſe for their Anceſtors: Our* Engliſh *Nation may value themſelves for their* Wit, Wealth *and* Courage, *and I believe few Nations will diſpute it with them; but for long Originals, and Antient* True Born *Families of* Engliſh, *I would adviſe them to wave the Diſcourſe. A* True Engliſh *Man is one that deſerves a Character, and I have no where leſſened him, that I know of; but as for a* True Born *Engliſh* Man, *I confeſs I do not underſtand him.*

From hence I only infer, That an Engliſh *Man of all Men ought not to deſpiſe Foreigners* as ſuch; *and I think the Inference is juſt, ſince* what they are to day, we were yeſterday, and to morrow they will be like us. *If Foreigners misbehave in their ſeveral Stations and Employments,* I have nothing to do with that; *the Laws are open to puniſh them equally with Natives, and let them have no Favour.*

But when I see the Town full of Lampoons and Invectivs against Dutchmen, only because they are Foreigners, *and the King Reproached and Insulted by Insolent Pedants, and Ballad-making Poets, for employing Foreigners, and for being a Foreigner himself; I confess my self mov'd by it to remind our Nation of their own Original, thereby to let them see what a Banter is put upon our selves in it, since speaking of* Englishmen ab Origine, *we are really all Foreigners our selves.*

I could go on to prove 'tis also Impolitick in us to discourage Foreigners; since 'tis easie to make it appear that the multitudes of Foreign Nations who have took Sanctuary here, have been the greatest Additions to the Wealth and Strength of the Nation; the great Essential whereof is the number of its Inhabitants: Nor would this Nation have ever arriv'd to the Degree of Wealth and Glory it now boasts of, if the addition of Foreign Nations, both as to Manufactures and Arms, had not been helpful to it. This is so plain, that he who is ignorant of it, is too dull to be talk'd with.

The Satyr *therefore I must allow to be just, till I am otherwise convinc'd; because nothing can be more ridiculous, than to hear our People boast of that Antiquity, which if it had been true, would have left us in so much worse a Condition than we are in now: Whereas we ought rather to boast among our Neighbours, that we are a part of themselves, of the same Original as they, but better'd by our Climate, and like our Language and Manufactures, deriv'd from them, and improv'd by us to a Perfection greater than they can pretend to.*

This we might have valued our selves upon without Vanity: But to disown our Descent from them, talk big of our Antient Families, and long Originals, and stand at a Distance from Foreigners, like the Enthusiast *in Religion, with a* Stand off, I am more holy than thou: *This is a thing so ridiculous, in a Nation deriv'd from Foreigners as we are, that I could not but attack them as I have done.*

And

And whereas I am threatn'd to be call'd to a publick Account for this Freedom; and the Publisher of this has been News-paper'd *into the Goal already for it; tho I see nothing in it for which the Government can be displeas'd; yet if at the same time those People who with an Unlimited Arrogance in Print, every day* Affront the King, Prescribe the Parliament, and Lampoon the Government, *may be either Punished or Restrained, I am content to stand and fall by the Publick Justice of my Native Country, which I am not sensible I have any where injur'd.*

Nor would I be misunderstood concerning the Clergy; with whom if I have taken any Licence more than becomes a Satyr, *I question not but those Gentlemen, who are Men of Letters, are also Men of so much Candor, as to allow me a Loose at the Crimes of the Guilty, without thinking the whole Profession lash'd, who are Innocent. I profess to have very mean Thoughts of those Gentlemen who have deserted their own Principles, and expos'd even their Morals as well as Loyalty; but not at all to think it affects any but such as are concern'd in the Fact.*

Nor would I be mis-represented as to the Ingratitude of the English *to the King and his Friends; as if I meant the* English as a Nation, *are so. The contrary is so apparent, that I wou'd hope it shou'd not be suggested of me: And therefore when I have brought in* Britannia *speaking of the King, I suppose Her to be the Representative and Mouth of the Nation, as a* Body. *But if I say we are full of such who daily affront the King, and abuse his Friends; who Print Scurrilous Pamphlets, Virulent Lampoons, and reproachful publick Banters, against both the King's Person and his Governmnnt; I say nothing but what is too true: and that the* Satyr *is directed at such, I freely own; and cannot say, but I should think it very hard to be Censur'd for this* Satyr, *while such remain Unquestion'd, and tacitly approv'd. That I can mean none but such, is plain from these few Lines:*

Ye

Ye Heavens regard! Almighty *Jove* look down.
And view thy Injur'd Monarch on the Throne.
On their Ungreatful Heads due Vengeance take,
Who ſought his Aid, and then his Part forſake.

If I have fallen rudely upon our Vices, I hope none but the Vicious will be angry. As for Writing for Intereſt, I diſown it; I have neither Place *nor* Penſion, *nor* Proſpect; *nor* ſeek none, *nor will* have none: *If matter of Fact juſtifies the Truth of the Crimes, the* Satyr *is Juſt. As to the Poetick Liberties, I hope the Crime is Pardonable: I am content to be ſton'd provided none will attack me but the Innocent.*

If my Country-Men would take the Hint, and grow better-Natur'd from my ill-Natur'd Poem, *as ſome call it; I would ſay this of it, that tho 'tis far from the beſt* Satyr *that ever was Wrote, 'twould do the moſt Good that ever* Satyr *did.*

And yet I am ready to ask Pardon of ſome Gentleman too; who tho they are Engliſh-men, *have good nature enough to ſee themſelves Reprov'd, and can bear it. Theſe are Gentlemen in a true Senſe, that can bear to be told of their* Faux Pas, *and not abuſe their Reprover. To ſuch I muſt ſay, this is no* Satyr; *they are Exceptions to the General Rule; and I value my Performance from their Generous Approbation, more then I can from any Opinion I have of its Worth.*

The haſty Errors of my Verſe I have made my Excuſe for; and ſince the time I have been upon it has been but little, and my Leiſure leſs, I have all along ſtrove rather to make the thoughts Explicite, then the Poem Correct. However, I have mended ſome Faults in this Edition, and the reſt muſt be plac'd to my account.

To the Reader.

THE End of Satyr is Reformation: And the Author, tho he doubts the Work of Converſion is at a General Stop, has put his Hand to the Plow.

I expect a Storm of Ill Language from the Fury of the Town, and eſpecially from thoſe whoſe *Engliſh* Talent it is to Rail: and without being taken for a Conjurer, I may venture to foretel, That I ſhall be cavil'd at about my *Mean Stile*, *Rough Verſe*, and *Incorrect Language*; things I might indeed have taken more Care in. But the Book is Printed; and tho I ſee ſome Faults, 'tis too late to mend them: And this is all I think needful to ſay to them.

Poſſibly ſomebody may take me for a *Dutchman*, in which they are miſtaken: But I am one that would be glad to ſee *Engliſhman* behave themſelves better to Strangers, and to Governors alſo; that one might not be reproach'd in Foreign Countries for belonging to a *Nation that wants Manners.*

I aſſure you, *Gentlemen*, Strangers uſe us better abroad; and we can give no reaſon but our Ill-Nature for the contrary here.

Methinks an *Engliſhman*, who is ſo proud of being call'd *A Goodfellow*, ſhou'd be Civil: And it cannot be denied but we are in many Caſes, and particularly to Strangers, the Churliſheſt People alive.

As to Vices, who can dipute our *Intemperance*, whilſt an *Honeſt* Drunken Fellow is a Character in a Mans Praiſe? All our Reformations are Banters, and will be ſo, till our Magiſtrates and Gentry reform themſelvs by way of Example; then, and not till then, they may be expected to puniſh others without Bluſhing.

As

As to our *Ingratitude*, I desire to be understood of that particular People, who pretending to be Protestants have all along endeavour'd to reduce the Liberties and Religion of this Nation into the Hands of King *James* and his Popish Powers: Together with such who enjoy the Peace and Protection of the present Government, and yet abuse and affront the King who procur'd it, and openly profess their Uneasiness under him: These, by whatsoever Names or Titles they are dignified, or distinguish'd are the People aim'd at. Nor do I disown, but that it is so much the Temper of an *Englishman* to abuse his Benefactor, that I could be glad to see it rectified.

They who think I have been guilty of any Error, in exposing the Crimes of my own Countrymen to themselves, may among many honest Instances of the like nature, find the same thing in Mr. *Cowly*, in his Imitation of the second Olympick Ode of *Pindar*: His words are these;

But in this Thankless World, the Givers
Are envy'd even by th' Receivers:
'Tis now the Cheap and Frugal Fashion,
Rather to hide then pay an Obligation.
Nay 'tis much worse then so;
It now an Artifice *doth grow,*
Wrongs *and* Outrages *to do,*
Lest Men should think we Owe.

The

The Introduction.

SPeak, *Satyr*; for there's none can tell like thee,
Whether 'tis Folly, Pride, or Knavery,
That makes this diſcontented Land appear
Leſs happy now in Times of Peace, then War:
Why Civil Feuds diſturb the Nation more
Then all our Bloody Wars have done before.
Fools out of Favour grudg at Knaves in Place,
And Men are always honeſt in Diſgrace:
The Court Preferments make Men Knaves in courſe:
But they who would be in them would be worſe.
'Tis not at Foreigners that we repine,
Wou'd Foreigners their Perquiſites reſign:
The Grand Contention's plainly to be ſeen,
To get ſome Men put out, and ſome put in,
For this our S——rs make long Harangues,
And florid M——rs whet their poliſh'd Tongues.
Stateſmen are always ſick of one Diſeaſe;
And a good Penſion gives them preſent Eaſe.
That's the Specifick makes them all content
With any King and any Government.
Good Potriots at Court-Abuſes rail,
And all the Nation's Grievances bewail:
But when the *Sov'reign Balſam*'s once apply'd,
The Zealot never fails to change his Side:
And when he muſt the *Golden Key* reſign,
The *Railing Spirit* comes about again.
Who ſhall this Bubbl'd Nation diſabuſe,
While they their own Felicities refuſe?
Who at the Wars have made ſuch mighty Pother,
And now are falling out with one another:
With needleſs Fears the Jealous Nation fill,
And always have been ſav'd againſt their Will:

Who fifty Millions *Sterling* have disburs'd,
To be with Peace and too much Plenty curs'd:
Who their Old Monarch eagerly undo,
And yet uneasily obey the New.
Search, *Satyr*, search; a deep Incision make;
The Poison's strong, the Antidote's too weak.
'Tis pointed Truth must manage this Dispute,
And down-right English *Englishmen* confute.
What thy just Anger at the Nation's Pride;
And with keen Phrase repel the Vicious Tide.
To *Englishmen* their own beginnings show,
And ask them why they slight their Neighbours so.
Go back to elder Times and Ages past,
And Nations into long Oblivion cast;
To old *Britannia*'s Youthful Days retire,
And there for *True-Born Englishmen* enquire.
Britannia freely will disown the Name,
And hardly knows her self from whence they came:
Wonders that They of all Men shou'd pretend,
To *Birth* and *Blood*, and for a Name contend.
Go back to Causes where our Follies dwell,
And fetch the dark Original from Hell:
Speak, *Satyr*, for there's none like thee can tell.

The True-Born Englishman.

PART I.

WHere-ever God erects a House of Prayer,
The Devils always builds a Chappel there:
And 'twill be found upon Examination,
The latter has the largest Congregation:
For ever since he first debauch'd the Mind,
He made a perfect Conquest of Mankind.

With

With Uuiformity of Service, he
Reigns with a general Ariſtocracy,
No Nonconforming Sects diſturb his Reign;
For of his Yoke there's very few Complain.
He knows the Genius and the Inclination,
And matches proper Sins for ev'ry Nation.
He needs no Standing-Army Government;
He always Rules us by our own Conſent:
His Laws are eaſie, and his gentle Sway
Makes it exceeding pleaſent to obey.
The Liſt of his Vice-gerents and Commanders,
Out-does your *Cæſars*, or your *Alexanders.*
They never fail of his Infernal Aid,
And he's as certain ne'er to be betray'd.
Thro' all the World they ſpread his vaſt Command;
And Death's Eternal Empire is maintain'd.
They rule ſo politickly and ſo well,
As if they were L——— J——— of Hell.
Duly divided to debauch Mankind,
And plant Infernal Dictates in his Mind.
Pride the firſt Peer, and Preſident of Hell,
To his ſhare *Spain*, the largeſt Province, fell.
The ſubtile Prince thought fitteſt to beſtow
On theſe the Golden Mines of *Mexico*;
With all the Silver Mountains of *Peru*;
Wealth which would in wiſe hands the World undo:
Becauſe he knew their Genius was ſuch:
Too Lazy and too Haughty to be Rich.
So proud a People, ſo above their Fate,
That if reduc'd to beg, they'll beg in State.
Laviſh of Money, to be counted Brave,
And proudly ſtarve, becauſe they ſcorn to ſave.
Never was Nation in the World before,
So very Rich, and yet ſo very Poor.
Luſt choſe the Torrid Zone of *Italy*,
Where Blood ferments in Rapes and Sodomy:
Where ſwelling Veins o'erflow with livid Streams,
With Heat impregnate from *Veſuvian* Flames:

Whoſe

Whose flowing Sulphur forms Infernal Lakes,
And humane Body of the Soil partakes.
There Nature ever burns with hot Desires,
Fann'd with Luxuriant Air from Subterranean Fires:
Here undisturb'd in Floods of scalding Lust,
Th' Infernal King reigns with Infernal Gust.
Drunk'nness, the Darling Favorite of Hell,
Chose *Germany* to Rule; and Rules so well,
No Subjects more obsequiously obey,
None please so well or are so pleas'd as they.
The cunning Artist manages so well,
He lets them bow to Heav'n and drink to Hell.
If but to Wine and him they Homage pay,
He cares not to what Deity they pray,
What God they worship most, or in what way:
Whether by *Luther*, *Calvin*, or by *Rome*.
They sail for Heav'n, by Wine he steers them home.
Ungovern'd Passion settled first in *France*,
Where Mankind lives in Hast, and thrives by chance.
A *Dancing Nation*, Fickle and Untrue:
Have oft undone themselves and others too:
Prompt the Infernal Dictates to Obey,
And in Hell's Favour none more great than they.
The *Pagan* World he blindly leads away,
And personally rules with Arbitrary Sway:
The Mask thrown off, *Plain Devil* his Title stands;
And what elsewhere he Tempts, he there Commands.
There with full Gust th' Ambition of his Mind
Governs, as he of old in Heav'n design'd.
Worship'd as God, his *Painim Altars* smoke,
Imbru'd with Blood of those that him invoke.
The rest by Deputies he rules as well,
And plants the distant Colonies of Hell.
By them his secret Power he maintains,
And binds the World in his Infernal Chains.
By Zeal the *Irish*; and the *Rush* by Folly:
Vary the *Dane*: The *Swede* by Melancholy:

By ſtupid Ignorance, the *Muſcovite*:
The *Chineſe* by a *Child of Hell*, call'd Wit;
Wealth makes the *Perſian* too Effeminate:
And Poverty the *Tartars* Deſperate:
The *Turks* and *Moors* by *Mah'met* he ſubdues;
And God has giv'n him leave to rule the Jews:
Rage rules the *Portuguſe*, and Fraud the *Scotch*,
Revenge the *Pole*, and Avarice the *Dutch*.
Satyr be kind, and draw a ſilent Veil,
Thy *Native England's* Vices to conceal:
Or if that Task's impoſſible to do,
At leaſt be juſt, and ſhow her Vertues too;
Too Great the firſt, Alaſs! the laſt too Few.
England unknown as yet, unpeopled lay;
Happy, had ſhe remain'd ſo to this day,
And not to every Nation been a Prey.
Her Open Harbours, and her Fertile Plains,
The Merchants Glory theſe, and thoſe the Swains,
To ev'ry Barbarous Nation have betray'd her,
Who Conquer her as oft as they Invade her.
So Beauty guarded but by Innocence,
That ruins her which ſhould be her Defence.
Ingratitude, a Devil of *Black Renown*,
Poſſeſs'd her very early for his own.
An Ugly, Surly, Sullen, Selfiſh Spirit,
Who Satan's *worſt Perfections does Inherit:*
Second to him in Malice and in Force,
All *Devil without*, and all *within* him *Worſe*.
He made her Firſt-born Race to be ſo rude,
And ſuffer'd her to be ſo oft ſubdu'd:
By ſev'ral Crowds of wandring Thieves o'er-run,
Often unpeopl'd, and as oft undone.
While ev'ry Nation that her Powers reduc'd,
Their Languages and Manners introduc'd;
From whoſe mix'd Relicks our compounded Breed,
By Spurious Generation does ſucceed;
Making a Race uncertain and unev'n,
Deriv'd from all the Nations under Heav'n.

The

The *Romans* first with *Julius Cæsar* came,
Including all the Nations of that Name,
Gauls, *Greeks*, and *Lombards*; and by Computation,
Auxiliaries, or Slaves of every Nation.
With *Hengish*, *Saxons*; *Danes* with *Sueno* came,
In search of Plunder, not in search of Fame.
Scots, *Picts*, and *Irish* from the *Hibernian* Shore:
And Conqu'ring *William* brought the *Normans* o'er.
All these their barbarous Off-spring left behind,
The Dregs of Armies, they of all Mankind:
Blended with *Britons* who before were here,
Of whom the *Welsh* ha' blest the Character.
From this Amphibious Ill-born Mob began
That vain ill-natur'd thing, *an* Englishman.
The Customs, Sir-names, Languages, and Manners,
Of all these Nations are their own Explainers:
Whose Relicks are so lasting and so strong,
They've left a *Shibboleth* upon our Tongue;
By which with easy search you may distinguish
Your *Roman-Saxon-Danish-Norman* English.
The great invading * *Norman* let us know
What Conquerors in after-Times might do.
To ev'ry * *Musqueteer* he brought to *Town*,
He gave the Lands which never were his own.
When first the *English* Crown he did obtain,
He did not send his *Dutchmen* home again.
No Re-assumptions in his Reign were known,
D'Avenant might there ha' let his Book alone.
No Parliament his Army cou'd disband:
He rais'd no Money, *for he paid in Land.*
He gave his Legions their Eternal Station,
And made them all Freeholders of the Nation.
He Canton'd out the Country to his Men,
And ev'ry Soldier was a Denizen.
The Rascals thus enrich'd, he call'd them *Lords*,
To please their upstart Pride with new made words,
And *Doomsday Book* his Tyranny records.

* Wm. the Conq. * Or Archer.

And here begins our Antient Pedigree
That ſo exalts our poor Nobility:
'Tis that from ſome *French* Trooper they derive,
Who with the *Norman* Baſtard did arrive:
The Trophis of the Families appear;
Some ſhow the Sword, the Bow, and ſome the Spear,
Which their Great Anceſtor, *forſooth*, did wear.
Theſe in the Heralds Regiſter remain,
Their Noble mean Extraction to explain.
Yet who the Heroe was, no Man can tell,
Whether a Drummer or a Colonel:
The ſilent Record bluſhes to reveal
Their Undeſcended Dark Original.

But grant the beſt, How came the Change to paſs;
A *True-Born Engliſhman* of *Norman* Race?
A *Turkiſh* Horſe can ſhow moee Hiſtory,
To prove his Well-deſcended Family.
Conqueſt, as by the * Moderns 'tis expreſt
May give a Title to the Lands poſſeſt:
But that the Longeſt Sword ſhou'd be ſo Civil,
To make a *Frenchman Engliſh*, that's the Devil.

*Dr. Sherl. de Facto.

Theſe are the Heroes that deſpiſe the *Dutch*,
And rail at new-come Foreigners ſo much;
Forgetting that themſelves are all deriv'd
From the moſt Scoundrel Race that ever liv'd:
A horrid Croud of Rambling Thieves and Drones,
Who ranſack'd Kingdoms and diſpeopled Towns.
The *Pict* and Painted *Briton*, Treach'rous *Scot*,
By Hunger, Theft, and Rapine, hither brought:
Norwegian Pirates, Buccaneering *Danes*,
Whoſe Red-hair'd Off-ſpring ev'ry where remains:
Who join'd with *Norman-French*, compound the Breed
From whence your *True-Born Engliſhmen* proceed.

And leſt by Length of Time it be pretended,
The Climate may this Modern Breed ha' mended:
Wiſe Providence, to keep us where we are,
Mixes us daily with exceeding Care:

We have been *Europ*'s Sink, *the Jakes* where ſhe
Voids all her Offal Out-caſt Progeny.
From our Fifth *Henry's* time, the Strolling Bands
Of baniſh'd Fugitives from neighb'ring Lands,
Have here a certain Sanctuary found,
Th' Eternal refuge of the Vagabond:
Where in but half a common Age of Time,
Borr'wing new Blood and Manners from the Clime,
Proudly they learn all Mankind to contemn,
And all their Race are *True-born-Engliſhmen.*
Duch, *Walloons*, *Flemings*, *Iriſhmen*, and *Scots.*
Vaudois and *Valtolins*, and *Hugonots*,
In good Queen *Beſs*'s Charitable Regin,
Supply'd us with three hundred thouſand Men.
Religion, *God we thank thee*, ſent them hither,
Prieſts, Proteſtants, the Devil and all together:
Of all Profeſſions, and of ev'ry Trade,
All that were perſecuted or afraid;
Whether for Debt or other Crimes they fled,
David at *Hackelab* was ſtill their Head.
The Off-ſpring of this Miſcellanous Crowd
Had not their new Plantations long enjoy'd,
But they grew *Engliſhmen*, and rais'd their Votes
At Foreign Shoals for *Interloping Scots.*
The ‖ Royal Branch from *Pictland* did ſucceed, ‖ K. *Ja.*
With Troops of *Scots* and Scabs from *North-by-Tweed.*
The Seven firſt Years of his Pacifick Reign
Made him and half his Nation *Engliſhmen.*
Scots from the *Northern* Frozen Banks of *Tay*,
With Packs and Plods came *Whigging* all away:
Thick as the Locuſts which in *Egypt* ſwarm'd,
With Pride and hungry Hopes compleatly arm'd:
With native *Truth*, *Diſeaſes*, and no *Money*,
Plunder'd our *Canaan* of the Milk and Honey.
Here they grew quickly Lords and Gentlemen,
And all their Race are *True-Born* Engliſhmen.
The Civil Wars, the common Purgative,
Which always uſe to make the Nation thrive,

Made way for all that ſtrolling Congregation,
Which throng'd in Pious *Ch — s*'s Reſtoration.
The *Royal Refugee* our Breed reſtores,
With *Foreign Courtiers*, and with *Foreign Whores*:
And carefully repeopled us again,
Throughout the Lazy, Long, Laſcivious Reign,
With ſuch a bleſt and True-born *Engliſh* Fry,
As much Illuſtrates our Nobility,
A Gratitude which will ſo black appear,
As future Ages muſt abhor to hear:
When they look back on all that Crimſon Flood,
Which ſtream'd in *Lindſey*'s, and *Caernarvan*'s Blood;
Bold *Strafford*, *Cambridge*, *Capel*, *Lucas*, *Liſle*,
Who crown'd in Death his Father's Fun'ral Pile.
The Loſs of whom, in order to ſupply,
With a *True-Born* Engliſh N——ty,
Six Baſtard Dukes ſurvive his Luſcious Reign,
The Labours of *Italian C——n*.
French, *P——h*, *Tabby S——t*, and *Cambrian*:
Beſides the Num'rous Bright and Virgin Throng,
Whoſe Female Glories ſhade them from my Song.

This Off-ſpring, if one Age they multiply,
May half the Houſe with *Engliſh* Peers ſupply:
There with true *Engliſh* Pride they may contemn
S——g and *P——d*, new-made Noblemen.
French Cooks, *Scotch* Pedlars, and *Italian* Whores,
Were all made L——ds, or L——ds Progenitors.
Beggars and Baſtards by this new Creation,
Much multiply'd the L——ge of the Nation;
Who will be all, e'er one ſhort Age runs o'er,
As *True-Born* L——ds as thoſe we had before.

Then to recruit the Commons he prepares,
And heals the Latent Breaches of the Wars;
The pious Purpoſe better to advance,
H'invites the baniſh'd Proteſtants of *France*:
Hither for God's-ſake and their own they fled,
Some for Religion came, and ſome for Bread:

Two hundred thouſand Pair of Wooden Shooes,
Who, God be thank'd, had nothing left to loſe,
To Heav'n's great Praiſe did for Religion fly,
To make us ſtarve our Poor in Charity.
In ev'ry Port they plant their fruitful Train,
To get a Race of *True-Born* Engliſhmen:
Whoſe Children will, when Riper Years they ſee,
Be as Ill-natur'd and as Proud as we:
Call themſelves *Engliſh*, Foreigners deſpiſe,
Be Surly like us all, and juſt as Wiſe.
Thus from a Mixture of all Kinds began
That Het'rogeneous *Thing*, *An Engliſhman*:
In eager Rapes, and furious Luſt begot,
Betwixt a Painted *Briton* and a *Scot*:
Whoſe gend'ring Off-ſpring quickly learn'd to Bow,
And yoke their Heifers to the *Roman* Plough:
From whence a Mongrel half-bred Race there came,
With neither Name, nor Nation, Speech or Fame:
In whoſe hot Veins new Mixtures quickly ran,
Infus'd betwixt a *Saxon* and a *Dane*.
While their Rank Daughters, to their Parents juſt,
Receiv'd all Nations with Promiſcuous Luſt.
This Nauſeous Brood directly did contain
The well-extracted Blood of *Engliſhmen*.
Which Medly canton'd in a Heptarchy,
A Rhapſody of Nations to ſupply,
Among themſelves maintain'd eternal Wars,
And ſtill the Ladies lov'd the Conquerors.
The *Weſtern* Angles all the reſt ſubdu'd;
A bloody Nation, barbarous and rude:
Who by the *Tenure* of the Sword poſſeſt
One part of *Britain*, and ſubdu'd the reſt.
And as great things denominate the ſmall,
The Conqu'ring part gave *Title* to the Whole.
The *Scot*, *Pict*, *Britain*, *Roman*, *Dane*, ſubmit,
And with the *Engliſh-Saxon* all Unite:
And theſe the Mixture have ſo cloſe purſu'd,
The very Name and Memory's ſubdu'd:

No *Roman* now, no *Britain* does remain.
Wales ſtrove to ſeparate, but ſtrove in vain:
The ſilent Nations undiſtinguiſh'd fall,
And *Engliſhman*'s the common Name for all.
Fate jumbl'd them together, *God knows how*;
What e'er they were, they're *True-Born Engliſh* now.
The Wonder which remains is at our Pride,
To value that which all wiſe Men deride.
For *Engliſhmen* to boaſt of Generation,
Cancels their Knowledg, and lampoons the Nation.
A *True-Born-Engliſhman*'s a Contradiction,
In Speech an Irony, in Fact a Fiction.
A Banter made to be a Teſt of Fools,
Which thoſe that uſe it juſtly ridicules.
A Metaphor invented to expreſs
A Man *a-kin* to all the Univerſe.
For as the *Scots*, as Learned Men ha' ſaid,
Throughout the World their Wand'ring Seed have ſpread;
So open-handed *England*, 'tis believ'd,
Has all the Gleanings of the World receiv'd.
Some think of *England*, 'twas our Saviour meant,
The Goſpel ſhould to all the World be ſent:
Since when the bleſſed Sound did hither reach,
They to all Nations may be ſaid to preach.
'Tis well this Virtue gives Nobility,
How ſhall we elſe the want of Birth and Blood ſupply?
Since ſcarce one Family is left alive,
Which does not from ſome Foreigner derive.
Of ſixty thouſand *Engliſh* Gentlemen,
Whoſe Names and Arms in Regiſters remain,
We challenge all our Heralds to declare
Ten Families which *Engliſh-Saxons* are.
France juſtly boaſts the Antient Noble Line
Of *Bourbon*, *Montmorency*, and *Lorain*.
The *Germans* too their Houſe of *Auſtria* ſhow,
And *Holland* their Invincible *Naſſau*.
Lines which in Heraldry were Antient grown,
Before the Name of *Engliſhman* was known.

Even

Even *Scotland* too her Elder Glorys ſhows,
Her *Gourdons*, *Hamiltons*, and her *Monroes*;
Dowglas, *Mackays*, and *Grahams*, Names well known,
Long before Antient *England* knew her own.
But *England*, Modern to the laſt degree,
Borrows or makes her own Nobility,
And yet ſhe boldly boaſts of Pedigree.
Repines that Foreigners are put upon her,
And talks of her Antiquity and Honour:
Her *S——lls*, *S——ls*, *C——ls*, *De——M——rs*,
M——ns and *M——nes*, *D——s* and *V——rs*,
Not one have *Engliſh* Names, yet all are *Engliſh* Peers.
Your *H——ns*, *P——llons*, and *L——liers*,
Paſs now for *True-born-Engliſh* Knights and Squires,
And make good Senate-Members, or Lord-Mayors.
Wealth, howſoever got, in *England* makes
Lords of Mechanicks, Gentlemen of Rakes:
Antiquity and Birth are needleſs here;
'Tis Impudence and Money makes a P——r.
Innumerable City-Knights we know,
From *Blewcoat-Hoſpitals* and *Bridewell* flow.
Draymen and Porters fill the City Chair,
And Foot-boys Magiſterial Purple wear.
Fate has but very ſmall Diſtinction ſet
Betwixt the *Counter* and the Coronet.
Tarpaulin L——ds, Pages of high Renown,
Riſe up by Poor Mens Valour, not their own.
Great Families of Yeſterday we ſhow,
And Lords, whoſe Parents were *the Lord knows who.*

The True-Born Engliſhman.

PART II.

THE Breed's deſcrib'd: Now, *Satyr*, if you can,
Their Temper ſhow, for *Manners make the Man.*
Fierce, as the *Britain*; as the *Roman*, Brave;
And leſs inclin'd to Conquer, than to Save:
Eager to Fight, and laviſh of their Blood;
And equally of *Fear and Forecaſt* void.
The *Pict* has made 'em Sour, the *Dane* Moroſe:
Falſe from the *Scot*, and from the *Norman* worſe.
What Honeſty they have, the *Saxon* gave them,
And That, now they grow old, begins to leave them.
The Climate makes them Terrible and Bold;
And *Engliſh* Beef their Courage does uphold:
No Danger can their Daring Spirit pall,
Always provided that their Belly's full.
In cloſe Intrigues their Faculty's but weak,
For gen'rally whate'er they know they ſpeak:
And often their own Councils undermine,
By their Infirmity, and not Deſign;
From whence the Learned ſay it does proceed,
That *Engliſh* Treaſons never can ſucceed:
For they're ſo open-hearted, you may know
Their own moſt ſecret Thoughts, and others too.
The Lab'ring Poor, in ſpite of Double Pay,
Are Sawcy, Mutinous, and Beggarly:
So laviſh of their Money and their Time,
That want of Forecaſt is the Nation's Crime.
Good drunken Company is their Delight;
And what they get by Day, they ſpend by Night.
Dull Thinking ſeldom does their Heads engage,
But Drink their Youth away, and Hurry on Old Age.

Empty

Empty of all good Husbandry and Senſe;
And void of Manners moſt, when void of Pence,
Their ſtrong Averſion to Behaviour's ſuch,
They always talk too little, or too much.
So dull, they never take the pains to think:
And ſeldom are good natur'd *but in Drink.*
In *Engliſh* Ale their dear Enjoyment lies,
For which they'll ſtarve themſelves and Families.
An *Engliſhman* will fairly drink as much
As will maintain two Families of *Dutch:*
Subjecting all their Labour to their Pots;
The greateſt Artiſts are the greateſt Sots.
The Country poor do by Example live,
The Gentry lead them, and the Clergy drive;
What may we not from ſuch Examples hope?
The Landlord is their God, the Prieſt their Pope.
A Drunken Clergy, and a Swearing Bench,
Has giv'n the Reformation ſuch a Drench,
As wiſe Men think there is a cauſe to doubt,
Will purge good Manners and Religion out.
Nor do the Poor alone their Liquor prize,
The Sages joyn in this great Sacrifice,
The Learned Men who ſtudy *Ariſtotle,*
Correct him with an Explanation Bottle;
Praiſe *Epicurus* rather than *Lyſander,*
And * *Ariſtippus* more than *Alexander.* * The Drunkards Name for Canary
The Doctors too their *Galen* here reſign,
And gen'rally preſcribe *Spicifick Wine.*
The Graduates Study's grown an eaſier *Task*
While for the *Urinal* they toſs the *Flask.*
The Surgeon's Art grows plainer ev'ry Hour,
And Wine's the Balm which into Wounds they pour.
Poets long ſince *Parnaſſus* have forſaken.
And ſay the Antient Bards were all miſtaken.
Appollo's lately abdicate and fled,
And good King *Bacchus* governs in his ſtead;
He does the Chaos of the Head refine,
And Atom-Thoughts jump into Words by Wine:

The

The Inſpiration's of a finer Nature;
As Wine muſt needs excel *Parnaſſus* Water.
Stateſmen their weighty Politicks refine,
And Soldiers raiſe their Courages by Wine:
Cæcilia gives her Choriſters their Choice,
And let them all drink Wine to clear their Voice.
Some think the Clergy firſt found out the way,
And Wine's the only Spirit by which they Pray.
But others, leſs profane than ſo, agree,
It clears the Lungs, and helps the Memory:
And therefore all of them Divinely think,
Inſtead of Study, 'tis as well to Drink.
And here I would be very glad to know,
Whether our *Aſgilities* may drink or no.
Th' Enlightening Fumes of Wine would certainly
Aſſiſt them much *when they begin to fly:*
Or if a Fiery Chariot ſhou'd appear,
Inflam'd by Wine, they'd ha' the leſs to fear.
Even the Gods themſelves, as Mortals ſay,
Were they on Earth, wou'd be as drunk as they:
Nectar would be no more Celeſtial Drink,
They'd all take *Wine*, to teach them how to think.
But *Engliſh* Drunkards, Gods and Men out-do,
Drink their Eſtate away, and Senſes too.
Colon's in Debt, and if his Friends ſhould fail
To help him out, muſt die at laſt in Goal;
His *Wealthy Uncle* ſent a Hundred Nobles,
To pay his trifles off, and rid him of his Troubles:
But *Colon* like a *True-Born Engliſhman*,
Drank all the Money out in bright Champain;
And *Colon* does in Cuſtody remain.
Drunk'nneſs has been the Darling of this Realm,
E'er ſince a Drunken Pilot had the Helm.
In their Religion they are ſo unev'n,
That each Man goes *his own By-way to Heaven.*
Tenacious of Miſtakes to that degree,
That ev'ry Man purſues it ſep'rately,
And fancies none can find the Way but he;

So ſhy of one another they are grown,
As if they ſtrove to get to Heav'n alone:
Rigid and Zealous, Poſitive and Grave,
And ev'ry Grace, but Charity, they have:
This makes them ſo Ill-natur'd and Vncivil,
That all men think an *Engliſhman* the Devil.
Surly to Strangers, Froward to their Friend;
Submit to Love with a reluctant Mind,
Reſolv'd to be Ungrateful and Unkind.
If by Neceſſity reduc'd to ask,
The Giver has the difficulteſt Task:
For what's beſtow'd they aukwardly receive,
And always take leſs freely then they give.
The Obligation is their higheſt Grief;
And never love, where they accept Relief.
So Sullen in their Sorrows, that 'tis known,
They'll rather die then their Afflictions own:
And if reliev'd, it is too often true,
That they'll abuſe their Benefactors too.
For in Diſtreſs their Haughty Stomach's ſuch,
They hate to ſee themſelvs oblig'd too much.
Seldom contented, often in the Wrong;
Hard to be Pleas'd at all, and never long.
If your Miſtakes their ill-Opinion gain,
No Merit can their Favour re-obtain:
And if they're not Vindictive in their Fury,
'Tis their Unconſtant Temper does ſecure-ye;
Their Brain's ſo cool, their Paſſion ſeldom burns;
For all's condens'd before the Flame returns:
The Fermentation's of ſo weak a Matter,
The Humid damps the fume, and runs it all to Water.
So tho the Inclination may be ſtrong,
They're pleas'd by fits, and never angry long.
Then if good Nature ſhows ſome ſlender Proof,
They never think they have reward enough:
But like our *Modern Quakers* of the Town,
Expect your Manners and return you none.

Friend-

Friendſhip, th' abſtracted Union of the Mind,
Which all Men ſeek, but very few can find;
Of all the Nations in the Uniuerſe,
None talk on't moer, or underſtand it leſs:
For if it does their Property annoy,
Their Property their Friendſhip will deſtroy.
As you diſcourſe them, you ſhall hear them tell
All thinks in which they think they do excel:
No Panegyrick needs their Praiſe record;
An Engliſhman *ne'er wants his own good word.*
His long Diſcourſes gen'rally appear
Prolong'd with his own wond'rous Character:
But to illuſtrate firſt his own good Name,
He never fails his Neighbour to defame.
And yet he really deſigns no wrong;
His Malice goes no further than his Tongue.
But pleas'd to Tattle, he delights to Rail,
To ſatisfy the Letch'ry of a Tale.
His own dear Praiſes cloſe the ample Speech,
Tells you how Wiſe he is *that is, how Rich:*
For Wealth is Wiſdom; he that's Rich is Wiſe;
And all Men Learned Poverty deſpiſe.
His Generoſity comes next, and then
Concludes that he's a *True-Born-Engliſhman*;
And they 'tis known, are Generous and Free,
Forgetting, and forgiving Injury:
Which may be true, this rightly underſtood,
Forgiving Ill turns, and forgetting Good.
Chearful in Labour when they've undertook it,
But out of Humour when they're out of Pocket.
But if their Belly and their Pocket's full,
They may be Phlegmatick, but never Dull.
And if a Bottle does their Brains refine,
It makes their Wit as ſparking as their Wine.
As for the general Vices which we find
They're guilty of in common with Mankind,
Satyr, forbear, and ſilently endure;
We muſt conceal the Crimes we cannot cure.

Nor

Nor ſhall my Verſe the Brighter Sex defame:
For *Engliſh* Beauty will preſerve her Name.
Beyond diſpute, Agreeable and Fair;
And Modeſter than other Nations are:
For where the Vice prevails, the great Temptation
Is want of Money more than Inclination.
In general, this only is allow'd,
They're ſomething Noiſy, and a little Proud.
An *Engliſhman* is gentleſt in Command,
Obedience is à Stranger in the Land:
Hardly ſubjected to the Magiſtrate;
For Engliſhmen *do all Subjection hate.*
Humbleſt when rich, but peeviſh when they're poor;
And think whate'er they have, they merit more.
The meaneſt *Engliſh* Plow-man ſtudies Law,
And keeps thereby the Magiſtrates in Awe;
Will boldly tell them what they ought to do,
And ſometimes puniſh their Omiſſions too.
Their Liberty and Property's ſo dear,
They ſcorn their Laws or Governours to fear:
So bugbear'd with the Name of Slavery,
They cann't ſubmit to their own Liberty.
Reſtraint from Ill, is Freedom to the Wiſe;
But Engliſhmen *do all Reſtraint deſpiſe.*
Slaves to the Liquor, Drudges to the Pots,
The Mob are Stateſmen, and their Stateſmen Sots.
Their Governours they count ſuch dangerous things,
That 'tis their Cuſtom to affront their Kings:
So jealous of the Power their Kings poſſeſs'd,
They ſuffer neither Power nor Kings to reſt.
The Bad with Force they eagerly ſubdue;
The Good with conſtant Clamours they purſue:
And did King Jeſus reign, they'd murmur too.
A diſcontented Nation, and by far
Harder to rule in Times of Peace than War:
Eaſily ſet together by the Ears,
And full of cauſeleſs Jealouſies and Fears:

Apt

Apt to revolt, and willing to rebel,
And never are contented when they're well..
No Government cou'd ever pleaſe them long,
Cou'd tie their Hands, or rectify their Tongue.
In this to Ancient Iſrael *well compar'd,*
Eternal Murmurs are among them heard.
It was but lately that they were oppreſt,
Their Rights invaded, and their Laws ſuppreſt:
When nicely tender of their Liberty,
Lord what a Noiſe they made of Slavery!
In daily Tumults ſhow'd their Diſcontent;
Lampoon'd their King, and mock'd his Government.
And if in Arms they did not firſt appear,
'Twas wont of Force, and not for want of Fear.
In humbler Tone then *Engliſh* us'd to do.
At Foreign Hands for Foreign Aid they ſue.
William, *the Great Succeſſor of* Naſſau,
Their Prayers heard, and their Oppreſſions ſaw:
He ſaw and ſav'd them: God and Him they prais'd;
To this their Thanks, to that their Trophies rais'd.
But glutted with their own Felicities,
They ſoon their New Deliverer deſpiſe;
Say all their Prayers-back, their Joy diſown,
Unſing their Thanks, and pull their Trophies down:
Their Harps of Praiſe are on the Willows hung;
For Engliſhmen *are ne'er contented long.*
The Rev'rend Clergy too! and who'd ha' thought
That they who had ſuch Non-reſiſtance taught,
Should e'er to Arms againſt their Prince be brought?
Who up to Heaven did Regal Pow'r advance;
Subjecting *Engliſh* Laws to Modes of *France*:
Twiſting Religion ſo with Loyalty,
As one cou'd never live, and t'other die.
And yet no ſooner did their Prince deſign
Their Glebes and Perquiſites to undermine,
But all their Paſſive Doctrines laid aſide;
The Clergy their own Principles deny'd:

Unpreach'd

Unpreach their Non-reſiſting Cant, and pray'd
To Heaven for Help, and to the *Dutch* for Aid.
The Church chim'd all her Doctrines back again,
And Pulpit Champions did the Cauſe maintain;
Flew in the Face of all their former Zeal,
And Non-reſiſtance did at once repeal:
The *Rabbies* ſay it would be too prolix,
To tye Religion up to Politicks:
The Churches Safety is *Suprema Lex.*
And ſo by a new Figure of their own,
Their former Doctrines all at once diſown.
As Laws *Poſt Facto* in the Parliament,
In urgent Caſes have obtain'd Aſſent;
But are as dangerous Precedents laid by,
Made Lawful only by Neceſſity.
The Rev'rend Fathers then in Arms appear,
And Men of God became the Men of War.
The Nation *Fir'd by them*, to Arms apply;
Aſſault their Antichriſtian Monarchy.
To their due Channel all our Laws reſtore,
And made things what they ſhould ha' been before.
But when they came to fill the Vacant Throne,
And the *Pale Prieſts* look'd back on what they'd done;
How *Engliſh* Liberty began to thrive,
And Church of *England* Loyalty out-live:
How all their Perſecuting Days were done,
And their Deliv'rer plac'd upon the Throne;
The Prieſts, *as Prieſts are wont to do*, turn'd Tail;
They're *Engliſhmen*, and *Nature will prevail.*
Now they deplore the Ruins they ha' made,
And murmur for the Maſter they betray'd:
Excuſe thoſe Crimes they could not make him mend;
And ſuffer for the Cauſe they can't defend.
Pretend they'd not have carry'd things ſo high;
And Proto-Martyrs make for Popery.
Had the Prince done as they deſign'd the thing,
Ha' ſet the Clergy up to Rule the King,

Taken a *Donative* for coming hither,
And ſo ha' left their King and them together,
We had, ſay they, been now a happy Nation;
No doubt we' ad ſeen a Bleſſed Reformation:
For Wiſe Men ſay 'tis as dangerous a thing,
A ruling Prieſthood, as a Prieſtrid-King,
And of all Plagues with which Mankind are Curſt,
Eccleſiaſtick Tyranny's the Worſt.

If all our former Grievances were feign'd,
King *James* has been abus'd, and we Trepann'd;
Bugbear'd with Popery and Power Deſpotick,
Tyrannick Government, and Leagues Exotick:
The Revolution's a Phanatick Plot,
W——— a Tyrant, *S*——— a *Scot*:
A Factious Army, and a poyſon'd Nation,
Unjuſtly forc'd King *James*'s Abdication.

But if he did the Subjects Rights Invade,
Then he was Puniſh'd only, not Betray'd;
And puniſhing of Kings is no ſuch Crime,
But Engliſhmen *ha' done it many a Time.*

When Kings the Sword of Juſtice firſt lay down,
They are no Kings, though they poſſeſs the Crown.
Titles are Shadows, Crowns are empty things,
The Good of Subjects is the End of Kings;
To guide in War, and to protect in Peace;
Where Tyrants once commence, the Kings do ceaſe:
For Arbitrary Power's ſo ſtrange a thing,
It makes the *Tyrant*, and unmakes the King.

If Kings by Forreign Prieſts and Armies Reign,
And Lawleſs Power againſt their Oaths maintain,
Then Subjects muſt ha' Reaſon to Complain.
If Oaths muſt bind us when our Kings do Ill;
To call in Foreign Aid is to Rebel.
By Force to Circumſcribe our Lawful Prince,
Is willful Treaſon in the largeſt Senſe:
And they who once Rebel, moſt certainly
Their God, and King, and former Oaths defy.

If we allow no Male-Adminiſtration
Could cancel the Allegiance of the Nation;
Let all our Learned *Sons of Levi* try,
This Eccleſiaſtick Riddle to Unty:
How they could make a ſtep to call the Prince,
And yet pretend to Oaths and Innocence.
By th firſt Addreſs they made beyond the Seas,
They're Perjur'd in the moſt intenſe Degrees;
And without ſcruple for the time to come,
may Swear to all the Kings in *Chriſtendom.*
And truly did our Kings conſider all,
They'd never let the Clergy Swear at all:
Their Politick Allegiance they'd refuſe;
For Whores and Prieſts do never want Excuſe.
But if the *Mutual Contract* was diſſolv'd,
The Doubts Explain'd, the Difficulty Solv'd:
That Kings when they deſcend to Tyranny,
Diſſolve the Bond, and leave the Subject free.
The Governments ungirt when Juſtice dies,
And Conſtitutions are Non-Entities.
The Nation's all a Mob, there's no ſuch thing
As Lords or Commons, Parliament or King.
A great promiſcuous Croud the *Hydra* lies,
Till Laws revive, and Mutual Contract ties:
A Chaos free to chuſe for their own ſhare,
What Caſe of Government they pleaſe to wear:
If to a King they do the Reins commit.
All Men are bound in Conſcience to ſubmit:
But then that King muſt by his Oath aſſent
To *Poſtulata's* of the Government;
Which if he breaks, he cuts off the Entail,
And Power Retreats to its Original.
This Doctrine has the Sanction of Aſſent,
From Nature's Univerſal Parliament.
The Voice of Nature, and the Courſe of Things,
Allow that Laws Superiour are to Kings.
None but Delinquents would have Juſtice ceaſe,
Knaves rail at Law, as Soldiers rail at Peace:

For Juſtice is the End of Government,
As Reaſon is the Teſt of Argument.
No Man was ever yet ſo void of Senſe,
As to debate the Right of Self-Defence;
A Principle ſo grafted in the Mind,
With Nature born, and does like Nature bind:
Twiſted with Reaſon and with Nature too;
As neither one nor t'other can undo.
Nor can this Right be leſs when National;
Reaſon which governs one, ſhould govern all.
Whate'er the Dialect of Courts may tell,
He that his Right demands, can ne'er Rebel.
Which Right, if 'tis by Governours deny'd,
May be procur'd by Force, or Foreign Aid.
For Tyranny's a Nation's Term of Grief;
As Folks cry *Fire*, to haſten in Relief.
And when the hated Word is heard about,
All Men ſhou'd come to help the People out.
Thus *England* groan'd, *Britannia*'s Voice was heard;
And Great *Naſſau* to reſcue her appear'd:
Call'd by the Univerſal Voice of Fate;
God and the Peoples Legal Magiſtrate.
Ye Heav'ns regard! Almighty *Jove*, look down,
And view thy Inju'd Monarch on the Throne.
On their ungrateful Heads due Vengeance take,
Who ſought his Aid, and then his part forſake.
Witneſs, ye Powers! It was our Call alone,
Which now our Pride makes us aſham'd to own.
Britannia's Troubles fetch'd him from afar,
To court the dreadful Caſualties of War:
But where Requital never can be made,
Acknowledgment's a Tribute ſeldom paid.
He dwelt in Bright *Maria*'s Circling Arms,
Defended by the Magick of her Charms,
From foreign Fears, and from Domeſtick Harms.
Ambition found no Fuel from her Fire,
He had what God could give, or Man deſire.

Till

Till *Pity* rouz'd him from his ſoft Repoſe,
His Life to unſeen Hazards to expoſe:
Till *Pity* mov'd him in our Cauſe t' appear;
Pity! *that Word which now we hate to hear.*
But *Engliſh* Gratitude is always ſuch,
To hate the Hand which does oblige too much.
Britannia's Cries gave Birth to his Intent,
And hardly gain'd his unforeſeen Aſſent:
His boding Thoughts foretold him he ſhould find
The People Fickle, Selfiſh and Unkind.
Which Thought did to his Royal Heart appear
More dreadful than the Dangers of the War:
For nothing grates a generous Mind ſo ſoon,
As baſe Returns for hearty Service done.
Satyr be ſilent, awfully prepare,
Britannia's Song, and *William*'s Praiſe to hear.
Stand by, and let her chearfully rehearſe
Her Grateful Vows in her Immortal Verſe.
Loud Fame's Eternal Trumpet let her ſound;
Liſten ye diſtant Poles, and endleſs Round.
May the ſtrong Blaſt the welcome *News* convey
As far as Sound can reach, or Spirit can fly.
To *Neighb'ring Worlds*, if ſuch there be, relate
Our Hero's Fame, for theirs to imitate.
To diſtant Worlds of Spirits let her rehearſe:
For Spirits without the helps of Voice converſe.
May Angels hear the gladſome *News* on high,
Mix'd with their everlaſting Sympathy.
And Hell it ſelf ſtand in ſuſpence to know,
Whether it be the Fatal Blaſt, or no. —

BRITANNIA.

The Fame of Vertue 'tis for which I ſound,
And Heroes with Immortal Triumphs crown'd.
Fame built on ſolid Vertue ſwifter flies,
Than Morning-Light can ſpread my Eaſtern Skies.
The gath'ring Air returns the doubling Sound,
And loud repeating Thunders force it round:

Echoes return from Caverns of the Deep:
Old Chaos dreams on't in Eternal Sleep:
Time hands it forward to its lateſt Urn,
From whence it never, never ſhall return;
Nothing is heard ſo far, or laſts ſo long;
'Tis heard by ev'ry Ear, and ſpoke by ev'ry Tongue.
My Hero, with the Sails of Honour furl'd,
Riſes like the Great Genius of the world.
By Fate and Fame wiſely prepar'd to be
The Soul of War, and Life of Victory.
He ſpreads the wings of Vertue on the Throne,
And ev'ry Wind of Glory *fans them on.*
Immortal Trophies dwell upon his Brow,
Freſh as the Garlands he has won but now.
By different Steps the high Aſſent he gains,
And differently that high Aſſent maintains.
Princes for Pride, and Luſt *of* Rule *make War;*
And ſtruggle for the Name of Conqueror.
Some fight for Fame, and ſome for Victory;
He Fights to ſave, and Conquers to ſet Free.
Then ſeek a Phraſe his Titles to conceal,
And hide with words what Actions muſt reveal,
No Parallel from Hebrew *Stories take,*
Of God-like Kings my Similies to make:
No borrow'd Names conceal my living Theam:
But Names and Things directly I proclaim.
'Tis honeſt Merit does his Glory raiſe;
Whom that Exalts, let no Man fear to Praiſe;
Of ſuch a Subject no Man need be ſhy;
Vertue's above the Reach of Flattery,
He needs no Character, but his own Fame,
Nor any flattering Titles, but his Name.
William's *the Name that's ſpoke by every Tongue;*
William's *the Darling Subject to my Soug,*
Liſten ye Virgins to the Charming Sound,
And in Eternal Dances hand it round:
Your early Offerings to this Altar bring;
Make him at once a Lover and a King.

May he ſubmit to none but to your Arms;
Nor ever be ſubdu'd, but by your Charms.
May your ſoft Thoughts for him be all Sublime;
And ev'ry tender Vow be made for him.
May he be firſt in every Morning Thought,
And Heav'n ne'er hear a Pray'r, when he's left out.
May ev'ry Omen, ev'ry boding Dream,
Be fortunate *by mentioning his Name;*
May this one Charm Infernal Powers affright,
And guard you from the Terrors of the Night.
May ev'ry chearful Glaſs as it goes down,
To William's *Health,* be Cordial to your own.
Let ev'ry Song be Chorus'd with his Name,
And Muſick pay her Tribute to his Fame.
Let ev'ry Poet *tune his Artful Verſe,*
And in immortal Strains his Deeds rehearſe.
And may Apollo *never more inſpire*
The Diſobedient Bard with his Seraphick Fire.
May all my Sons their grateful Homage pay,
His Praiſes *ſing, and for his* Safety *pray.*
Satyr, return to our unthankful Iſle,
Secur'd by Heaven's Regard, and *William's* Toil.
To both Ungrateful, and to both Untrue;
Rebels to God, and to Good Nature too.
If e'er this Nation be Diſtreſs'd again,
To whomſoe'er they cry, they'll cry in vain.
To Heav'n they cannot have the Face to look:
Or if they ſhould, it would but Heaven provoke.
To hope for Help from Man would be too much;
Mankind would always tell 'em of the Dutch:
How they came here our Freedoms to maintain,
Were *Pay'd,* and *Curs'd,* and *Hurry'd home again.*
How by their Aid we firſt diſſolv'd our Fears,
And then our Helpers damn'd for Foreigners.
'Tis not our *Engliſh* Temper to do better;
For Engliſhmen think ev'ry Man their Debtor,

Tis worth obſerving, that we ne'er complain'd
Of Foreigners, nor of the Wealth they gain'd,
Till all their Services were at an end.
Wiſe Men affirm it is the *Engliſh* way,
Never to Grumble till they come to Pay;
And then they always think their Tempers ſuch,
The Work too little, and the Pay too much.

As frighted Patients when they want a Cure,
Bid any Price, and any Pain endure:
But when the Doctor's Remedies appear,
The Cure's too Eaſy, and the Price too Dear.

Great *Portland* ne'er was banter'd when he ſtrove
For us his Maſter's kindeſt Thoughts to move.
We ne'er lampoon'd his Conduct, when employ'd
King *James*'s Secret Councils to divide:
Then we careſs'd him as the only Man,
Which could the doubtful Oracle explain:
The only *Huſhai* able to repel
The dark Deſigns of our *Achitophel.*
Compar'd his Maſter's Courage to his Senſe;
The Ableſt Stateſman, *and the Braveſt* Prince.
On his wiſe Conduct we depended much,
And lik'd him ne'er the worſe for being Dutch.
Nor was he valu'd more than he deſerv'd;
Freely he ventur'd, faithfully he ſerv'd.
In all King *William*'s Dangers he has ſhar'd,
In *England*'s Quarrels always he appear'd:
The *Revolution* firſt, and then the *Boyne*;
In both his Councils and his Conduct ſhine.
His Martial Valour *Flanders* will confeſs,
And *France* regrets his Managing the Peace.
Faithful to *England*'s Intereſt and her King,
The greateſt Reaſon of our Murmuring.
Ten Years in *Engliſh* Service he appear'd,
And gain'd his Maſters and the Worlds Regard:
But 'tis not *England*'s Cuſtom to Reward.
The Wars are over, *England* needs him not;
Now he's a *Dutchman*, and *the Lord knows what.*

Schon-

Schomberg, the Ableſt Soldier of his Age,
With *Great Naſſau* did in our Cauſe engage:
Both join'd for *England*'s Reſcue and Defence,
The Greateſt Captain, and the Greateſt Prince.
With what Applauſe his Stories did we tell?
Stories which *Europe*'s Volumes largely ſwell.
We counted him an Army in our Aid:
Where he Commanded, no Man was afraid.
His Actions with a conſtant Conqueſt ſhine,
from *Villa-Vitioſa* to the *Rhine.*
France, *Flanders*, *Germmany*, his Fame confeſs;
And all the World was fond of him, but Us.
Our Turn firſt ſerv'd, we grudg'd him the Command,
Witneſs the *Grateful Temper of the Land*!
We blame the King that he relies too much
On Strangers, *Germans*, *Hugonots*, and *Dutch*;
And ſeldom does his great Affairs of State
To *Engliſh* Counſellors Communicate.
The Fact might very well be anſwer'd thus;
He has ſo often been betray'd by us,
He muſt have been a Madman to rely
On *Engliſh* G———ns Fidelity.
For laying other Arguments aſide,
This Thought might mortifie our *Engliſh* Pride,
That Foreigners have faithfully obey'd him,
And none but *Engliſhmen* have e'er betray'd him.
They have our Ships and Merchants bought and ſold,
And barter'd *Engliſh* Blood for Foreign Gold.
Firſt to the *French* they ſold our *Turky* Fleet,
And Injur'd *Talmaſh* next, at *Camaret.*
The King himſelf is ſhelter'd from their Snares,
Not by his Merit, but the Crown he wears.
Experience tells us 'tis the *Engliſh* way,
Their Benefactors always to betray.
And leſt Example ſhould be too remote,
A Modern Magiſtrate of Famous Note,
Shall give you his own Hiſtory by Rote.

I'll

I'll make it out, deny it he that can,
His Worſhip is a *True-Born-Engliſhman*,
In all the Latitude that empty Word
By Modern Acceptation's underſtood.
The Pariſh-Books his Great Deſcent Record,
And now he hopes e'er long to be a Lord,
And truly as things go, it would be pity
But ſuch as he *ſhould Repreſent* the City:
While Robbery for Burnt-Offering he brings,
And gives to God what he has ſtole from Kings:
Great Monuments of Charity he raiſes,
And good St. Magnus *whiſtles out his Praiſes.*
To City-Goals he grants a Jubilee,
And hires Huzza's from his own Mobilee.
Lately he wore the Golden Chain and Gown,
With which Equipp'd he thus harangu'd the Town.

His Fine Speech, &c.

With Clouted Iron Shoos, and Sheepſkin Breeches,
More Rags than Manners, and more Dirt than Riches:
From driving Cows and Calves to *Layton-Market*,
While of my Greatneſs there appear'd no ſpark yet,
Behold I come, to let you ſee the Pride
With which Exalted Beggars always Ride.
Born to the needful Labours of the Plow,
The Cart-whip grac'd me as the Chain does now.
Nature and Fate in doubt what Courſe to take,
Whether I ſhould a Lord or Plough-boy make;
Kindly at laſt reſolv'd they would promote me,
And firſt a *Knave*, and then a *Knight*, they vote me.
What Fate appointed, Nature did prepare,
And furniſh'd me with an Exceeding Care,
To fit me for what they deſign'd to have me;
And ev'ry Gift *but Honeſty* they gave me.
And thus Equip'd to this proud Town I came,
In queſt of Bread, and not in queſt of Fame.

Blind

Blind to my future Fate, an humble Boy,
Free from the *Guilt and Glory* I enjoy.
The Hopes which my Ambition entertain'd,
Were in the Name of *Foot-boy* all contain'd.
The Greateſt Heights from ſmall Beginnings riſe;
The Gods were Great on Earth before they reach'd the Skies.
B——well, the Generous Temper of whoſe Mind,
Was always to be bountiful inclin'd;
Whether by his ill Fate or Fancy led,
Firſt took me up, and furniſh'd me with Bread.
The little Services he put me to,
Seem'd Labours, rather than were truly ſo.
But always my Advancement he deſign'd;
For 'twas his very Nature to be kind.
Large was his Soul, his Temper ever free;
The beſt of Maſters and of Men to me.
And I who was before decreed by Fate,
To be made Infamous as well as Great,
VVith an Obſequious Diligence obey d him,
Till truſted with his All, and then betray'd him.
All his paſt Kindneſſes I trampled on,
Ruin'd his Fortunes, to Erect my own.
So Vipers in the Boſom bred, begin
To hiſs at that Hand firſt which took them in.
VVith eager Treachery I his Fall purſu'd,
And my firſt Trophies were *Ingratitude.*
Ingratitude, the worſt of Humane Guilt,
The baſeſt Action Mankind can commit;
VVhich like the Sin againſt the Holy-Ghoſt,
Has leſt of Honour, and of Guilt the moſt;
Diſtinguiſh'd from all other Crimes by this,
That 'tis a Crime which no Man will confeſs.
That Sin alone, which ſhould not be forgiven
On Earth, altho' perhaps it may in Heav'n.
Thus my firſt Benefactor I o'rethrew;
And how ſhould I be to a ſecond true?
The Publick Truſt came next into my Care,
And I to uſe them Scurvily prepare:

My

My needy Sov'reign Lord I play'd upon,
And lent him many a Thouſand of his own;
For which great Intereſt I took care to Charge,
And ſo my ill-got Wealth became ſo large.
My Predeceſſor *Judas* was a Fool,
Fitter to have been whip'd and ſent to School,
Than Sell a Saviour: Had I been at hand,
His Maſter had not been ſo cheap Trepann'd;
I wou'd ha' made the Eager *Jews* ha' found,
For Thirty Pieces, Thirty Thouſand Pound.
My Couſin *Ziba* of Immortal Fame,
(*Ziba and I ſhall never want a Name*:)
Firſt-born of Treaſon, Nobly did advance
His Maſter's Fall for his Inheritance.
By whoſe keen Arts old *David* firſt began
To break his Sacred Oath to *Jonathan*:
The Good Old King, 'tis thought, was very loth
To break his Word, and therefore brake his Oath.
Ziba's a Traytor of ſome Quality,
Yet *Ziba* might ha' been inform'd by me:
Had I been there, he ne'er had been content
With half the Eſtate, nor half the Government.
In our late Revolution 'twas thought ſtrange,
That I of all Mankind ſhou'd like the Change:
But they who wonder'd at it, never knew,
That in it I did my old Game purſue:
Nor had they heard of twenty Thouſand Pound,
Which never yet was loſt, nor ne'er was found.
Thus all things in their Turn to Sale I bring,
God and my Maſter firſt, and then the King:
Till by ſucceſsful Villanies made Bold,
I thought to turn the Nation into Gold;
And ſo to Forg——y my Hand I bent,
Not Doubting I could Gull the Government;
But there was ruffled by the Parliament.
And if I ſcap'd the Unhappy Tree to Climb,
'Twas want of Law, and not for want of Crime.

But my * *Old Friend*, who printed in my Face
A needful Competence of *Engliſh* Braſs,
Having more Buſineſs yet for me to do,
And loth to loſe his truſty Servant ſo,
Manag'd the Matter with ſuch Art and Skill,
As ſav'd his Hero, and threw out the B——ll.

* *The Devil.*

And now I'm grac'd with unexpected Honours,
For which I'll certainly abuſe the Donors:
Knighted, and made a Tribune of the People,
Whoſe Laws and Properties I'm like to keep well:
The *Cuſtos Rotulorum* of the City,
And Captain of the Guards of their *Banditti*.
Surrounded by my Catchpoles, I declare
Againſt the needy Debtor open War.
I Hang poor Thieves for ſtealing of your pelf,
And ſuffer none to Rob you but my ſelf.
The King Commanded me to help Reform ye,
Aud how and when I'll do't, Miſs ſhall inform ye.
I keep the beſt Seraglio in the Nation,
And hope in time to bring it into Faſhion.
No *Brimſtone Whore* need fear the Laſh from me,
That part I'll leave to Brother *Jeffery*.
Our Gallants need not go abroad to *Rome*,
I'll keep a Whoring Jubilee at Home.
Whoring's the Darling of my Inclination;
A'n't I a Magiſtrate for Reformation?
For this my praiſe is Sung by evry Bard,
For which *Bridewell* would be a juſt Reward.
In Print my *Panegyricks* fill the Street,
And Hir'd Goal-Birds their Huzza's repeat.
Some Charities contriv'd to make a Show,
Have taught the Needy Rabble to do ſo;
Whoſe Empty Noiſe is a Mechanick Fame,
Since for Sir *Belzebub* they'd do the ſame.

The Concluſion.

THen let us boaſt of Anceſtors no more,
Or Deeds of Heroes done in Days of Yore,
In latent Records of the Ages paſt,
Behind the Rear of Time, in long Oblivion plac'd.
For if our Virtues muſt in Lines deſcend,
The Merit with the Families would end:
And Intermixtures would moſt fatal grow;
For Vice would be Hereditary too;
The Painted Blood wou d of neceſſity,
In Voluntary Wickedneſs convey.
Vice, like Ill-nature, for an Age or two,
May ſeem a Generation to purſue:
But Virtue ſeldom does regard the Breed;
Fools do the Wiſe, and Wiſe Men Fools ſucceed.
What is't to us what Anceſtors we had?
If Good, what better; Or what worſe, if Bad?
Examples are for Imitation ſet,
Yet all Men follow Virtue with Regtet.
Cou'd but our Anceſtors retrieve their Fate,
And ſee their Off-ſpring thus Degenerate;
How we contend for Birth and Names Unknown,
And build on their paſt Actions, not our own;
They'd cancel Records, and their Tombs Deface,
And openly diſown the Vile Degenerate Race;
For Fame of Families is all a Cheat,
'Tis Perſonal Virtue only makes us Great.

FINIS.

ÆSOP *at* Tunbridge; *or a few Select* FABLES *in Verse.*

To the Reader.

RIding of late, to take a little Air, and croſſing by ſome chance the Tunbridg Road, *it was my fortune to find a Parcel of Papers, which were doubtleſs dropt by ſome unwary Paſſenger, who had made more Haſte than good Speed; and taking them up, I found they were the following* Fables: *which, I imagine, ſome young Gentleman of Wit and Leiſure had diverted himſelf in compoſing, whilſt he was oblig'd to drink the Waters. The Entertainment they gave me and my Friends, made me think of making them publick; and conſidering the Nature of them, and that they were very fairly written, it is not at all unlikely that the Author had deſigned them for the Preſs himſelf. There are but two little Reaſons to the contrary, which may be alſo ſoon anſwer'd;* Firſt, *That they are too ſmall to make a Book:* The Second, *That ſome of the Fables are too bold, and might expoſe the Author to ſome Danger or Diſpleaſure. As to the firſt Objection, Whoever would be ſure of pleaſing, muſt not be tedius; it happens but to a few great Books to be read through; and many good Authors have defeated their own Purpoſes of Inſtructing the World, by frightning the Reader with three or four hundred Pages: But beſides, the Nature of ſuch a Work as this, requires that the Reader be never cloy'd, but always kept in good Humor and good Appetite, which a long work would hardly do; and ten or a dozen Morals are enough to amuſe the Mind,*

Mind, and keep it exerciſed a good while. But, after all, it may be there were many Fables more intended to follow theſe; and then I have nothing to ſay but that theſe were all I found, and thought they were too many to be loſt to the Publick.

To the other Objection, the Author having nothing to fear, has nothing to Anſwer; for they are publiſh'd, if not without his Will, *yet without his* Knowledg. *But ſhould it be granted that one or two Fables are a little too bold and angry, yet ſince there is ſome Foundation for ſuch ſort of Mutterings and Complaints, from whence can our Rulers learn theſe Truths more inoffenſively, than from ſuch little Stories! They will not, perhaps, attend ſo eaſily to wiſe and good Men, as they will to Foxes and Aſſes; and wiſe and good Men, will not, it may be, dare to tell thoſe Truths theſe Beaſts deliver, which yet our Governours ſhould know.*

I will not altogether excuſe the Exageration of Matters in the Twelfth Fable; for tho' our Bargain be dear enough, yet I can't tell what we ſhould have done without it; and Things, I hope, will mend upon our hands in good time.

FAB. I.

Fair Warning.

IN *Æſop*'s new-made World of Wit,
Where Beaſts could talk, and read, and write,
And ſay and do as he ſaw fit;
A certain Fellow thought himſelf abus'd,
And repreſented by an *Aſs*;
And *Æſop* to the Judge accus'd
That he defamed was.
Friend, quoth the Judge, how do you know
Whether you are defam'd or no?

How

How can you prove that he muſt mean,
You, rather than another Man?
Sir, quoth the Man, it needs muſt be,
All Circumſtances ſo agree,
And all the Neighbours ſay 'tis Me.
That's ſomewhat quoth the Judge, indeed;
But let this Matter paſs,
Since 'twas not *Æſop*, 'tis agreed,
But *Application* made the *Aſs*.

FAB. II.

The Cock and Pearl.

A Dunghil *Cock* was raking in the Ground,
And flirted up a *Pearl*;
I would, quoth he, thou hadſt been found
By ſome great *Lord* or *Earl*.
My ſelf a ſingle Barely-corn
Would ſurely, rather find:
We Creatures that are dull, Earth-born,
Things only *uſeful* mind.
Whilſt they who are divinely Wiſe,
And do from *Jove* proceed,
Thy lovely orient *Luſtre* prize,
And for thy *Beauty* trade.

FAB. III.

Of the Horſe and the Aſs.

A *Horſe* and *Aſs* were journeying on their way,
The *Horſe* was only harneſs'd, light, and gay;
The *Aſs* was heavy loaden, and lagg'd behind,
And thus, at length, beſpake his Friend.
Companion, take ſome pity on my State;
And eaſe me but of half my Weight,
Half will to you no burden be,
And yet a mighty help to me.

The *Horſe* laugh'd loud, and ſhook his Head,
And wantonly curvetting ſaid;
Seignior, we Horſes never chooſe
The Burdens that we can refuſe;
And ſhould ſuch Jeſt upon me paſs,
Methinks I ſhould be but an *Aſs*.
The *Aſs* quite ſpent, and vext to be deny'd,
Sunk down beneath his Weight, and dy'd.
The Maſter coming up, took off the Sack,
And threw it on the *Horſe*'s Back:
And having flaid his *Aſs*, he threw
The filthy Hide upon him too.
At which the *Horſe*, thus ſadly humbled, cry'd;
(Letting ſome tears for grief and anger fall)
Whether 'twere cruelty, or pride,
That I ſo fair Requeſt deny'd,
I'm juſty ſerv'd, and made to carry *All*.

The Aſſes *of the* South *and* Eaſt
Deſire the Horſes *of the* North *and* Weſt,
That as to Parliament *they trot*,
This Fable may not be forgot.

FAB. IV.

Of the Judgment of the Ape.

A *Wolf* complain'd that he had loſt a *Lamb*,
And ſtrait impleads a *Fox* of no good Fame,
(Who had a *Lamb*) that he had ſtoln the ſame.
An *Ape* was to decide the Cauſe,
Having ſome Knowledg in the Laws.
No Councel was by either feed,
Each would his Cauſe, in Perſon, plead:
And ſo they did, with mighty heat;
The Judg himſelf did almoſt ſweat,
To hear the force of their Debate,
How they accuſe, and how defend,
How they reply'd, join'd and rejoin'd.

At length in pity to the Court,
The Judg was fain to cut them ſhort:
And thus determin'd——Sirs, in troth,
The *Lamb* belongs to neither of you both.
You, Mr. *Wolf*, have doubtleſs loſt no *Lamb*;
And, *Reynard*, you as ſurely ſtole that ſame,
But not from him. If Juſtice might prevail,
You ſhould be both condemn'd to Fine and Jail.

So two great Lords *for an Eſtate may fight,*
Which does to neither appertain by Right.

FAB. V.

Of the Horſe and Man.

A Fierce wild *Boar*, of monſtrous ſize and force,
Bid once, in early days, affront a *Horſe*;
Who meditating Vengeance found his Will
To hurt, much greater than his Power and Skill;
And therefore, chaf'd and reſolute, he ran
To the next Houſe, and thus apply'd to *Man*.
I come, Superior Power, whom *Jove* has made
His Subſtitute on Earth, to ſeek thy Aid
Againſt a ſordid Brute, who injures me,
And likewiſe ſpeaks contemptibly of thee.
Jove, whom thou nam'ſt (ſaid *Man*) was to thee kind,
And ſent thee where thou ſhalt aſſiſtance find.
But this injurious *Boar* will never meet
Our Arms upon the Plain, but truſt his Feet.
But ſhall his Feet then his Protection be,
Since Swiftneſs is the Gift of *Jove* to thee?
(Mark it, my Friend, this Inſolence
Deprives us of our Common-ſenſe.)
This doubtleſs he forgot? ſo will not we.
You, for Convenience, will a while ſubmit
To be directed with a Bridle and Bit;
And take me on your Back, till we ſhall ſee
This your outragious Enemy.

Up, ſaid the Horſe then, let us never reſt,
Till we have found this curſed Beaſt.
Away then to the Woods they flew,
The Horſe his Haunts and Coverts knew,
And there his Foe, the dextrous Warrier ſlew.
This done, they jocond homewards make,
And thus the Horſe the Man beſpake:
Now, Sir, accept my Thanks for what is paſt,
I to my wonted Fields, and Friends muſt haſt,
Hold, quoth the Man, we part not quite ſo ſoon;
Your Buſineſs is, but *Mine* is not yet done.
Some Service there remains, due to the Aid
I lent you, which muſt be repaid.
This ſaid, he light, and ty'd him to a Rack;
Where the poor Creature, thus with ſorrow ſpake:
Slight was the Injury of the Boar,
And might perhaps, have been no more:
But now I'm utterly undone,
My Eaſe and Liberty are gone.

Sweet is Revenge, juſt in the Taſt,
But ſurely Bitterneſs at laſt.
Let other Creatures warning take,
What Bargains they in Paſſion make.
Let Nations alſo take good care,
That they with many Hardſhips bear,
Rather than ſeek Redreſs abroad,
Which is but adding to their Load.

FAB. VI.

The Bargain.

TWO *Welchmen* Partners in a *Cow*,
Reſolv'd to ſell her dear;
And laid their Heads together, how
To do't at *Ludlow Fair*.
It was a ſultry Summers-day,
When out they drove the Beaſt;

And

And having got about half way,
They ſat them down to reſt.
The Cow, a Creature of no Breeding,
(The place with Graſs being ſtor'd)
Fed by; and whilſt ſhe was a feeding,
Let fall a mighty T——.
Roger, quoth *Hugh*, I tell thee what,
Two Words and I have done:
If thou wilt fairly eat up *that*,
The Cow is all thy own.
'Tis done, quoth *Roger*, 'tis agreed,
And to't he went apace;
He ſeem'd ſo eager ſet, 'tis ſaid,
That he forgat his Grace.
He labour'd with his woden Spoon,
And up he ſlopt the Stuff;
Till, by the time that half was done,
He felt he had enough.
He felt: but ſcorning to look back,
Would look as if he wanted more;
And ſeem'd to make a freſh Attack,
With as much Vigour as before.
But ſtopping ſhort a while, he cry'd,
How fares it, Neighbour *Hugh?*
I hope, by this, you're ſatisfied,
Who's Maſter of the Cow.
Ay ay, quoth *Hugh* (the Devil choke thee,
For nothing elſe can do't,)
I'm ſatisfy'd that thou haſt broke me,
Unleſs thou wilt give out.
Give out? quoth *Roger*, that were fine,
Why, what have I been doing?
But yet I tell thee, Friend of mine,
I ſhall not ſeek thy Ruin.
My Heart now turns againſt ſuch Gain;
I know th' art piteous poor,
Eat thou the half that ſtill remains,
And 'tis as 'twas before.

God's Bleſſing on thy Heart, quoth *Hugh*,
That proffer none can gainſay;
With that he readily fell to,
And eat his ſhare o'th' *Tanſie*
Well now, quoth *Hodge*, w'are ev'n no doubt,
And neither ſide much Winner:
So have we been, quoth *Hugh*, without
This damn'd confounded Dinner.

Let this, both to our Wars *and* Peace
Be honeſtly apply'd;
France *and th'* Allies *have done no leſs,*
Than what theſe Welch-men *did.*

FAB. VII.

The Frogs Concern.

TWO fierce young Bulls within the Marſhes ſtrove
For the Reward of Empire, and of Love;
Which ſhould the faireſt Heifer gain,
And which ſhould govern all the Plain.
This, when a Frog hard-by perceiv'd,
He ſigh'd, and ſob'd, and ſorely griev'd,
He hung his Head, and made great moan,
As tho he'd loſt his Wife or Son.
At which a neighbouring Frog admir'd,
And kindly of the Cauſe enquir'd;
Which when he knew, he ſaid in haſt,
And *Goſſip*, is this all at laſt?
If this and that great Loggerhead Bull
Will try the thickneſs of each other Skull,
E'en let them do, as fit they ſee:
But what is that to You and Me?
If that, replied the other, were all indeed,
We ſhould about this Matter be agreed.
I ſhould not not care a ſingle Groat,
To ſee 'em tear each others Throat;

But,

But, Friend the Creatures of ſuch Might
Can never meet in Field to fight,
But in the Fury of their Full Career,
Both you and I endanger'd are;
And all our kindred Tribes below,
In hazard of their Lives muſt go.
When *Bulls* ruſh on, or when retreat for Breath,
They'l tread a hundred of us *little Folks* to death.

If Kings *would fight themſelves alone,*
Their People *ſtill ſecure,*
No mortal Man would part 'em ſure,
But let them e'en fight on.
But when the Subjects Blood is ſpilt,
And their Eſtates are drain'd,
To juſtify a Prince's Guilt,
Or have his Vanity maintain'd;
When they muſt pay for all at laſt,
Their Luſt, Ambition, or Revenge lay waſt:
The pooreſt Man alive may fear,
And pray againſt the Miſeries of War.

FAB. VIII.

Of a Man and his Aſs.

A Wretched *Churl* was trav'ling with his *Aſs*,
Beneath two Panniers Load oppreſt;
And hearing noiſe behind, cry'd to the Beaſt,
Fly, my Friend *Roger*, fly apace;
Elſe I'm undone, and all my Market's naught;
And thou thy ſelf wilt by the Rogues be caught.
Caught? quoth the Beaſt, what if I be?
What will it ſignify to me?
My Panniers are ſo full, they'll hold no more;
I carry *two* and cannot carry *four*.
'Twixt Rogues and You I can no difference make,
They are all Rogues to me, who break my Back.

Fly, fly from France, *our Statesmen cry,*
And Slavery's curſed Yoke;
Whilſt with our Antient Liberty
Our very Backs are broke.
France *is a Thief; but* France *can do no more,*
Than keep the Panniers on we had before.

FAB. IX.

Of a Wolf.

A *Wolf* retiring from *Whitehall,*
Where he had Stateſman been,
Built for himſelf a Fox ſo ſmall,
That few could be receiv'd within.
The Country all admir'd at this,
And could not at the Reaſon gueſs,
Why one ſo Wealthy and ſo great,
Should cage himſelf at ſuch a rate.
Till at the laſt a *Fox* came by,
A Courtier alſo, ſleek and ſly,
And thus in earneſt and in jeſt,
His Reaſon gave among the reſt,
Perhaps my Lord Commiſſioner intends,
Here to receive only *his honeſt Friends.*

FAB. X.

The Plaintiff and Defendant.

TWO Travellers an Oyſter found,
Dropt from ſome Pannier down;
Each ſtoopt, and took it from the Ground,
And claim'd it as his own.
Since both can't have it all, ſaid one,
E'en let it parted be.
No, ſays the other, all or none,
But all belongs to me.

One Serjeant *Law* by chance came by,
And he muſt end the Strife:
Which thing he did immediately,
with his deciding Knife.
He took the Fiſh and cut it up,
(This cauſe he opened well)
And fairly did the Oyſter ſup,
And gave to each a Shell.
And if hereafter Cauſes riſe,
Where People can't agree,
I know, quoth he you'll be ſo wiſe
To refer them ſtill to me.
My Name is *Law*, my Chambers are
At ſome of *th' Inns of Court*,
Or *Serjeants Inn*, or *Weſtminſter*,
Where all for help reſort.
Sir, quo' the Men, truſt us for that,
We ſhall not fail to tell,
'Twas *Law* that did the *Oyſter* eat,
And left to Us the *Shell.*

FAB. XI.

Of the Pigeons.

THE *Hawks* were once at mortal Jars,
Which came at length to Civil Wars.
The *Pigeons* they ſtood looking on,
And, full of Pity, made great moan,
To ſee how bloodily they fought,
And each the others Ruine ſought.
And never would theſe Creatures ceaſe,
Till they had mediated a Peace.
The *Hawks* did eaſily conſent,
So Peace was made, and home they went;
Where when they came and wanted Prey,
And how to paſs their time away,

They

They fairly made one general Swoop,
And eat their Mediators up.
Two lucky *Pigeons* were not there,
And ſo eſcap'd the Maſſacre.
Of which the one to th' other ſaid,
How came our Kindred all ſo mad?
Parting of *Hawks*! *Hawks* ever ſhou'd
Be gorg'd with one anothers Blood.
The Wicked have a natural Rage,
(A thirſt of Violence to aſſwage)
Which if not on the *Wicked* ſpent,
Will fall upon the *Innocent*.

So the poor Hugonots *of* France,
And Vaudois *full as poor*,
Pray'd loudly, in their Innocence,
That God would Peace *reſtore.*
Peace *was reſtord*; *but* Peace *to them*
No Safety did reſtore:
Their Hawks *employ'd their Power and Time*
Much worſe than e're before.
And thou, O Church of England Dove,
Doat not upon thy Peace,
That may, than War, more fatal prove
Both to thy Wealth and Eaſe.

FAB. XII.

The Farmer and the Hare.

A *Hare* did once into a Garden get
Belonging to a Farm;
Where ſhe began to throw up Earth, and eat,
And do ſome little Harm.
The *Farmer* cours'd her round and round,
But got her not away;
Puſs took a liking to the Ground,
And there reſolv'd to ſtay.

Well,

Well, quoth the Fellow, in a Fret,
Since you are grown ſo bold,
I ſhall ſome more Aſſiſtance get,
And drive you from your Hold.
And ſtrait he ſends to a young *Squire*,
That he, by break of day,
Would with his pack of Hounds repair,
And ſport himſelf that way.
The Squire, as ask'd, attended came,
With Folks, and Horſe, and Hounds,
And in purſuance of the Game,
Rode over all the Grounds.
They leapt the Ditches, broke the Hedges down,
And made moſt fearful Waſt;
They trampl'd all the Garden round,
And kill'd poor *puſs* at laſt.
At this the *Farmer* tore his Hair,
And ſwore moſt bloodily,
Z——ds! What confounded work was here?
And what a Fool am I?
Not fifty *Hares*, in fifty Days,
Had ſo much miſchief done,
As this good *Squire* (whom I muſt praiſe
And thank) hath wrought in *One*.

If our Deliverance from the Frights
Of ſtanding Army near,
And ſilly ſuperſtitious Rites,
Worth Forty Millions *were*;
Then have we wiſely broke our Mounds,
That our Defences were,
Wiſely call'd in our Neighbours, Hounds,
And kill'd the deſperate Hare.
But if, with all this vaſt Expence,
Beſides a Sea of Blood
Spilt in the Church and States Defence,
Our Matters ſtand much as they ſtood:
Then have we done a World of Ill,
With endleſs Coſt and Pains,

A little hurtful Hare to kill,
And well deſerves the Brains.

FAB. XIII.

Poetry its Cure.

1. A Youth of pregnant Parts and Wit,
And thirſty after Fame,
Was muſing long which way to get
An everlaſting Name.
2. And having heard of *Poetry*,
And its immortal Praiſe;
He thought the way to *Fame* muſt ly
By courting of the *Bays*.
3. He heard how many a noble Town
Laid claim to *Homer*'s Birth,
To purchaſe from it a Renoun
Above the reſt of th' Earth.
4. This kindl'd in his generous Mind
A ſtrong and noble Fire:
He ſeem'd for nothing elſe deſign'd,
Could nothing elſe deſire.
5. The *Father* finding this Intent
Ill with his State agreed
That, living, wanted *Six per Cent.*
Much more than *Fame*, when dead:
6. Reſolv'd to try to cure his Mind,
And change his vain Deſigns,
And could no fitter Method find,
Than ſending him theſe Lines:

Seven wealthy Towns contend for Homer Dead,
Through which the Living Homer *begg'd his Bread.*

Several

Several other Fables on State-Affairs.

FAB. I.

The Fox and the Poultry.

AN aged *Fox* that ravag'd Woods and Plains,
Dread Foe to *Cocks* and *Hens*, and Country (Swains;
The moſt Tyrannick *Reynard* e'er was known,
Since Beaſts bore rule, and hector'd on a Throne.
He neither young nor old, when hungry, ſpar'd;
Alike the Lambkins and the Henrooſt far'd.
But Age retards at laſt his haſty flight, (night;
He plunders not ſo much by day, nor ravages by
Grown weak and feeble, Wit muſt now ſupply
His want of Strength —
No kind good natur'd *Fox* will bring him Food,
He ſtill muſt ſhare the Fortune of the Wood.
One day as hungry *Reynard* ſat alone,
His empty Guts and Fortune did bemoan;
Said he, I'll try what aged Craft can do,
New Methods find a new Device purſue:
Hard by a Tarbox lay, ſome careleſs Swain
Had left when he kept Sheep upon the Plain.
Projecting *Reynard* with a diligent care
Bedawbs his Belly, Sides and Back with Tar:
Then to a Ditch he goes where t'other day
He did a *Hen* and all her *Chickens* ſlay;
Their Feathers ſtill lay ſcatter'd on the Ground;
In which the *Fox* did wallow, tumble round;
The Feathers ſticking ſtill as he did rowl,
Made him reſemble much a larger Fowl.
And thus transform'd into a new diſguiſe,
Unto a neighbouring *Henrooſt* ſtrait he hies:
And juſt beneath the *Rooſt* his ſtation took,
And looking on the *Perch*, the *Poultry* thus beſpoke.

Kind

Kind gentle *Cocks* and *Hens*, I am
No more your Foe:
What once I did, is now my ſhame,
And for the future I the ſame
No more will do.
I come not as an Enemy
Your Lives to take,
But would with you in Friendſhip be,
As you may judg if you but ſee
The Clothes upon my back.
Come down then Friends, a laſting Truce
Twixt you and I;
I'll neither *Cocks* nor *Hens* abuſe,
Let us ſhake hands as Lovers uſe,
Be Friends until we die.
No, quoth the *Cock*, you will as much devour
As e'er you did, were but it in your power:
Your vain pretence of Kindneſs we abhor,
And from our *Perch* we will not downward ſtir:
You've chang'd your Coat, but have not chang'd your (Name;
If that were alter'd too, your Nature is the ſame.

In vain doe thoſe, who heretofore
Our Liberties betray'd
Unto a wild Deſpotick Pow'r,
And level all our Fences laid:
In vain they talk of Property,
Or think to be believ'd;
Their Actions gave their Tongue the lie:
Who can be thus deceiv'd;
Their vain pretence of publick Good
Is for ſiniſter Ends;
And who the Dee'l, when underſtood,
Wou'd be ſuch Villains Friends?

They'd feed the Flock only to ſteal the Fleece;
When the Fox *preaches, then beware the* Geeſe.

FAB.

FAB. II.

The Poor Man and the Devil.

A Lab'ring *Swain* had been at work,
And all his Limbs had tir'd,
By uſing Shovel, and the Fork,
To reſt at Night retir'd.
So ſweet's the ſleep of Country *Swains*,
Such undiſturb'd Repoſe
Accompanies their daily pains,
That Peace about them flows.
No diſmal Viſions do affright,
No Dreams do e'er approach;
Within the Curtains of the Night
They ſleep as ſound as any Roach.
But now the *Swain*, in dead of night,
An airy Phantom ſaw;
A cloven-footed hideous Spright
Him out of Bed did draw:
And led him to an Orchard fair,
Where pointing to a Tree,
Beneath that Stock, he ſaid, is there
A fund of Gold for thee.
But how, reply'd the ſleeping *Swain*,
Shall I this Treaſure find,
Or know that ſelf-ſame Tree again,
No mark being left behind?
Then quoth the *Dee'l*, ſhit near the place,
And thus, upon my word,
To morrow when thou view'ſt the Graſs,
Thou't know it by the T——
Thus did the *Swain*; when he awoke,
And rais'd his drouzy Head,
He found not as the *Devil* ſpoke,
But found a T—— in Bed.

Thus

Thus ſleeping Jacks *do dream and ſnore,*
And pleaſe their fooliſh mind,
In thinking what they were before,
And what henceforth they'l find.
But if they would right meaſures take,
And govern'd be by Wit;
When once their Reaſon do's awake,
They'l find their Cauſe beſhit.

FAB. III.

The Farmer and the Badger.

A *Badger* once did ravage all the Fields
Belonging to a Farm;
Dug up the Earth, and ſpoil'd all that it yields,
And did a wond'rous harm.
The *Farmer* haloo'd on his Dog,
Thinking thereby to quell her;
But being bred to hunt the Hog,
He knew not how to kill her.
The *Farmer* ſends for a young Squire
To come with all his Hounds;
His and their Aid he does require,
To beat her from her Mounds.
The Squire came, with all his Hounds
The *Badger* did purſue.
He ravag'd all the *Farmer*'s Grounds,
And kill'd the *Badger* too.
Some little miſchief true he did,
In beating down the Corn,
And breaking Hedges as he rid:
So ſmall a Loſs was born.
Nor, ſays the *Farmer*, now my Sheep
May more ſecurely graze;
My Poultry may the Henrooſt keep,
I'm better than I was.

If our deliverance from our Foes,
And Popiſh Tyranny,
Ben't worth the Mony has been roſe,
'Tis pity we are free.
'Tis certain wiſely we have done,
To keep the Nation ſafe,
In giving part as we have done,
To ſave the better half.

Fab. IV.

The Ravens and Crows.

A Luſty Horſe, not long ago,
Would ſnuffle, ſnort and kick,
Curvet and prance, as others do,
Was fallen wondrous ſick.
'Twas far from any Houſe or Town,
No Doctor cou'd be got;
So the poor Beaſt muſt die alone,
And without burial rot:
He reſtleſs lay upon the Ground,
And turn'd from ſide to ſide:
His Groans the neighb'ring Woods reſound,
Where Birds of prey reſide.
No ſooner did they hear the noiſe,
But from the Woods they flew,
Whole Troops of *Ravens*, and the *Crows*,
And round the Horſe they drew.
At length a *Raven* of renown,
Strutting like Prince of *Conde*,
As black as any Parſon's Gown
He wears upon a Sunday;
Gets on a Mole-hill, look'd around,
And thus beſpoke the *Crows*;
We're antient Friends, and without ground
We will not now be Foes.

You know, by Contract, we're to have
The Carrion of this place;
And you the other ſide did crave,
Such our Agreement was.
No, quoth the *Crows*, this very place
To us is free as Air;
And how dare you with ſuch a face,
Oppoſe ſuch Numbers here?
Ay, quoth the *Raven*, then we'l try
To whom it doth belong;
But firſt let the poor Creature die,
Then ſee who's right or wrong.
Both ſides reſolv'd to fight it out,
Each do's advantage take;
They march, and march, and march about,
And each one whets his Beak.
They view the Ground, and mark the Camp,
And the Approaches form;
Contrive the eaſieſt methods how
They may the Carcaſe ſtorm.
Mean time the Horſe lies dangerous ill,
Yet ſhites, and farts, and groans;
Good ſigns, they ſay, in Phyſick skill,
And ſtretching of the Bones.
The Horſe (tho helpleſs) by degrees,
Began to gather ſtrength;
At firſt he riſes on his Knees,
And on his Legs at length.
The Birds of prey were all ſurpriſ'd,
And all away they flew;
The Battel's thus on both ſides loſt,
And all the Carrion too.

Thus ſome, whom neither Peace nor Wars
Can ſatisfy, ſtill hope for Jars;
That by great Princes falling out,
They may their Buſineſs bring about.
And Wonders muſt be done and ſaid,
When once the King of Spain *is dead;*

But he, like Horſe, prevents the fight,
And is reſolv'd to live in ſpite.

Fab. V.

The Summons.

THE mighty *Puſs*, not long ſince rul'd the State,
Beneath a loneſom Furzbuſh purring ſat;
Strok'd her long Smellers, and rejoic'd to ſee
Her awful Picture in her Progeny:
Mean while her Kitlings dance before her face,
And toſs, like trembling Mice, the Roots of Graſs.
Not one amongſt 'em but a Claw does wear,
Fit a Monarchic Tyrant Rat to tear.
The Good Old Cauſe inform'd the Mother's Breaſt,
Darts through their Eyes, is by their Mein expreſt.
Such, ſuch the antient Race of Heroes were,
Who did their Rights before their Lives prefer.
She calls one to her, of the eldeſt brood:
Doſt know, ſaid ſhe, how drown'd in native Blood
My Country lies; how the wild Boars invade
The Land, and deſart have my Country laid?
'Tis true, I once did eaſe 'em of their Pain;
But they, like Fools, embrac'd again the Chain;
Wear thoſe dull Fetters I ſo kindly broke,
And halt, like Slaves beneath the ſervile Yoke.
Once more I'll try, if my Advice may prove
Succeſsful, once exert my antient Love;
Summon the Slaves to meet at *W——l* Gate,
Beneath the Scaffold where I whileom ſate,
And puniſh'd Tyranny, the worſt of Crimes;
A juſt example unto future Times.
Young *Puſs* the Meſſage takes, and bids fair Warning
To all the Slaves t'appear on the next morning.

Fab. VI.

The Interview.

THE Morning come, the Slaves await,
And flock like Bees 'bout *W——l* Gate.
Some yok'd, like Country Hogs appear;
Others counfounded Fetters wear,
And ſome moſt horrid Burdens bear.
Thus loaded, thus enſlav'd, oppreſt;
Nature, 'tis ſtrange, don't call for reſt:
Tho Legs are gall'd, and Shoulders ſore,
The bulky Slaves ſtill crave for more:
And not an Ideot of the Town
Has ſenſe to lay his Burden down.
Strait *Puſs* in Majeſty appears,
Mounting the Scaffold, pricks her Ears,
Shakes her Majeſtick Head, aloud
She thus beſpoke the num'rous Croud.
I have deſerted long the nauſeous Town
Mourning my Country's Ruin, and my own,
Expos'd to Tyranny, whilſt Beaſts of prey
Ravage my Fields, and ſteal my Lambs away.
My Free-born Subjects now are forc'd to bear
Loads, which more fit for backs of Camels are;
You well deſerve the Fetters you do wear.
You under heavy Iron Shackles pine,
Whoſe Fathers did in glorious Armor ſhine,
Thro' fields of Blood to Freedom cut their way,
And taught the proudeſt Tyrants to obey;
By me ſupported, potent Tyrants fell
A Sacrifice to their juſt Cauſe and Hell.
No more, no more their ſacred Lineage ſtain,
No more their Names in your curſt Race profane;
Let not their Off-ſpring ſuch Alliance have,
Shackles were ne'er the Trophi[illegible] of the Brave;

They

They could wide Conqueſts, and juſt Honors boaſt,
But you, dull Slaves! have all your Freedom loſt.
Where 'ere a Tyrant rais'd his impious Head,
Strait their bold Hands ſtrook the damn'd Monſter dead.
Had you a ſpark of antient Honour left,
You ſhould not long be of my Aid bereft;
My Claws are hard and ſharp as e'er they were,
As fit a Tyrant and his Rats to tear.
The Villains that ſupport a Tyrant Crown,
This angry Tail will horridly ſweep down;
Shake off your Fetters once, and you ſhall ſee,
I'll once more ſave you from curſt Slavery.
She ſaid, and away ſhe gallop'd amain,
But in hopes they their Senſe would recover again;
For a Doctor will never the Fatigue endure, (Cure.
To heal ſuch dull Blockheads, that don't love the

Fab. VII.

The Frogs Concern.

A Generous Race of croking *Frogs*,
Which lay intrench't betwixt two Bogs,
Who as the Morning Sun did ſhine,
Daily encreas'd their Stock Divine;
Juſt as the Solar Influence burn'd,
Prolifick Spawn to Life was turn'd,
Until the young ones had at length
An equal Vigor, equal Strength.
So numerous at length they prove,
They ſupplicate to mighty *Jove*;
A King and Governour they crave,
As other Beaſts and Inſects have:
But *Jove* allow'd all Mortal Elves,
To chuſe a Monarch for themſelves.
The Croking Elders now conſult
About a King, and the Reſult

Was, that a neighb'ring Log ſhould be
Executor of Monarchy.
About the Log their Heads they raiſe,
In ſounds uncouth they croke his Praiſe:
At length ſome crawl upon his Top,
And frisk about and croke and hop:
Says one *Frog*, Here's fine buſineſs done,
Was e'er a King thus trampl'd on?
'Troth, ſays another antient *Frog*,
We'll ne'r be govern'd by a Log.
The Heat at length ſo far aroſe,
They did the Loggerhead depoſe.
To new Election they proceed,
And to their Hearts content ſucceed;
A neighb'ring Stork at length they choſe,
Which ſhould their Heats and Feuds compoſe:
He took upon him the Command
Of all the People in *Frogland*;
But he as t'other 'fore had done,
Made it an Arbitrary Throne;
Up from the Mud the *Frogs* would pick,
And ſqueeze their Corps within his Beak.
One *Frog* much wiſer than the reſt,
To thoſe about him thus addreſt:
Good Friends, this is confounded work;
Shall we be govern'd by a Stork;
To have our Bones in pieces torn,
Our young ones eat juſt as they're born?
As if Kings only had a Power
To ruin Subjects and devour;
I think 'tis juſt to chuſe agen:
The Brood of *Frogs* all crok'd, *Amen.*
The next they choſe was a dull Aſs,
Which prov'd as bad as t' other was;
For tho he was not ſo malicious,
His Folly made him as pernicious;
Stumbling on Empire, oft he ſtood
Upon his Subjects chok'd in Mud:

Whole

Whole beds of Spawn he did deſtroy,
At every flounce did *Frogs* annoy.
The Devil s in't, ſaid one, for we
In chuſing Kings ſtill wretched be.

Thus often we have choſe a K——,
And ſtill have found it the ſame thing.

Fab. VIII.

The Lion and Fox.

A Youthful *Lion* in the Wood,
Of Bulk and Nature ſtrong;
Still us'd to Rav'ning and to Blood,
And came to Empire young:
He too, as other Monarchs uſe,
New Methods did purſue:
His Father's Fav'rites did refuſe,
And choſe a ſet of new.
He having lov'd, and us'd to gore;
An arbitrary Sway,
A baſe, a wild Deſpotick Pow'r
His Subjects muſt obey.
But want of Brains do ſtill attend
Unlimited Command:
And therefore he would have ſome Friend
Might Buſineſs underſtand.
There was a cunning *Fox* liv'd near,
For many years had kill'd
The neigh'bring Lambs and Poultry there,
With Bones his Kennel fill'd.
He ſummon'd *Reynard* to appear,
Next Night, at Council Board.
Which *Reynard* did, and when was there,
Look'd grave as any Lord.
The *Lion* told him, he muſt be
The chief Support of State.

At which kind *Reynard* bow'd his Knee,
And wiſh'd him better Fate.
O, ſays the *Lion*, thou art skill'd
In Arbitrary Sway:
Thou many Beaſts and Fowls haſt kill'd,
To govern know it the way.
Ask, and I'll give thee any thing,
Is in my Pow'r to give:
Thou ſhalt be next unto the King
As long as I do live.
Quoth *Reynard*, make me then the Prieſt,
I'll make all Beaſts your Slaves:
The Body you, I Soul at leaſt,
We'll tyrannize by halves.

Thus Fate did Men to Thraldom bring,
Oppreſt juſt like a Beaſt;
Rode, ſpur'd, and whip'd by ſuch a King,
And eke ſo lewd a Prieſt.

FAB. IX.

The Weeſil, Rats and Mice.

A Mighty *Weeſil* of renown,
Well vers'd in things of State,
Was choſen King all o'er the Town,
Of all the *Mice* and *Rats*.
His Coronation Day was come,
And all the Grandees meet
The *Weeſil* in a gaudy Room,
And bow beneath his Feet.
His Chair of State was Rind of Cheeſe,
And o'er his Royal Head
Some Bacon ſwerd in goodly guiſe,
Like Canopy was ſpread.
At length he walks and ſtruts about,
Like any Lord or Duke;

Some-

Sometimes he do's one Subject flout,
And ſometimes one rebuke.
He calls an aged *Rat* aſide,
And ask'd him his adviſe,
Whether a Project mayn't be try'd
To eat up all the *Mice*.
Ay quoth the *Rat*, your Majeſty
May be well ſatisfy'd,
Mice haters are of Monarchy,
And Regal State deride.
The *Rats* and *Weeſils* now devour
The *Mice* in piteous ſort,
They dye the Cellars with their Gore,
And with their bones they ſport.
At length the *Mice* are all deſtroy'd,
The *Weeſils* and the *Rats*
Would other Food find out abroad,
But that they fear'd the Cats.
The *Weeſils* now together plot,
How they the *Rats* may eat;
Proviſion muſt be daily got,
Kings muſt have ſumptuous Meat.
The *Rats* now all do go to pot:
Some bak'd, ſome boil'd, ſome roaſted;
'Tis hop'd they had not then forgot
How they the *Mice* accoſted.

Thus ſome Men oft by Tyrant Power,
Their Kindred Subject-Slaves devour,
Do all the Villanies are done
To prop a beaſtly Tyrant Throne;
Tho others Blood the Tyrant fill'd,
They muſt at length to's Fury yield;
Nought ſtops a Tyrants Courſe but Decollation,
Or elſe a modern Abdication.

Fab. X.

Lubberland.

A Land there is, as Maps do tell,
(Tho they deſcribe it not right well)
Nor near the *Tropic* nor *Frigid Zone*,
But Latitude of fifty one;
In Nature's plenty does abound,
With Fruits and Flocks is amply crown'd:
The Natives never are content
But with Tyrannick Government;
They Men reſemble by their Faces,
But by their Backs reſemble Aſſes:
For each is born with a great Pack,
A warlike Saddle on his Back,
Which does adorn the parts are upper,
On nether parts they wear a Crupper.
Their Kings, as 'tis decreed by *Jove*,
Do always jump down from above:
Arm'd *Cap-a-pee* with Boots and Spurs,
Juſt fit to mount ſuch ſervile Curs:
With Hunting-Whips they daily maul 'em,
And with long rowell'd Spurs do gall 'em.
He only is the great *Bravado*,
Has moſt the Regal *Baſtinado*.
They leap and jump, and friſk and skip,
And ſing the Praiſes of the Whip:
They bear the Laſh without once bogging,
Extol the Royal Art of flogging.
With Blanket-Coat and wooden-Shoes,
The Man the Camel ſcarce out-does.
Whilſt Freemen feed on Dainties fine,
Theſe do on Bread and Garlick dine;
And if they ſpend a Soulx in Wine,

The Health drank round muſt always be,
Their King's applauded Tyranny:
Still let 'em be curs'd Slaves for me.

Fab. XI.

The Hawk and Birds.

I. A *Hawk* that of Yore,
Had long welter'd in Gore,
And many a *Sparrow* had kill'd;
By the *Birds* he was told,
Now he was grown old,
He his number of Sins had fulfill'd.

II. No ſaid the old *Hawk*,
My Actions to balk
If you ſhall but once thus *combino*,
The Gods will me avenge,
My Cauſe will revenge,
I may murder ye *Jure Divino*.

III. The Gods, ſaid the *Birds*,
We'll not take their words;
If they've gi'n you an Abſolute Power,
They've gi'n us a part
Is not worth a Fart,
While you have a Right to devour.

IV. The *Birds* all agreed,
And thus 'twas decreed,
That Slaves they no longer would be;
They throttl'd their King,
Then ſweetly did ſing,
The Praiſes of free Liberty.

Fab. XII.

The Aſylum.

THE Princes once did all combine,
The Peoples Liberty to mine;
Would make them right or wrong obey
An abſolute Deſpotick Sway.
One Method, was to make us poor,
By loading Taxes more and more;
For when to Poverty Men fall,
They eaſily are brought to thrall:
And when their Spirit's ſunk and gone,
Tyrants may lay vaſt Burdens on.
This did in ſome, in all it cou'd
Not do: Some men had better Blood,
And tho they could not mend their Fate,
They murmur'd at the Tyrant's hate;
Which ſo incens'd the Tyrant's Ire,
Some were condemn'd to rav'nous Fire;
Some were to ſlaviſh Gallies ſent,
Others in Fetters did lament.
Some Men were ſtrangl'd in their Beds,
Others were hang'd, ſome loſt their Heads;
Some whipt, till bleeding Backs were kill'd,
The Lands with Tyranny were fill'd.
But thoſe whom better luck and hap
Did favour with a wiſh'd eſcape,
A City on *Batavian* Shoar,
Did ſhelter from the Iſles before;
Where native Liberty do's thrive,
And no curſt Tyranny can live.
Long live great City, Favorite of Heav'n,
And never want thoſe Bleſſings thou haſt giv'n.

Fab. XIII.

Of the other Members conſpiring againſt the Belly.

ONce on a Time the hands and Feet
With Back, and Loins, and Bum, did meet
In a Rebellions Conſult, where
The B——ch as Speaker took the Chair,
And with an uncouth hollow ſound
The following Treaſon did propound:
Brethren, quoth he, you know the Head,
Makes us to toil and ſweat for Bread,
Yet nothing to our Lot doth fall,
But *idle Gut* conſumes it all.
My Friends, if you'l be rul'd by me,
We will ſhake off this Tyranny.
If Head and Belly will have Meat,
Let them toil for't with Hands and Feet.
Agreed, ſays Back, I vow and ſwear,
For them I'll no more Burdens bear.
Content, ſays Bum, if't be your Will;
For I love dearly to ſit ſtill.
Says Feet, I'll no more Errands run.
The Loins ſay, Brethren, it is done.
The Hands vow they would work no more,
And wiſh they'd been as wiſe before.
The Members thus in Holy League,
Did bleſs themſelves for this Intrigue.
But ſuddenly the Hands grew weak,
The Feet grew numb, the Loins did ſhake,
The Back was feeble, the Bum grew poor,
And Breech the Chair-man loud did roar,
Pray cram the Gut, and we'll rebel no more.

It's

It's hop'd this will not be forgot
By thoſe who form'd the Tunbridge *Plot.*
Old Æſop was a Man of ſenſe,
Such Doctrines never did diſpenſe,
That People ſhould refuſe Support,
And pine themſelves to ſtarve the Court.

Fab. XIV.

The Fable of the Spunge.

A Certain Brewer, whoſe Liquor of Life
Did frequently amongſt his Servants raiſe ſtrife,
Reſolv'd to abridg them, giving each Man his ſhare
Enough to ſuffice, but nothing to ſpare:
But the Servants reſolving they would not be ſtinted,
Put their Wits on the Racks, and this Device minted.
They got Gloves of Spunge which they thruſt in the Liquor,
And ſqueezing them often, ſpent their Maſters Stock quicker:
Which the Brewer underſtanding he ſeiz'd on the Spunges;
Made his Servants repay him, and with Actions them ſwinges;
Till he ſqueez'd back his own, and taught them to be true,
To leave off their ſly Cheats, and be content with their Due.

Thoſe that miſapply the Treaſure of the Nation,
Ought thus to be ſqueez'd till they make reparation:
We may Tax, and pay on, and the King ſtill be poor,
If the Hands of his Servants be pitch'd as before.
It's the Int'reſt of the Nation, our Senate underſtands,
That thoſe who touch Caſh ſhould have clean waſhen hands.

Fab. XV.

Æsop ſent to Bedlam.

ÆSOP o'ercome with Wind and Spleen,
At *Tunbridge* ſought relief;
In hopes that change of Air and Scene,
Might eaſe him of his Grief.
But there ſuch Shoals of Fools he met,
And Knaves twice dipt in Grain;
Not the fam'd Waters they were at,
Cou'd e'er take out the Stain.
In vain a Friend among the Youth
He ſought all *Tunbridge* round;
Till ſneaking Solitary *Truth*
He in a Corner found.
Thus met, they readily agree,
And did ſtrange Tales deviſe.
Lab'ring to make thoſe Coxcombs ſee,
That wou'd put out their Eyes.
Till nettled at their juſt Reproof,
The Knaves and Fools combine;
And him and his Companion both
To a dark room confine.
Next Stage, they knew not why or how,
For *London* they were bound;
Where both of 'em together now,
In *Bedlam* may be found.

In vain we ſtrive Mens Errors to correct,
Or point out Follies which themſelves neglect.
Fools are a ſtubborn Race, and hard to break,
Wiſdom's the only Gift they ſcorn to take;
And he that ſhews his Brains to ſuch a Rout,
Takes a fair way to have 'em beaten out.
Wiſe Men in them alone miſtake their Tools,
Knaves only have the skill to manage Fools.

Let

Let empty Fops be proud of their Miſhap,
For he that takes it off, deſerves the Cap.

FAB. XVI.

The Prieſt and Pears.

A Wanton Sloven of a Prieſt,
Invited to a Bridal Feaſt,
Under a Hedg upon the Ground,
A Hoard of Mellow Pears had found.
Theſe were, quoth he, to hungry Sinner,
That had no hopes of Wedding-Dinner,
Brave tempting Morſels, a rich Prize,
Which at this juncture I deſpiſe,
Now to more Rarities engag'd,
Than e'er in *Noah*'s Ark were cag'd;
Fiſh, Fowl, Fruit, ſweet-meats to excite,
And rouſe a founder'd Appetite;
Therefore ſweet Pears this time adieu,
My Stomach will not ſtoop to you.
Yet e'er we part, we'll have a Jeſt,
Then ſcornfully he on 'em piſt,
And cry'd, Who e'er theſe Pears ſhall eat,
He ſhall have Sauce as well as Meat.
This done, impatient of delay,
He jocundly perſu'd his Way,
Moſt happy in Imagination,
Chewing the Cud of Expectation.
Till to a Brook approaching nigh,
By Rains late fallen ſwell'd ſo high,
That 'twas impoſſible to paſs;
His grumbling Stomach call'd him Aſs,
And bid him ford, or ſwim the Flood,
And make his vap'ring Promiſe good,
Or, ſpite of all his Scoffs and Jeers,
He, Sauce and all, ſhould eat the Pears.

The Prieſt, who Belly dearly lov'd,
At this Reproach was ſhrangely mov'd;
Yet his unhappy caſe was ſuch,
He hated Danger full as much.
At Diſappointment ſore dejected,
He ſadly on the Pears reflected:
He was by Word and Honour bound
To ſtand to't and maintain his ground.
And now the pears ſo lovely grew,
That Water from both end they drew.
He therefore all his cunning bent
To find out ſome Expedient,
To prove himſelf this once miſtaken,
And ſave his Credit and his Bacon.
Inward he turn'd his ſullen Looks,
And romaging o'er all his books,
He met an antient Convocation,
That furniſh'd him with an Evaſion.
Quoth he they cou'd not be my due,
Nor might I ſeize 'em till I knew,
And providence had time to prove,
This heap of Pears was *Treaſure trouve*:
But now I plainly underſtand.
They truly are a *Deodand*;
And he that Abdicates 'em here,
Has loſt all title to one Pear.
And I ſhould be a Fool no doubt,
Shou'd I ſtand any longer out.
As for the Stain I caſt on theſe,
My ſelf can wipe it of with eaſe.

FAB. XVII.

The Owl and the Bat.

A Fierce Diſpute 'twixt Birds of Night
Aroſe about their *Gifts*, and *Light*;

The *Owl* any *Bat* aloud contended,
Which was by Nature beſt befriended,
Wrangling with clamourous Conteſt
Which ſaw the cleareſt, and the beſt,
Till from high Words, and angry Speeches,
They came to Perſonal Reproaches.
Quoth *Madge*, inſulting o'er the *Bat*,
What wou'd this *Flitter-Mouſe* be at?
Thou Mungril Vermine art at moſt,
And but half Bird thy ſelf can boaſt.
The *Bat* reply'd with Indignation,
Make to your ſelf the Application;
You're ſome Beaſt's Baſtard it appears,
As I'll demonſtrate by your Ears.
But what this is to our Diſpute?
If I am *Vermine*, you're a *Brute*.
Then let's agree, the *Owl* reply'd,
And by the Sun our Cauſe be try'd.
A *Nightingal* that hard by fate,
Thus undertook to Arbitrate:
How ſhall the *Sun* decide your Caſe,
When neither can endure his Face?
You've ſaid enough of *Bats* and *Owls*,
To prove both purblind Knaves and Fools.

The Bats, *and* Owls *of* pinners-Hall,
This Fable may apply;
Theſe Night-Birds *repreſenting all*
The Paſtors *and their Fry.*
If any wou'd know whom they fit,
Their Controverſies read;
And ſee how oft the Sticks are ſplit,
To break each other's Head.
But let 'em not the Truth come near,
Nor venture into Light;
For he that does bare-fac'd appear,
Will ſhew a Hypocrite.

While they againſt each other bawl,
They the whole World convince,
And plainly ſhew their want to all
Of Faith, as well as Senſe.

FAB. XVIII.

The Sharpers and Cullies.

TWo *Sharpers* once to Gaming fell,
In a large Company;
And manag'd their Intrigue ſo well,
They drew in Standers by.
They wrangled, quarrel'd, and call'd names,
And play'd with ſo much heat;
That no one jealous of a ſham,
Suſpected 'twas a Cheat.
But when the Gameſters num'rous grew,
And ſtore of Cullies came;
Each from the other took his cue,
To manage right his Game.
A long time doubtful was the Scale,
The odds uncertain were;
For they do all by turns prevail,
And none great Loſers are.
Till e'ery one at length was dipt,
And mighty ſums were laid;
The wink one of the *Jugglers* tipt,
And ſo the Cheat betray'd,
But this Diſcovery came too late,
For now the Game was won;
And empty Pocket was their Fate,
And all the Fools undone.

Ex---quer, B-nk, *and the* Exchange,
Eaſt-Indians *Old, and New,*
And all the World this very Game,
Too buſily purſue.

Notes, Bills and Stock, and Actions fall,
Or without Reaſon riſe;
Juſt as the Jugglers at Wh---hall,
Or M---cer's Chappel *pleaſe.*
The Great Ones have Sham-fallings out,
To draw the Leſſer in;
But the true Quarrel is, not who,
But how much each ſhall win.
And when the ſmall Ones give their Voice,
Who ſhall be moſt Empowr'd;
They have but Liberty of Choice
By whom they'l be devour'd.

FAB. XIX.

The Wolf and Dog.

A Half famiſht *Wolf* met a jolly fat Dog,
That was let out for Air, and freed from the (Clog.
Quoth *Iſgrim*, Friend *Towzer*, thou haſt what I (lack,
How com'ſt thou by all this good Fleſh on thy (back;
Says *Towzer*. I lodg, and am fed at *Wh---hall*;
I live like a Prince and do nothing but bawl.
You live like a Felon, by poltry Sheep-ſtealing,
But if you'l be rul'd, and uſe double-dealing,
I'l help you to mighty Preferment at C--rt.
And you ſhall pay nothing but Flattery for't.
Quoth *Iſgrim*, I like the Conditions ſo well,
I long till I'm there, for I ſoon ſhou'd excel;
I can cringe like a *Beau*, and humour *My Lord*,
And praiſe e'ery foppiſh Nonſenſical word.
'Tis enough, ſays the *Cur*; onward they jog'd,
Till *Towzer*, who often was collar'd and clog'd,
Like a *Cur* of good Mannners in bowing betray'd
The Ring on his Neck, which the Collar had made.

Says

Says the carfty ſly *Wolf*, in that Circle ſome Spell.
I ſuppoſe is contain'd, by which yon live well.
'Tis only, ſays *Towzer*, ne'er mind it I pray,
Some looſe hair my Collar has fretted away.
Says *Iſgrim*, I owe you, Sir, thanks for this grac
But if there's a Collar, that alters the caſe.
I'll purchaſe my Place by no ſuch ſubmiſſion,
But forage the Woods, and not alter Condition.

The Wealth, and the pow'r of great Places pleaſe all:
Who won'd ſhun the Fatigue they're encumber'd withall.
They wou'd have the Profit without the Attendance,
And ſhift of the burden of ſlaviſh dependance.
But here they may ſee by the Wolf, *and the* Dog,
They that will have the Fat, muſt ſubmit to the Clog.

FAB. XX.

Of the Apple and the Horſe-Turd.

AN Apple fallen from a Tree
Which near a River ſtood,
With Horſe-Turd in his Company
Was ſailing down the Flood:
When Turd, ambitious to diſcourſe
A thing ſo much above it,
Would into Converſation force,
As down the River drove it.
Lord! Madam, what a pleaſant Stream
Is this in which we ride?
Siſter! How we two Apples ſwim?
The foul *Sirrev'rence* cry'd.

A Threadbare Writer, who perchance
Has not one Farthing paid,
To carry on the War with France,
Towards the Royal Aid;

rys. Damn this curs'd confounded Peace,
It Forty Millions coſt,
And we *could not procure* our *Eaſe*
Till all our *Wealth was loſt.*

FAB. XXI.

The Pump.

A *Welch-man* (from his Hills come down)
Saw a ſtrange Engine near a Town;
A high-erected poſt there ſtood,
Crown'd with a *Janus* head of Wood;
One of whoſe Faces look'd to th' Country,
T'other Phyz o'er the Town was Centry:
A Clown cloſe by gave't many a thump,
And told admir'ing *Taffy* 'twas a Pump,
With this ſide I my Cellar drain and dry
With t'other I my Waters want ſupply,
Here's all I have which in this Bowl ſtands by.
Sot, quoth the *Briton*, why doſt toil?
Here's not a drop comes all this while.
T'other ſtrait pours the diſh of Water
Into the Pump. Thou mendſt the matter,
Cry'd *Taffy* laughing; why doſt waſt
The Water thou already haſt?
Vext with his Ignorance, the Clown
Replied, If ever thou hadſt known
How wiſer men can uſe a Tool,
Thou wouldſt not prate ſo like a Fool:
I threw this Diſhful in, thou ſilly Lout,
Becauſe I'm ſure to get a tubful out.

No wonder ſome profuſely give their Coin,
Tis eaſie being liberal on deſign.
'Money well plac'd at time of need we know,
Tho' ſprinkled but by P——, makes M—— flow:

FAB.

FAB. XXII.

Of the Bear and the Bees.

COld *Muſcovy* (as ſtory tells)
Fam'd is for ſtore of Bears;
That it in Honey too excels,
From the ſame Books appears.
There's ſcarce a hollow Tree that grows,
When cut, but Honey from it flows.
A plundering Bear about did roam,
To many a hollow Oak he troop'd,
Greedy he was, oft chang'd his home,
As oft the pillag'd Trees he ſcoop'd:
The Witleſs Bees ſaw him devour
Their Summers toils, and Winter-ſtore;
Call'd it perhaps Protecting too,
Leſt other Beaſts the like ſhould do,
And ſeem'd to be content.
At length when he enlarg'd his rounds,
(For Rapine ſcarce knows any bounds)
To a Farm-Houſe he went.
The Bear his wonted raving drives,
To run a muck at all the Hives.
The Bees who had with patience born,
The rifling of the Foreſt round;
Enrag'd, their All was from them torn,
And that their laſt retreat he found;
With Indignation roſe in ſwarms,
With one conſent all flew to Arms,
And all aſſail'd the Bear:
In numerous Cluſters round they hung;
Never was prowling Beaſt ſo ſtung,
As he was every where.
Vaſt Numbers gor'd his tender Snout,
Some his two ſhining Favourite Eyes;

He rages, and ſtorms, and cuffs about,
Both mad and blind to ſhun them trys:
Among the reſt there's none attack'd him more
Than e'en thoſe Drones who ſnack'd with him be-
(fore.

In vain for Aid he roars and bawls,
In vain his kindred Cubs he calls;
The Floods and Woods that interpoſe,
Keep all things from him but his Foes.
Till torn, and blooody, thro the Bogs he flys,
And by thoſe Inſects he coud, once deſpiſe,
Raving, and venom'd for his Rapine dies.

Whoever D' Alva *like eſſays*
To uſe oppreſſing Means and Ways,
Will find the Conſequence but bad;
Oppreſſion all things over-rules,
Not only raiſes ſwarms of Fools,
But makes a wiſe Man mad.

FAB. XXIII.

The Devil and the Prieſt.

THERE was a Monarch, whoſe Imperial Sway
Nations far diſtant did as Slaves obey:
Kingdoms he govern'd which he never ſaw,
And made 'em ſtood to his extended Law.
Some Crowns by right of Birth he held, and ſome
Beneath his Sway by right of Conqueſt come,
So large his Awful Monarchy was grown,
His Slaves at all times did behold the Sun.
But Ah how weak is Pow'r and human Sway!
When we Eternal Orders muſt obey?
That mighty King can raviſh'd Kingdoms ſeize,
Becomee a Slave to Sickneſs and Diſeaſe,
And waſts in Body, as his Crowns increaſe.

Juſt

Juſt were the Gods this Monarch to oppreſs,
Who ruin'd Lands, and Nations did diſtreſs.
Millions of murder'd Ghoſts ſurround his Throne,
Whoſe Lands by Blood he'd vilely made his own:
Nature by day his drooping Soul affrights,
And murder'd Ghoſt diſturb his Peace anights.
Thus ſome vile Uſurer of *London* Town,
Who has whole Familys and Tribes undone,
Widows and Orphans cramm'd into his Bags,
Expos'd to cold in tatter'd Clothes and Rags;
Whilſt the vile Wretch Damnation worketh out,
Upon his Couch tormented with the Gout.
From Drugs this King could no aſſiſtance have,
Nature nor Art could not the Monarch ſave
From the cold Palace of a noiſom Grave;
By Heaven accurſt, no Iſſue left to reign,
He long had rul'd alas! but rul'd in vain:
His wealthy Kingdoms now diſown'd by Fate,
Their Regal Line muſt meanly terminate:
Gaſping they lie to every neighb'ring Power,
For every King is a Competitor;
Each claims his Right to the extinguiſh'd Throne,
Some would have part, but others all or none:
One claims by Marriage what by t'other's given,
But Father Pope claims by Decree of Heav'n.
Thus mighty Fewds thro the Horizon ſpread,
And promiſe Wars when the ſick Monarch's dead.
What muſt be done in ſo deplor'd a caſe,
When Fate appears with ſuch an angry face?
The Swords are whetting, and prepar'd's the Shield,
And bloody Troops are entering the Field;
When the whole World's juſt kindling in a Flame,
E'en in the Neck the Prieſt and Devil came;
Two great Compoſers of inteſtine Jars,
Who fill both Hell and Money-Cheſts by Wars,
Still leave the Slain confus'dly in the lurch,
Whilſt Hell gets all the Vot'ries of the Church

But such their fate, the Priesthood and Old *Nick*
Approach the Royal Mansions of the Sick,
They did not viler Words to *Eve* express,
The first Queen Regent of the Universe,
When their Advice she freely did embrace,
And by it damn'd her self and all her Race.
Than to the dying Monarch now they utter,
And in his Ears Infernal Accents mutter.
'Sir, says the Priest, you're ready to bequeath
'The Lamp of Life unto the puff of Death;
'Your Kingdoms totter, as your Life declines,
'You are the last of all the Regal Lines.
'I am by Heaven, and by the Pope design'd
'T' instruct with Rules of Faith your Royal Mind.
'If you expect in t'other World some ease,
'Pray leave your Kingdoms in a settled Peace:
'Such vast Pretensions to your Thrones are made,
'As will the Earth with grizly Wars invade.
'Here did the dying King erect his head,
'And faintly to his Confessor thus said:
'Thou know'st my Kingdoms do belong to one,
'Who hath by Birth a Title to my Throne;
'Tho not descended from these Loins of mine,
'His Title is as good, as much Divine.
'Ah! says the Priest, that Title can't be good,
'Which is supported by the loss of Blood:
'That Prince can never his just Rights maintain,
'He is too weak, too poor for such a Reign.
'He who by Marriage does a Right pretend,
'Was still your sure and ever-faithful Friend.
'Tho he his Right renounc'd, I do declare
'You may by Will appoint him lawful Heir.
And here the Devil whisp'ring in his Ear,
The Priest proceeds:
'If you my sacred Counsels now shall shun,
'I'll tell your Majesty you are undone:
'Your Sins are many, and must be forgiven
'Before you can approach the Throne of Heaven;

'And

'And if you do not my Advice purſue,
'Ill pardon none, and Hell ſhall be your due;
'No extreme Unction, no anonting Oil
'To ſave your Skin where wretched Sinners broil
'In the hot confines of the Stygian Lake,
'Becauſe they Prieſtly Counſels did forſake!
'Where in large Bowls is liquid Sulphur quaff'd
(At which damn'd Words the very Devil Laug'd.)
'There you muſt lie tormented and forlorn,
'No King in *Tophet* ſhall like you be torn:
'I will more torments on your Head denounce
'Than you, when living, Scepters had and Crowns.
'But if you will my Counſels now purſue,
'No King in Heav'n ſhall be more bleſt than you,
'With Treaſures greater than thoſe of *Peru*.
'Nay when from earthly Body you are looſe,
'You ſhall not ſtop at the old half-way Houſe,
'Where Sinners take a pot of *Stygian* Liquor
'To make their ſenſe of Torment far more quicker;
'Where on hard Benches thoſe dejected Elves
'Do for vaſt Ages ſit to louſe themſelves.
'But you, when e'er your Majeſty ſhall die,
'*Preſto* ſhall mount the Regions of the Sky,
'And view your Kingdoms leſſening as you fly
He ſaid. The Prince affrighted at his words,
To the vile Dictates of the Prieſt accords
He makes his Will, and gives thoſe Crowns away,
Which he much envy'd, did ſo weakly ſway,
Unto a Prince who could no Title have,
But what Ambition and his Envy gave.

Thus Kings are bubbl'd, who on Prieſts rely,
They live in ſcandal, and unpitied die;
Condemn'd to Bondage and baſe Fame below,
And when they die, the Lord knows where they go.
For Heaven is kind, if e'er a Fool it ſaves,
Who truſts his Soul within the hands of Knaves.

Spain

Spain *henceforth of the Prieſts may have a care,*
And of their vile deluding Tricks beware.
If Heav'n be juſt, as ſure in time it will,
Porto Carero *ſhall his Crimes fulfil;*
He who embroils the World with Scenes of Wars,
And Europe *hurries in inteſtine Jars,*
Shall by the hand of Fate a Victim fall,
And ſlip to Hell from of the Earthy Ball.
Let England, Holland, Germany *alone,*
See on the Wretch condign Juſtice done;
Mean while let France *go on to play its pranks,*
Whilſt its vaſt River overflows its Banks.
Glutted with Empire may all Tyrants die,
And groveling in their Pride and Ruin lie:
She may in time her dear Ambition mourn;
Anjou, *like* Conti, *may again return.*
And may no King from henceforth e'er be bleſt,
Who truſts a Devil or a crafty Prieſt.

FAB. XXIV.

The Courtier.

A Milk-white Rogue Immortal and unhang'd,
By Fate and Parliaments ſeverely bang'd,
Without a Saint, a Devil was within;
He ſought all Dangers, for he knew all Sin;
Reſolv'd for Grandeur, and t' acquite Wealth,
Rob'd ſome by force, and others trick'd by ſtealth;
A wheedling fawning parſimonious Knave,
The Prince's Favour he reſolv'd to have.
The only means by which he thought to riſe,
He ſhuffl'd Cards, and ſlily cog'd his Dice;
A true State-Juggler, could make things appear
Such as would pleaſe his Prince's Eyes or Ear;
Produc'd falſe Lights his Monarch to miſlead,
Which made him from his Paths of Int'reſt tread.

He

He skreen'd all Villains from due courſe of Laws,
And from his Prince his trueſt Subjects draws;
Till angry Senates the vile Monſter took,
And from the Root the upſtart Cedar ſhook, (Coin,
Squeez'd the cruſt Spunge had ſuck'd the Nation's
And made him caſt up what he did purloin:
Then on a Gibbet did the Monſter die,
A Juſt Example to Poſterity.

Let Favorites beware how they abuſe
Their Princes Goodneſs, or the Peoples Laws,
How they clandeſtine Methods ever uſe
To propagate a baſe unrighteous Cauſe.
The Prince's Favour, like a Horſe untam'd,
Does often break the giddy Rider's Neck:
On him who for Preferment's ſo much fam'd
The People of their bloody Vengeance wreak.
Let theſe beware how they miſlead their Prince,
Or rob the Treaſurer of a potent Nation,
Or multiply enormous Crimes; for hence
Come Hanging oft, or noble Decollection.

FAB. XXV.

The Pilgrims.

RELIGION is a thing, if underſtood,
Would make men righteous and their Actions good.
For Piety alone of all things can
Correct the Manners, and reform the Man:
But Ah! how much is the bleſt Name abus'd,
And by unhallow'd Lips profanely us'd!
But none ſo much theyr Lewdneſs Evidence,
As thoſe who to it make the moſt pretence.
A Brace of Pilgrims, of a Sect ſevere,
As e'er uſurp'd a Place in *Moſes* Chair,
Men skill'd and read in *Moſes* ſacred Laws,
Yet well inſtructed for an impious Cauſe.

They

They brought up Pilgrims in their pious Schools,
Where Men were hood-wink'd & transform'd to Fools.
They taught 'em Doctrines did e'en Senſe deceive,
And made 'em many holy Cheats believe;
Paſſive Obedience taught in a free Nation,
More fooliſh far than Tranſubſtantiation.
Theſe pious Ramblers trudg'd from Poſt to Pillow,
Got ſacred Oak and conſecrated Willow,
Chips of our Saviour's Croſs, which where they came
Still got 'em Mony, Provender and Fame;
Each holy *Hocus Pocus* had a trick
Would cheat the wiſeſt Subject of *Old Nick*.
They wrought ſuch Miracles in e'ery Nation,
As did inhance their holy Reputation.
From *Spain* unto *Aleppo* they embark'd,
As Beaſts in *Noah*'s wooden Houſe were ark'd;
From thence o'er ſandy Deſert they did travel,
Where Men by Winds are buried oft in Gravel,
Where Camels foundring in the ſandy way
Are mummied up for ever and for ay;
Where Men are thruſt ſo far beneath the Ground,
They ſcarce will hear the final Trumpet ſound;
Till thro the ſcorching Scand's impetuous Heat,
They got ſafe to *Jeruſalem*'s beauteous Gate;
Where when they came, juſt at the very entry,
They ſaw a Brother Pilgrim ſtanding Sentry,
With meagre Looks, as if he'd been half roaſted;
But yet in Pilgrim Cant he them accoſted:
Says he, 'You're welcome Brethren to this Place,
'Of other Lands, and of our Church the Grace;
'Step you but in, I'll ſhow our Saviour's Tomb,
'So much ador'd by all that hither come;
'With all the holy Relicks of the Saints,
'Which he who has not ſeen, true Fervour wants.
'But e'er you enter, Brethren, I muſt tell ye,
We have got no proviſion for the Belly.
At which one Pilgrim ſaid, 'We need not that,
'We without Victuals can grow plump and fat.

Then

Then putting Hand within his ſacred Hood,
Pull'd out a Piece of moſt ill-favour'd Wood
Said he, 'Whoever bears this ſacred Chip,
'Needs not with Liquor ever wet his Lip,
'Or cram his Guts as other Mortals do:
'This is both Meat and Drink, and Cloathing too.
'We from *Aleppo* came, and all the way
'Have neither eat nor drank by night or day,
'Whilſt others fainting, periſh'd on the Road,
'And Camels ſunk beneath the Heat and Load.
'Who e'er to Battel goes, that carries this,
'Him ſhall the poyſon'd Arrows ever miſs:
'He may in Tempeſts thro' the largeſt Seas.
'Undrowned paſs whenever he ſhall pleaſe.
'This ſacred Chip is of our Saviour's Croſs,
'Which who has got, can nev'r ſuſtain a Loſs.
A Filgrim Merchant ſtanding by, o'er heard
What the Impoſtor ſaid, and much afraid
To paſs the Deſerts, but with needful Prop
To keep his drooping Limbs and Spirits up;
Offers the Pilgrims Mony for the Wood,
Who pond'ring ſeriouſly, a long time ſtood;
Then in the Offer they were very nice,
Not out of Zeal, but to inhance the Price:
At length, which being rais'd ('tis very odd)
They took the Money, and they ſold their God.
The Merchant thus equipp'd, away he ran,
He need not ſtay now for the Caravan;
But in the Deſerts was the Sot miſtaken,
Where he did broil and fry like any Bacon;
He would have given in this very matter
A Load of Timber for a Draught of Water:
There in the Sands did unaſſiſted roaſt,
He curſt the Pilgrims, and gave up the Ghoſt.

Ye Engliſh *Jacobites, beware*
How you this Merchant's paths do tread:

If

If you are caught in such a Snare,
And by Non-juring Priests misled,
You may like him be famish'd quite,
And die in Ditches like a Dog:
When you are poor, they'l say good night;
They get the Gold, and you the Log.
For if you run into Extremes,
And against Faith believe and hope,
You are bedevil'd by King James,
As he's bedevil'd by the Pope.
For take my word and to it I'll be sworn,
Monmouth *shall rise when* James *shall e'er return.*

FAB. XXVI.

The Confederacy.

1. THERE was an Eagle built his Nest
Upon lofty Oak,
Tho not above
Th' avenging Stroke
And Thunder of Almighty *Jove*;
Of *Jove*, who sometimes think it best,
For Reasons yet unknown,
To let the vilest men alone.
To ravage all their Neighbours Lands.
And murder Innocents with bloody hands.
So he thought good
To let this mighty ravenous Tyrant of the Wood
Perch on his Boughs secure from Fate,
And all the little winged Mortals eat.
2. Long there he liv'd, and every day descry'd
From his exalted Boughs;
All the low Underwood beside
Beneath his Shadow grows.
When e'er he saw the Flocks upon the wing,
Or heard in Bushes the plum'd Creatures sing,

His

His Eagles he ſent out
To ſeize the Prey,
Who fierce as Lightning flew about:
Swifter than they
No Arrow flies,
Or Star from Azure Skies;
No Tyger in the Foreſt tears
The trembling Hind with greater rage
To Pieces with his ſharpn'd Paws,
Than theſe the harmleſs Birds engage,
And home return with bloody Beaks and Claws.

3. In vain the Birds did build their Neſt,
In vain did young ones breed,
When Old and Young were but a Prey at beſt
To this curs'd Eagle's Seed.
Hopeleſs of better fate
They penſive ſate,
And did the dangers of their Tribes relate.
Till one much wiſer than the reſt,
To th' harmonious Croud in Notes himſelf expreſt:
'See, Brethren dear,
'We who are born as free as Air.
'Confin'd by nothing but the Sky
'When we aloft do fly,
'And when we downwards go
'By nothing but the mighty Earth below.
'But vain our Freedoms are,
'Our native Birthright to the ſpacious Air,
'If this Tyrannic Eagle be empower'd
'By Fate to kill,
'And make us Captives at his Will;
'And we are born by him to be devour'd.
''Tis true (tho not to our diſgrace)
'We are the weakeſt of the feather'd Race:
'The Gods have us no Talons giv'n,
'Such the Decree of Heaven.
'We can't contend with mighty Powers,
'Our buſineſs is to fit in Bow'rs,

'And in our natural Accents ſing
'The Glories of the Spring.
'We are but Cantons of the Air,
'Some mighty Emp'rors are;
'If we with theſe are in Alliance join'd,
'The Eagle ſoon will find
'Himſelf o'ermatch'd,
'And we ſhall have our Young in ſafety hatch'd.
'Therefore let us perſwade
'Theſe Potentates unto our Aid:
'We'll get Proviſion from the Wood
'Their Forces to maintain,
'Whilſt they upon the Plain
'Do combat for the Common good.

4. He ſaid, and to his wiſe Intent
The feather'd Company
Did all agree;
They clapt their Wings, and chirping gave conſent.
The Hawks of every kind
In the Alliance join'd,
The Ravens, Crows, and all the Breed
That do on ſlaughter'd Bodies feed;
Each one who did a Talon wear,
His ſharpen'd Weapon did prepare,
He whet his Beak, and haſten'd to the War.
Which when the Eagle underſtood,
He armed all his Bands,
And to the Field commands
His vet'rane Troops long ſince inur'd to Blood.
Such Preparations ne'er were known,
Such mighty Actions ne'er were done
By the Inhabitants of the Air,
Or ſuch a bloody War.

5. For now the fatal Day is come,
Little inferior to the Day of Doom,
Over a ſpacious Plain,
On which below
Small Furz and Fern did grow:

Now

Now Death and vaſt Deſtruction reign:
Here in the Air
The Combatants begin the War;
Who as they in Battalia fly
Put out the very Candle of the Sky:
uch ſparing Blows they gave the very Sound
Echo'd from hollow Caverns of the Ground;
At e'ery Stroke
Was ſome ſtrong Talon broke,
Some Beak was ſpoil'd,
Or Hawk or Eagle kill'd:
The Feathers fell like Showers of Snow
Upon the plain below.
The Battel was uncertain, ſtill
They both did one another kill,
Until the Eagles Forces broke,
Retreated to the Fortreſs of their Oak.
6. The Eagle thus diſtreſt,
His Warriors ſpoil'd both in their Beak and Creſt,
His Fortunes growing worſe and worſe,
To Policy he has recourſe;
This firm Alliance he muſt break,
Or elſe his Oaken Throne muſt crack.
Firſt from the common Cauſe
He the fierce Vultur, draws,
Which was by Wedding done;
A Young Hen-Vultur of a comely Grace,
The only Princeſs of the Race,
To a Cock-Grandſon-Eagle of his own.
Then with his other Foes he gets a Peace,
And thus all Feuds and Diſcord ceaſe.
No ſooner were his Pinions grown,
And Claws made ſharp, but from his Throne
He War proclaims,
And all the little Flocks of Birds he damns,
And all Alliances he ſcorns,
And a true Tyrant Eagle turns.

If e'er Confederates agen
Shall the French *Eagle overcome,*
Ne'er let him riſe to fight, but then
Give him his ne plus ultra *Doom.*
In him no Faith nor Honeſty they'l find.
Whom neither Gods nor human Laws can bind.

FAB. XXVII.

The Lions Treaty of Partition.

A Mighty *Lyon*, heretofore,
Of monſtrous Paws, and dreadful Roar,
Was bent upon a Chaſe:
Inviting Friends, and near Allies,
Frankly to ſhare the Sport and Prize.
During the hunting Space,
The *Lynx*, and Royal *Panther* came,
The *Boar* and *Wolf* of *Wolfingham*,
The Articles were theſe:
Share and ſhare like, whate'er they got,
The Divided upon the ſpot,
And ſo depart in peace.
A Royal *Hart* delicious Meat!
Deſtin'd by inauſpicious Fate,
Was ſtarted for the Game;
The Hunters run him one and all,
The Chaſe was long, and at the fall
Each enter'd with his Claim.
One lov'd a Haunch, and one a Side,
This eat it powder'd, t'other dry'd,
Each for his ſhare alone:
Old Grey-beard then begin to roar,
His Whiskers twirl'd, bully'd and ſwore,
The *Hart* was all his own.
And thus I prove my Title good,
My Friend deceas'd ſprung from our Blood,
Half's mine as we're ally'd:

My

My Valour claims the other part;
In ſhort I love a hunted *Hart*,
And now who dares divide?
The bilk'd Confederates they ſtare,
And cry'd, Old Gentleman deal fair,
For once be Juſt and True.
Quoth He, and looking wondrous grum,
Behold my Paws, the word is Mum,
And ſo *Meſſieurs* adieu.

Tyrants can only be reſtrain'd by Might,
Power's their Conſcience, and the Sword their Right:
Allies their Court to compaſs private ends,
But at the Dividend diſclaim their Friends,
Yet boaſt not France *of thy ſucceſsful Fraud,*
Maintain'd by Blood, a Torment whilſt enjoy'd:
Imperial Cæſar *drives the Storm along,*
And Naſſau's *Arms avenge the publick Wrong*:

FAB. XXVIII.

The Blind Woman and her Doctors.

A Wealthy Matron now grown old,
Was weak in e'ery part:
Afflicted ſore with Rhumes and Cold,
Yet pretty ſound at Heart.
But moſt her Eyes began to fail,
Depriv'd of needful light;
Nor cou'd her Spectacles avail
To rectify their Sight.
Receipts ſhe try'd, ſhe Doctors fee'd,
And ſpar'd for no Advice
Of Men of Skill, or Quacks for need
That practiſe on ſore Eyes.
Salves they dawb'd on, and Plaiſters both,
And this, and that was done:

Then Flannels, and a Forehead-cloth
To bind and keep them on.
Her Houſe, tho ſmall was furniſh'd neat,
And e'ery Room did ſhine
With Pictures, Tapeſtry and Plate,
All Rich, and wondrous fine.
Whilſt they kept blind the ſilly Soul,
Their hands found work enough!
They pilfer'd Plate, and Goods they ſtole,
Till all was carry'd off.
When they undamn'd their Patients Eyes,
And now pray how's your Sight?
Cry's t'other, this was my advice,
I knew 'twou'd ſet you right.
Like a ſtuck Pig the Woman ſtar'd,
And up and down ſhe run:
With naked Houſe, and Walls, quite ſcar'd,
She found her ſelf undone.
Doctors, quoth ſhe, your Cure's my pain,
For what are Eyes to me?
Bring Salves and Forehead-Cloths again,
I've nothing left to ſee?

See injured Britain *thy unhappy Caſe,*
Thou Patient with diſtemper'd Eyes:
State Quacks but nouriſh the Diſeaſe,
And thrive by Treacherous Advice.
If fond of the Expenſive Pain,
When eighteen Millions run on Score:
Let them clap Mufflers on again,
And phyſick Thee of Eighteen more.

FAB. XXIX.

The Satyrs Addreſs.

FIve Satyrs of the Woodland Sort,
Thought Politicians then:

Their

Their Ears prick'd up, their Noſes ſhort,
And Brows adorn'd like Aldermen;
With Aſſes Hoofs, great gogle Eyes,
And ample Chins of *Be——ms* Size:
To *Jove* tript up with an Addreſs,
In favour of the Plains:
That it wou'd pleaſe him to ſuppreſs
All Heats and Colds, his Winds and Rains;
The Sun that he'd extinguiſh too,
And in the Skies hang ſomething new.
My wiſe reforming Friends, quoth *Jove*,
Our Elements are good!
We manage for the beſt above,
Tho not ſo rightly underſtood;
But ſince ſuch profound Squires are ſent,
We'l treat you like the Cream of *Kent*.
Then *Jove* brought out Ætherial Fire
In a gilt Chafindiſh:
The ſparkling Flame they all admire,
'Twas fine, they vow'd, as Heart cou'd wiſh;
They gap'd, they grin'd, they jump'd about;
Jove give us that, the Sun put out!
The charming Flames they all embrace,
Which urg'd by Nature's Laws,
Their ſhaggy Hides ſet in a blaze,
And ſoundly ſing'd their Paws;
In Corners then they ſneak, with Terror dumb,
And o'er th' Immortal Pavements ſcud it home.

How ſenſeleſs are our Modern Whiggiſh Tools,
Beneath the dignity of Britiſh *Fools!*
With Beef reſolv'd, and fortify'd with Ale,
They cenſure Monarchs, and at Senates rail;
So eagerly to Publick Miſchief run,
That they prevent the Hands which loo them on.
O true Machines, and Heads devoid of Brains!
Affront that Senate which your Rights maintains

Thus Ideots ſport with Power, and Flames embrace,
Till ſmarting Folly glares them in the Face.

FAB. XXX.

The Farmer and his Dog.

THere dwelt a Farmer in the Weſt,
As we're in ſtory told;
Whoſe Herds were large, and Flocks the beſt
That ever lin'd a Fold.
Arm'd with a Staff, his Ruſſet Coat,
And *Towſer* by his ſide;
Early and late he turn'd his Throat,
And every *Wolf* defi'd.
Lov'd *Towſer* was his Heart's delight,
In Cringe and Fawning skill'd:
Entruſted with the Flocks by Night,
And Guardian of the Field.
Towſer, quoth he, I'm for a Fair,
Be Regent in my Room:
Pray of my tender Flocks take care,
And keep all ſafe at home.
I know thee Watchful, Juſt and Brave,
Right worthy ſuch a place:
No wily *Fox* ſhall thee deceive,
Nor *Wolf* dare ſhow his face.
But ne'er did *Wolves* a Fold infeſt,
At Regent *Towſer*'s rate:
He din'd and ſup'd upon the beſt,
And frequent Breakfaſts eat.
The Farmer oft receiv'd advice,
And laugh'd at the Report:
But coming on him by ſurpriſe,
Juſt found him at the ſport.
Ungrateful Beaſt, quoth he, what means
That bloody Mouth and Paws?
I know the Baſe, the Treacherous Stains,
Thy breach of Truſt and Laws.

The Fruits of my paſt Love I ſee,
Roger the Halter bring:
E'en truſs him on that Pippin Tree,
And let Friend *Towſer* ſwing.
I'll ſpare the famiſh'd *Wolf* and *Fox*,
That ne'er my bounty knew:
But as the Guardian of my Flocks,
This Neckcloth is your due.

When Miniſters the Prince abuſe,
And on the Subjects prey:
With antient Monarchs 'twas in uſe,
To ſend them Towſers, *way.*

A Copy of Verſes written in the Year 1623. relating to many things that would happen to the Government of *England.*

AND ſince Men wandering in a Wood by Night,
When they ſhall through a Glade behold ſome light,
Take thereby Courage to walk chearly on,
In hope their Fears and Toyls are nearly gone.
Ple from a Cloude flaſh out a little Gleam
Of lightning, and diſcloſe a little Beam;
Whereby on you a Glimmering ſhall be caſt
Of what you may attain to at the laſt.
For I will ſhew you by what Pedegree
That Government to you deriv'd ſhall be,
Which will at laſt the Britiſh Iſlands bleſs
With Inward Peace and Outward Happineſs:
It was of late a rief Preſage of his
Who oft hath Truth foretold, and it is this

When

WHen here *a Scot* ſhall think his Throne to Set
Above the Circle of a Britiſh King,
He ſhall a [2] *Dateleſs Parliament* beget,
From whence [3] a *Dreadful Armed Brood* ſhall ſpring.
This Offſpring ſhall beget a wild Confuſion;
Confuſion ſhall an [4] *Anarchy* beget:
That Anarchy ſhall bringforth in Concluſion
A [5] *Creature that you have no Name* for yet.
This Creature ſhall conceive a Sickly State,
Which will an [6] *Ariſtocracy* produce:
The many-Headed Beaſt, not liking that,
To raiſe *Democracy* ſhall rather chooſe.
And then Democracy's Production ſhall
A [7] *Moon-calf* be, which ſome a Mole do call;
A falſe Conception of imperfect Nature,
And of a ſhapeleſs and a brutiſh Feature.
For theſe Deſcents ſhall live and reign together,
So acting for a while, that few ſhall know
Which of them has the Sov'reignty, or whether
There be among them a Supreme or no,
When they with Jars and Janglings have defac'd
Your [8] *Triple Building*, and themſelves nigh worn
Into Contempt, they of one Cup ſhall taſt,
And into their *firſt Elements* return.
Five of them ſhall ſubdue the other *Five*;
And then thoſe *Five* ſhall, in a doubtful Strife,
Each others Death ſo happily contrive,
That they ſhall die to live a better Life;
And out of their Corruption riſe there ſhall
A [9] *true Supreme*, acknowledged by all:
In whom the Power of all the *Five* ſhall be:
With Unity, made viſible in *Three*.

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[1] K. *Charles* I. [2] The long Parliament. [3] The Army. [4] K. *Charles*'s Death. *Ol. Cromwell* L. Protector. [6] When *Rich. Cromwel* was depoſed. [7] The Committee of Safety. [8] Government of, Kings, Lords, and Commons. [9] K. *Charles* the Second.

Pirnce

Prince, *People*, *Parliament*, with *Prieſts* and *Peers*,
Shall be a while your emulous Grandees,
Make a confuſed Pentarchy ſome Years,
And leave off their diſtink Claims by degrees.
And then ſhall *Righteouſneſs* aſcend the *Throne*,
Then *Truth* and *Love* and *Peace* re-enter ſhall,
Then and *Reaſon* ſhall agree in one,
And all the *Virtues* to their *Counсel* call.
And timely out of all Faith theſe ſhall ariſe
That *Kingdom* and that happy *Government*,
Which is the Scope of all thoſe Prophecies
That future Truths obſcurely repreſent
But how this done ſhall be, few men ſhall ſee;
For wrought in Clouds and Darkneſs it will be:
Aad e'er it come to paſs to publick View,
Moſt of *theſe following Signs* muſt firſt euſue.
A *King* ſhall willingly himſelf unking,
And thereby *grow far greater* then before.
The *Prieſts their Prieſthood to Contempt* ſhall bring,
And *Piety thereby ſhall thrive* the more.
A Parliament it ſelf ſhall overthrow,
And thereby ſhall a better being gain.
The Peers, by ſetting of themſelves below,
A more Ennobling Honour ſhall obtain.
The People for a time ſhall be enſlav'd;
But that ſhall make them for the future free.
By private Loſs the publick ſhall be ſav'd.
An army ſhall, by yielding, Victor be.
The Cities Wealth her Poverty ſhall cauſe.
The Laws Corruption ſhall reform the Laws.
And Bullocks of the largeſt Northern Breed
Shall fatted be where now ſcarce Sheep can feed.
You may perhaps deride what's here recited,
As heretofore you other Truths have ſlighted;
But ſome of my preſage you have beheld
Already in obſcurity fulfill'd:
The reſt ſhall in its time appointed come,
And ſooner than will pleaſing be to ſome.

The

The laſt Nine Signs or Symptoms of the Ten,
Which ſhould proceed them, ſhall appear to men
Of all Conditions; but our Author ſaith,
The firſt is but in Hope, not yet in Faith,
And may be, or not be; for ſo or ſo
That King ſhall have his Lot as he ſhall do.
If all his Sins he heartily repent,
God will remit e'en all his Puniſhment,
And him unto his Peoples Hearts reſtore,
With greater Honour than he had before.
If he remain impenitent, like *Saul*
God from the Throne ſhall caſt both him and all;
His whole Deſcent, and leave him not a Man
To fill it, though he had a *Jonathan*.
If *Ahab*-like his Mourning has reſpects
To temporary Loſſes or Effects.
Like *Ahab* then it therewithal ſhall carry
Some Benefit, which is but temporary.
A real Penitence, tho ſomewhat late,
The Rigour of his Doom may much abate,
By leaving him a part of what he had
When he a Forfeiture of all hath made
Or elſe by rooting out thoſe who in Sin
With him have actually partakers been;
And placing in their ſteads a Branch of his,
Whoſe Innocency no way queſtion'd is.

Another Copy of Verſes by the ſame Author, written in 1628.

GOD hath a Controverſy with our Land;
And in an evil Plight Affairs do ſtand:
And tho we always ſmart for doing ill,
Yet God's Almighty Hand afflicts us ſtill;
And many ſee it not; for many be
So wilful; that his Hand they will not ſee.

Some

Some plainly view the ſame, but nothing care.
Some at the ſight thereof amazed are,
Like *Belteſhazar* have a trembling Heart,
But will not from their Wickedneſs depart.
Some dream that all things do by Chance ſucceed,
And that I prate more of them then I need.
But Heaven and Earth to Witneſs I invoke,
That nothing Cauſeleſly I here have ſpoke.
If this, O ſickly Iſland! thou believe,
And for thy great infirmities ſhalt grieve,
And knowing of thy Follies, make Confeſſions
And then bewail thine infinite Tranſgreſſions,
And then amend thoſe Errors; God ſhall then
Thy manifold Diſtempers cure again,
Make all thy Scarlet Sins as white as Snow,
And caſt thy threatned Judgment on thy Foe.
But if thou, fondly thinking thou art well,
Shalt ſlight this Meſſage which my Muſe doth tell,
And ſcorn her Counſel; if thou ſhalt not rue
Thy former ways, but frowardly perſue
Thy wilful Courſe, then hark what I am bold
(In ſpite of all thy madneſs) to unfold:
For I will tell thy Fortune, which when they
That are unborn ſhall read another day,
They ſhall believe God's Mercy did infuſe
Thy Poet's Breaſt with a Prophetick Muſe;
And know that he this Author did prefer,
To be, from him, this Iſle's Remembrancer.
——This Land ſhall breed a naſty Generation,
Unworthy either of the Reputation
Or Name of Men; for they, as Lice, ſhall feed
E'en on the Body whence they did proceed
There ſhall moreover Swarms of divers Flies
Engendred be in thy Proſperities,
To be a Plague, and ſtill are humming ſo,
As if they meant ſome weighty Work to do.
Whereas upon the common Stock they ſpend,
And nought perform of what they do pretend.

Then

Then ſhall * a Darkneſs follow, far more black
Then when the Light Corporeal thou doſt lack.
For groſſeſt Ignorance, o'erſhadowing all,
hall in ſo thick a Darkneſs thee enthral,
That thou a blockiſh People ſhalt be made,
Still wandring on in a deceiving Shade;
Miſtruſting thoſe that ſafeſt Paths are ſhewing,
Moſt truſting them who counſel thy undoing;
And aye tormented be with Doubts and Fears,
As one who Outcries in dark places hears.
Nor ſhall the Haud of God from thee return,
Till he hath alſo ſmote thine Eldeſt Born;
That is, till he hath taken from thee quite
Ev'n that wheron thou ſett'ſt thine whole delight;
And filled every Houſe throughout the Nation
With Deaths unlooked for, and Lamentation.
So great ſhall be thy Ruin and thy Shame, (ſame,
That when thy Neighbouring Kingdoms hear the
Their Ears ſhall tingle; and when that Day comes,
In which thy Follies muſt receive their Dooms,
A day of Clouds, a day of Gloomineſs,
A day of blaek Deſpair and Heavineſs
It will appear; add then thy Vanities,
Thy Gold aud Silver, thy Confederacies,
And all thoſe Reeds on which thou haſt depended,
Will fail thy Truſt, and leave thee unbefriended.
Thy King, thy Prieſts, and Prophets then ſhall
And peradventure feignedly return, (mourn,
To beg of God to ſuccour them; but they
Who will not hearken to his Voice to day,
Shall cry unheeded, and he will deſpiſe
Their Vows, their Prayers, and their Sacrifice.
A Sea of Troubles all thy Hopes ſhall ſwallow;
As Wave on Wave, ſo Plague on Plague ſhall follow:
And every thing that was a Bleſſing to thee,
Shall turn to be a Curſe to help undo thee.

* Popery.

And

And when thy Sin is fully ripe in thee,
Thy Prince and People then alike ſhall be;
Thou ſhalt have Babes to be thy Kings, or worſe,
Thoſe Tyrants who by Cruelty and Force
Shall take away the antient Charters quite
From all their Subjects, yea, themſelves delight
In their Vexation; and all thoſe that are
Made Slaves thereby ſhall murmur, yet not dare
To ſtir againſt them. By degrees they ſhall
Deprive thee of thy Patrimonials all;
Compel thee, as in other Lands this day,
For thine own Meat and thine own Drink to pay;
And at the laſt begin to exerciſe
Upon thy Sons all Heatheniſh Tyrannies,
As juſt Prerogatives: To theſe Intents
Thy Nobles ſhall become their Inſtruments.
For they who had their Births from noble Races,
Shall ſome and ſome be brought into Diſgraces;
From Offices they ſhall excluded ſtand,
And all their virtuous Offſpring from the Land
Shall quite be worn: inſtead of whom ſhall riſe
A Brood advanced by Impieties, (grow,
That ſeek how they more great and ſtrong may
By compaſſing the Publick Overthrow.
Theſe ſhall abuſe thy King's with Tales and Lies,
With ſeeming Love and ſervile Flatteries,
They ſhall perſuade them, they have power to make
Their Wills their Law, and as they pleaſe to take
Their Peoples Goods, their Children and their Lives,
Ev'n by their juſt and due Prerogatives.
When thus much they have made them to believe,
Then they ſhall teach them Practices to grieve
Their Subjects by, and Inſtruments become
To help the ſcrewing up by ſome and ſome
Of Monarchies to Tyrannies: They ſhall
Abuſe Religion, Honeſty, and all
To compaſs their Deſigns they ſhall deviſe
Strange Projects, and with Impudence and Lies

Proceed

Proceed in ſetling them; they ſhall forget
Thoſe reverend Uſages which do befit
The Majeſty of State, and rail and ſtorm,
When they pretend Diſorders to reform
In their High Councils; and where Men ſhould have
Kind Admonitions, and Reprovings grave,
When they offend, they ſhall be threatned there,
And ſcoft and taunted, tho no Cauſe appear.
Whatever from thy People they can tear,
Or borrow, they ſhall keep, as if it were
A Prize which had been taken from the Foe,
And they ſhall make no Conſcience what they do
To prejudice Poſterity; for They,
To gain their Luſts but for the preſent day,
Shall with ſuch love unto themſelves endeavour,
That tho they know it will undo for ever
Their own Poſterity, it ſhall not make
Theſe Monſters any better Courſe to take.
Nay God ſhall give them up, for their Offences,
To ſuch uncomely reprobated Senſes,
And blind them ſo, that when the Ax they ſee
E'en hewing at the Root of their own Tree,
By their own handy Strokes, they ſhall not grieve
For their approaching Fall; no, nor believe
Their Fall approacheth, nor aſſume that heed
Which might prevent it, till they fall indeed.
Mark well, O *Britain*! what I now ſhall ſay,
And do not ſlightly paſs theſe Words away;
But be aſſured, that when God begins
To bring this Vengeance on thee for thy Sins,
Which hazard will thy total Overthrow,
Thy Prophets and thy Prieſts ſhall ſlily ſow
The Seeds of that Diſſenſion and Sedition,
Which Time will ripen for thy ſad Perdition;
But not unleſs the Prieſts thereto conſent:
For in thoſe days ſhall few Men innocent
Be griev'd through any Quarter of the Land,
In which thy Clergy ſhall not have ſome hand.

Thy

Thy Cities and thy Palaces, wherein
Moſt Neatneſs and Magnificence hath been;
Shall heaps of Rubbiſh be.——
Inſtead of Lions Tyrants thou ſhalt breed,
Who nor of Law nor Conſcience ſhall take heed;
But on the weak Man's Portion lay their Paw;
And make their Pleaſures to become their Law.
Thy Judges wilfully ſhall wreſt the Laws,
And, to the Ruin of the common Cauſe:
Shall miſinterpret them. in hope of Grace
From thoſe who might deſpoil them of their Place.
Yea, that whereto they are obliged both
By Conſcience, by their Calling, and their Oath,
To put in Execution they ſhall fear,
And leave them helpleſs who oppreſſed are.

A Panegyrick upon Oates.

OF all the Grain our Nation yields
In Orchards, Gardens, or in Fields,
There is a Grain which, tho 'tis common,
Its Worth till now was known to no Man.
Not *Ceres* Sickle e'er did crop,
A Grain with Ears of greater hope:
And yet this Grain (as all muſt own)
To Grooms, and Hoſtlers well is known;
And often has without diſdain
In muſty Barn and Manger lain:
As if it had been only good
To be for Birds, and Beaſts the Food.
But now by new inſpired Force,
It keeps alive both Man, and Horſe.
Then ſpeak my Muſe, for now I gueſs
E'en what it is thou wouldſt expreſs:
It is not Barley, Rye, nor Wheat,
That can pretend to do the Feat:

'Tis *Oates*, bare *Oates*, that is become
The Health of *England*, Bane of *Rome*,
And Wonder of all Chriſtendom.
And therefore *Oates* has well deſerv'd
To be from muſty Barn prefer'd,
And now in Royal Court preſerv'd.
That like *Heſperian* Fruit *Oates* may
Be watch'd and guarded Night and Day.
Which is but juſt retaliation
For having guarded a whole Nation.
Hence e'ery lofty Plant that ſtands
'Twixt *Berwick* Walls, and *Dover* Sands,
The Oak it ſelf (which well we ſtile
The Pride, and Glory of our Iſle)
Muſt ſtrike and wave its lofty Head,
And now ſalute an Oaten Reed.
For ſurely *Oates* deſerves to be
Exalted far 'bove any Tree.
Th' *Ægyptians* once (tho it ſeems odd)
Did worſhip Onions for their God:
And poor Peelgarlick was with them
Eſteem'd beyond the richeſt Gem.
What would they then have done, think ye,
Had they but had ſuch *Oates* as we,
Oates of ſuch known Divinity?
Since then ſuch good by *Oates* we find,
Let *Oates* at leaſt be now enſhrin'd;
Or in ſome Sacred Preſs inclos'd,
Be only kept to be expos'd;
And all fond Relicks elſe ſhall be
Deem'd Objects of Idolatry.
Popelings may tell us how they ſaw
Their *Garnet* pict r'd on a Straw.
'Twas a great Miracle we know,
To ſee him drawn in little ſo:
But on an *Oaten* Stalk there is
A greater Miracle than this;

A Viſage which, with comly Grace,
Did twenty *Garnets* now outface:
Nay, to the Wonder to add more,
Declare unheard-of things before;
And thouſand Myſt'ries does unfold,
As plain as Oracles of old:
By which we ſteer Affairs of State,
And ſtave off *Britain*'s fullen Fate.
Let's then in Honour of the Name
Of *OATES*, enact ſome Solemn Game,
Where Oaten Pipe ſhall us inſpire
Beyond the Charms of *Orpheus* Lyre.
Stone, Stocks, and e'ery ſenſleſs thing
To *Oates* ſhall dance, to *Oates* ſhall ſing,
Whilſt Woods amaz'd to t' Ecchoes ring.
And that this Hero's Name may not,
When they are rotten, be forgot,
W'll hang Atchievements o'er their Duſt,
A Debt we owe to Merits juſt.
So if Deſerts of *Oates* we prize,
Let *Oates* ſtill hang before our Eyes,
Thereby to raiſe our Contemplation;
Oates being to this happy Nation
A Myſtick Emblem of Salvation.

Roundhead, 1.

IN Parem imperium habet Par,
Vi & armis we will bring Peers to the Bar,
For 500 abſolute Kings we are.

2.

The Speaker Pope-like is *Servus ſervorum,*
Both make their Electors fall down before 'um,
And pay exceſſive Fees when they adore 'um.

3.

For Papal Power we care not a Louſe,
We are the ſole infallible Houſe;
Whom God made a Man, we can ſoon make a Mouſe.

4.

If a Cavalier ſtrikes Jack Presbyter's Cur,
For biting his Heels, we'll hector you Sir;
Seize him Serjeant at Arms. He dares not ſtir.

5.

Know *Phillips* and *Stawell*, late Heads of a Jury,
The Commons aſſembled cannot endure ye
For putting the Houſe in a very great Fury:

6.

We've voted you both the Sons of Perdition,
For abhorring the Subjects Right to Petition,
And make you Pray and Pay for Remiſſion.

Cavalier. 7.

I will be loyal to good *Charles* the Second;
If this amongſt my errors be reckon'd,
Be it known to the Houſe I'll venture my Neck on't.

8.

I highly prize the Petition of Right,
And for *Magna Charta* to Death I will fight,
But not againſt the King by this Light.

9.

A Petition offer'd doth honour the King,
Under God it ſpeaks him the Sovereign Spring;
'Tis the Manner I blame diſtinct from the Thing.

10.

Infallibility, I do declare,
I cannot ſubſcribe to; *Wi. William*'s Chair,
As I will not be rude to't, I'll not worſhip there.

11.

I value *Cæſar*'s Smile and his Nod;
And if he whip me, I'll kiſs the Rod,
For Heaven's Vicegerent is an Earthly God.

12.

The Commons I grant have a very great Charter,
But not the power to Hang, Draw, and Quarter,
To prevent which Saint *Charles* dy'd a Martyr.

13.

I confeſs I never knew till this Hour,
That the Commons had a Satanical Power,
For the Serjeant walks ſeeking whom to devour.

14.

I own the Houſe an Aſſembly moſt awful,
But ſhould they vote Alewives to fill Pots but half-full,
Will it preſently follow that Cheating is lawful?

15.

Or if they vote a Buzzard no Bird,
Or that a Sirreverence is not a Turd;
I'll acquieſce if it ſtinks not when ſtir'd.

16.

The King I reſolve to venture my Life for,
Againſt ſuch as ſeek to make him a Cypher;
And by his leave, my Lawful Right ſtrive for.

17.

The Rump-Saints lull us aſleep with their Charms,
And make us new Priſons to keep us from harms,
Where *Topham*'s both Jallor and Serjeant at Arms.

18.

If this be the preſent Commons Intention,
They need not ſo far ſtrain their Invention;
All's done by a Bill of Comprehenſion.

19.

When for no crime I great Fees Disburſe
To the Serjeant at Arms, 'tis no better nor worſe
Than the Highway Law, Deliver your Purſe.

20.

At this rate ſtanding up for Freedom,
The King's Subjects neither value nor need 'um;
'Twere well if they ſent a Surgeon to bleed 'um.

21.

When *Charles* commended the ſtate of *Tangier*,
The Houſe like deaf Adders ſtopped their Ear;
Becauſe the King mov'd it, they reſolv'd not to hear.

22.

But when a 2*d* or 3*d* Meſſage was ſent, [went;
They remonſtrance at large how things at home
And mov'd for a Faſt. God grant they repent.

Song.

1.

WHat the Prieſts Goſpel call
Doth not move us at all,
We Commons will have the Dominion;
Whatſoe'er Saint *Paul* taught
Of Subjection, we Vote,
Is but one Doctor's Opinion.

2.

Since *James* does not merit
After *Charles* to inherit,
And hates the Saints new Reformation;
We'll be rul'd by the Devil,
And do what is Evil,
That Good may thence come to the Nation.

3.

We are taught by Saint *Peter*,
To ſubmit; but 'tis ſweeter,
To rule, as his Succeſſors tell us
Let the Church and State groan,
We'll give Laws to the Throne,
At leaſt be his Majeſty's Fellows.

4.

What's Great *Charles* unto us?
If he lets *James* undo us,
We owe him no longer Subjection.
Then *Hugh* doth afford
Us the uſe of the Word,
And appears for our Protection.

5.

Let him lay *York* aſide,
Let Jack Presbyter ride,
There's no other way to pleaſe us;
Then to *Charles* we'll be true,
As the treacherous Jew
To the Innocent Crucify'd *Jeſus.*

6.

Then 'twill quickly appear,
That we value *Tangier:*
And he need not make any Motion
For Money or Men
On that ſcore agen,
All we have is at his Devotion.

The Laſt Will and Teſtament of Anthony *King of* Poland.

MY Tap is run; then *Baxter*, tell me why
Shou'd not the good, the great *Potapsky* dy?
Grim Death, who lays us all upon our Backs,
Inſtead of Scythe doth now advance his Ax;
And I who all my Life in Broils have ſpent,
Intend at laſt to make a Settlement.
Imprimis: For my Soul (though I had thought,
To 've left that thing I never minded, out)
Some do adviſe for fear of doing wrong,
To give it him to whom it doth belong.
But I, who all Mankind have cheated, now
Intend likewiſe to cheat the Devil too:
Therefore I leave my Soul unto my Son,
For he, as wiſe Men think, as yet has none.
Then for my *Poliſh* Crown, that pretty thing,
Let *M——mouth* take't, who longs to be a King;
His empty Head ſoft Nature did deſign
For ſuch a Light and Airy Crown as mine.

With my Eſtate I'll tell you how it ſtands,
Jack Catch muſt have my Clothes, the King my Lands.
Item: I leave the damn'd Aſſociation
To all the wiſe Diſturbers of the Nation;
Not that I think they'l gain their ends thereby,
But that they may be hang'd as well as I.
A——ng, in Murthers, and in Whorings skill'd,
Who twenty Baſtards gets for one Man kill'd,
To thee I do bequeath my Brace of Whores,
Long kept to draw the Humours from my Sores;
For you they'l ſerve as well as Silver Tap,
For Women give, and ſometimes cure a Clap.
H——rd. My Partner in Captivity,
Falſe to thy God and King, but true to me;
To thee ſome heinous Legacy I'd give,
But that I think thou haſt not long to live:
Beſides, thou'ſt wickedneſs enough in ſtore
To ſerve thy ſelf, and twenty thouſand more.
To thee young *G—y*, I'll ſome ſmall Toy preſent,
For you with any thing can be content;
Then take the Knife with which I cut my Corns,
'Twill ſerve to pare, and ſharp your Lordſhip's Horns,
That you may rampant *M—mouth* puſh and gore,
'Till he ſhall leave your Houſe, and change his Whore.
On top of Monument let my Head ſtand,
It ſelf a Monument, where firſt began
The Flame that has endanger'd all the Land.
But firſt to *Titus* let my Ears be thrown,
For he 'tis thought will ſhortly loſe his own.
I leave old *Baxter* my invenom'd Teeth,
To bite and poyſon all the Biſhops with.
Item: I leave my Tongue to wiſe *N——th*,
To help him bring his What-de-call-ums forth;
'Twill make his Lordſhip utter Treaſon clear,
And he in time may ſpeak like Noble Peer.
My Squinting Eyes let *Ignoramus* wear,
That they may this way look, and that way ſwear.

Let

Let the Cits take my Noſe, becauſe 'tis ſaid,
That by the Noſe I them have always led;
But for their Wives I nothing now can ſpare,
For all my Life-time they have had their ſhare.
Let not my Quarters ſtand on City Gate,
Leſt they new Sects and Factions do create;
For certainly the Presbyterian Wenches,
In Dirt will fall to idolize my Haunches:
But that I may to my old Friend be civil,
Let ſome Witch make them Mummy for the Devil.
To good King *Charles* I leave (tho faith 'tis pity)
A poyſon'd Nation, and deluded City;
Seditions, Clamours, Murmurs, Jealouſies,
Falſe Oaths, Sham Stories, and Religious Lies.
There's one thing ſtill which I had quite forgot,
To him I leave the Carcaſe of my Plot;
In a Conſumption the poor thing doth lie,
And when I'm gone 'twill pine away, and die.
Let *Jenkins* in a Tub my Worth declare,
And let my Life be writ by *Harry Care*.
And if my Bowels in the Earth find room,
Then let theſe Lines be writ upon their Tomb.

Epitaph upon his Bowels.

Ye Mortal Whigs, for Death prepare,
For Mighty *Tapskies* Guts lie here,
Will his Great Name keep ſweet d'ye think?
For certainly his Entrails ſtink?
Alas! 'tis but a fooliſh Pride
To outſin all Mankind beſide,
When ſuch Illuſtrious Garbage muſt
Be mingled with the common Duſt.
Falſe Nature! that could thus delude
The Cheater of the Multitude,
That put his Thoughts upon the wing,
And egg'd him on to be a King;

See now to what an uſe ſhe puts
His Noble Great and Little Guts.
Tapskie, who was a Man of Wit,
Had Guts for other uſes fit;
Tho Fiddle-ſtrings they might not be,
(Becauſe he hated Harmony)
Yet for Black Puddings they were good,
Their Maſter did delight in Blood;
Of this they ſhould have drank their fill,
(King *Cyrus* did not fare ſo ill)
Poor Guts, could this have been you hap,
Sh. *Bethel* might have got a Snap:
But now at *York* his Guts muſt rumble,
Since you into a hole did tumble.

The Combat.

The Argument.

NAN *and* Frank, *two* quondam *Friends*,
In which they'd both their private ends;
Fell from Love to ſudden Wrath,
Much ado is 'twixt 'em both:
Many a Rogue and Whore is call'd;
But, O brave Frank! *the Whore is maul'd.*

Canto.

Of Civil Dudgeon many a Bard
Has ſung, and Tales have oft been heard,
Much in Verſe and much in Proſe,
Of antient Friends grown arrant Foes.
From this Occaſion I'm about
To tell you how two Friends fell out,
The deareſt Two, the kindeſt Pair,
That e'er each other Heart did ſhare,
Damſel and *Hero* Fat and Fair.

The

The Noble *Hero*, who not knows,
Order attends where e'er he goes;
And in his even-dealing Hand,
He always bears a powerful Wand,
The Badg of Office and Command.
Frequent a Lady *W*——*s* Door,
'Thas ſtood upon a well-known Score;
Which the poor *Jew* Sir *John* has ſeen
Full oft, and curs'd the *Turk* within.
Who not admires the Damſel bright,
That ever traps'd the Mall by Night;
Who that ever had occaſion
For any Filthineſs in Faſhion,
Many a Bed, and Basket full
Has ſhe put off of Traſh and Trull.
In ſhort, their Virtues are well known,
Where e'er her Trumpet Fame has blown;
For long has mighty Clamour ran,
Of honeſt *Frank*, and modeſt *Nan*.
But how theſe two from harmleſs Prattle
Came at laſt to direful Battle:
Butler, couldſt thou live agen,
With thy inimitable Pen,
'Twould puzzle e'en thy mighty Verſe
The wondrous Actions to rehearſe
Of Knight and Damſel, that ſurpaſs
Thy *Trulla*, and thy *Hudibraſs*.

There is a time (as th' Author has it,
That writes the Treatiſe call'd the Gazette,
In many things by him related)
When *Whitehall* is evacuated:
That is, when the Court and Prince are
Catching Agues all at *Windſor*.
For in *Greenland*, as they do write,
The whole Year's but one Day and Night;
So of late it has been here,
Only Sunſhine half the Year.

And as evil Spirits venture,
Often in the dark to enter
Hallow'd Roofs, when thoſe that keep
The Place, are abſent or aſleep:
So factious Vermin, that are driven
From Court for Faults too oft forgiven;
When they have watch'd the King from's Houſe,
Come there to keep their Rendevouz.
Then *Crofts* and *Sun—land* Cabal,
Then *Ce—l* lords it in the *Mall*,
With all his train of unfledg'd Fools,
Callow as they came from Schools;
G—y, *Mord—*, *Bran—*, *K—t*, and *Th—*,
Still at worſt Follies deepeſt in.
And *Hunting—* with his long Tool,
Not at his mark of Man, but Fool:
Whoſe Tail and Follies make his Life
Uſeful only to his Wife.
All theſe with full Infection tainted,
Long ago had been tranſplanted
Far from the Court, that ſo the reſt,
That yet were ſound, might ſcape the teſt.
But as that vile Diſeaſe, the Itch,
Does ſome lewd Natures ſo bewitch,
That it they'l always chooſe to catch,
For the meer Lechery to ſcratch;
So Faction does with ſome prevail,
For a bare Colour but to rail.
Honeſt *Frank* was one of theſe,
In's heart lov'd them, and their Diſeaſe.
Honeſt *Frank*, who's but a Noddy,
Yet rails as well as any Body.
And as ſacred Libels ſhew,
Publiſh'd not many days ago,
A certain Lord was but a Cur,
To which Opinion few demur;
So honeſt *Frank*, ſhou d I ſpeak mine,
Is ſomething nat'rally canine:

For

For as ſome Cur his Maſter owns,
To love, and give him Cruſts and Bones,
Tho kindly fed, will yet be running
Abroad, where Carrion lies a ſunning;
So *Frank*, tho he no feeding need,
On rotten Faction loves to feed:
With which when he does back reſort,
He ſtinks intolerably at Court;
And for Occaſions of this nature,
Has been of late no lazy Creature.
Tho better, had he minded Duty,
And ſo eſcap'd this War with Beauty:
Beauty, which ſhines in *Nancy*'s Face,
As much as he does in his Place.
Majeſtick Wrinkles deck her Brow,
And goodly glaring Eyes below,
That ſtill with Maudlin kindneſs ſhine,
The ſoft effects of Brandy-wine.
Rich Carbuncles adorn her Noſe,
The envy of her ſober Toes:
And from her Lips Diſcourſes fall,
That make her welcome to *Whitehall*.
Where one day ſhe enter'd ſhining,
Juſt as *Frank* was come from dining;
But who the Devil could have gueſt,
To ſee how they at firſt careſs'd,
How cheek by jowl they kindly walk'd,
And with what tenderneſs they talk'd?
My deareſt *Nan*, ſaid he, what Whores
Are freſheſt now? Quoth *Nan*, My Doors,
Heav'n knows, ne'er open'd to receive
A Lover ſince you laſt took leave;
Whom ſtill to ſerve, my Love remains,
Tho your ne'er pay me for my pains.
Pay thee, quoth he! *Nan*, pay for wenching!
When e'en our Tables are retrenching.
Says *Nancy*, O thou falſely Faireſt!
'Tis Love I want, not Coin, my Deareſt.

'Tis

'Tis thee I love, 'tis thee I dote on,
More than a Child that puts new Coat on;
To ſee thee walk, I love thy Trip,
I love the Drops upon thy Lip.
Thy juſt Crevat, thy regular Wig,
My little Pug, my little Pig.
When with deſire of thee I ſtretch,
I've no Sciatica nor Sitch.
Quoth *Frank* in rage, Avant, you Bitch;
Have I for this, through all my Life,
Kept civil diſtance with my Wife;
Studied new Speeches from Romances,
And in my age led Country dances?
Do I for this e'en at this Hour,
Cheat e'ery Creature in my pow'r;
Gripe from the Poor the utmoſt Farthing,
To keep my credit up at Carding?
Do I for this affect a Grace,
And paint my old John-Apple Face,
Only to have a Bawd adore me?
No, I'll have Virgins fall before me.
Virgins! quoth *Nan*; and then ſhe hung
A Tongue out full two handfuls long,
And with deſire of Malice ſtung,
Lick'd o'er the thickeſt painted place,
And ſpoil'd intirely that days Face.
But who can ſpeak the Noiſe and Din,
The Fury that did then begin;
The Oaths, the Outcries, and the Blows,
When *Francis* catching *Nancy*'s Noſe,
With furious gripe expreſſing hate,
Squeez'd nine large Inſects out of that;
Then with a ſhock upon her Cheſt,
So ſtir'd the Brandy in her Breaſt,
That an eructive Sigh ſhe ſent,
Which as it through the Region went,
Such wondrous influence did bear
A ſoaring Owl dropt headlong there,
Drunk with ſophiſticated Air.

Which

Which Omen much ill luck beſpoke,
For the next Tilt the *Hero* broke:
The famous Wand deſcrib'd above
The Enſign of his Pow'r, and Love,
But at the ſame time Conqueſt got,
And doom'd the vanquiſh'd Bawd to Pot;
To Porters Lodg he ſent her jogging,
To purchaſe Liberty by Flogging.

Thus ended was the Fray that lately roſe
Betwixt the Whiteſtaff Knight and Lady o'th red Noſe.

Letter.

Worthy Sir,

THO wean'd from all thoſe ſcandalous Delights,
In which I gladly once miſpent my Nights,
And lewdly fool'd away my Youthful Days,
When Regent Punk allow'd the uſe of Plays;
Weak Nature ſtill prevails, and fain I'd hear
What upſtart Fops in *Julian*'s Volumes are;
Whether the liſping Lord, who lately writ
With Words ſo many, and ſo little Wit,
Has found more work for his Correcting Friend,
Who ſlily laughs at what he ſeems to mend.
Fain would I know who limes the nauſeous Bitch,
Whoſe filthier Mouth officiates for her Breech;
Whether the Booby, Whelp of Kingly Race,
Or the ſoft Earl contended with diſgrace.
And yet methinks, 'tis ſtrange that any Son
Should rival *Rowley* there, beſides his own.
I'd hear whether the Wight with Antick pace,
Embroider'd Coat, and antiquated Face,
Changing his Hebrew for a Warlike Cant,
Still meets the *Queenſtreet* lewd Inhabitant.

But

But above all I gladly wou'd here tell,
Some paſſages of that moſt decent Ball;
Where *Iriſh* Squire ſo cunningly contriv'd,
At his own charge to have his Lady Sw——.
We're told how Virgins bright, and Gallants brave,
Marſhal'd by Bawds moſt infamouſly grave;
But we don't hear of whoſe Commodity,
The luſtful Buggering Jew thought fit to buy;
Who ogled who, or how the prudent Main
Cou'd brook the Man her Siſter ſo betray'd.

Rocheſter's *Ghoſt addreſſing it ſelf to the Secretary of the Muſes.*

FRom the deep-vaulted Den of endleſs Night,
I've through the center forc'd my way to Light,
To ſing my old Aſſociates vain Deſigns,
And ſcourge 'em into Knowledg of their Crimes;
Which I my ſelf by fatal proof may tell,
If juſtly ſcan'd, as juſtly merit Hell.
Tho *Julian*, who through all thy Life has ſhown
A love to Scandal equal to my own.
That mutual Friendſhip to thy mind recal,
And what I tell thee tell again to all.
A Peer ſhall grace the Van, and ſo 'tis fit,
The firſt in Lewdneſs, tho not firſt in Wit;
Through all the Ills that wait on Man he'as run,
As if like me he long'd to be undone.
There's not a day but like ſome ſnarling Antick,
It proves him either peeviſh, dull or frantick.
Then vainly for to boaſt of Conqueſt won,
What Mother he'as betray'd, what Maids undone,
Is but a ſnare that draws more miſchief on.
'Tis ſtrange, that he who has been us'd ſo ill,
Shou'd ſpite of Claps continue Cully ſtill;

Or

Or fondly with ill Women keep a pother,
Firſt marrying one, now jilted by another.
Nor ſhall his Buffoon Follower ſcape my Rage,
Thoſe fam'd Supporters of a vicious Age,
Lewd in their Lives, unlimited in Nonſenſe,
Two Beaſts that never make an uſe of Conſcience.
Pimping and Scandal are their chief delight,
And yet they never get a farthing by't.
How often have I laugh'd to hear the Brutes,
Engag'd in hot fantaſtical Diſputes;
While all that cou'd be learn'd from the Conteſt,
When e'er they came to earneſt 'twas a Jeſt?
If they have Wit, 'tis neither more nor leſs
Than *Merry Andrew* does in Fairs expreſs,
As being cloth'd in the ſame Clowniſh dreſs.
But now 'tis time I ſhou'd a fourth diſplay,
Much ſuch another Animal as they;
Vain in his Garb, and vicious in his Nature,
All his whole Life's but one continued Satyr.
Upon himſelf, then for his Wit, 'tis ſuch,
He thinks too little, and he prates too much;
Never was ſuch Flux of Words pour'd forth,
Mixt with ſo little Profit, Grace, or Worth.
But as an Apple, tho 'twas ſound before,
When once a Maggot ſeizes on the Core,
Strait the whole Maſs inſenſibly decays,
Juſt like our Author ſince he writ his Plays:
Who by the rage of Pox, and Impotence,
Is crampt both in his Judgment, and his Senſe;
And forc'd for refuge to a pitch ſo common,
Of making Songs to pleaſe the Fools and Women.
Another wou'd with theſe in all things ſute,
Only in all things he's of leſs Repute;
Baſer of Soul than Form, and yet Dame Nature
Ne'er before him made ſuch aukward Creature.
True, he has Senſe, they ſay; but credit me,
True Senſe does not conſiſt in Blaſphemy:

For 'tis the Prophets unſuſpected Rule,
That he that owns no God muſt be a Fool.
Yet were this not of force to make him ſo,
There's one undoubted proof that needs muſt do,
And that's the Matrimonial Badg he wears;
For what but ſuch would e'er embrace the Cares
Of wilful Bondage in his waining Years?
Some ſay the Nuptial Knot was ty'd, t' unty
The Morgages which on his Land did lie;
But my opinion is, they're in the wrong,
He can't be juſt wh'as been a Knave ſo long:
'Tis like expecting Fiſh to live in Air,
Or thee to leave the Juice of Grapes for Beer,
O Marquiſs, why didſt match thy Blood ſo ill?
Hadſt thou in all things ſhew'd ſuch want of Skill,
Thou mighteſt e'en have ſtuck at *Savil* ſtill.
A Sixth there is, in all that's ill ſo nice,
He ever ſtrove t'improve himſelf in vice;
It has been long his chief Delight and Care,
Firſt to get Baſtards, and then make them Heirs,
The only Fruit which her rank Soil will bear,
Or ſuch a Fire deſerve: I need not tell,
She's nauſeous to the Sight as to the Smell;
I mean to ev'ry Smell but to his own,
For he (happy in nothing elſe) has none.
E'en *Cox*'s Cully is before him priz'd,
And where's the Man that can be more deſpis'd?
If theſe are Wits, or e'er deſerv'd that Name,
Let me unpitied go from whence I came,
Plung'd to the bottom of the rolling Flame.
'Tis true your Laureat well deſerves the Bays,
Witneſs the Genius that adorns his Plays;
But chiefly thoſe he writ in former Days.
Yet if in Death I may at leaſt be free,
As in my Life-time he has been to me;
To lay the Slave down flat upon his Face,
I uſe his words, becauſe the Subject's baſe.

So that the Monarch may in Pomp appear;
If not an Aſs, you'l read a Villain there;
For 'tis the gen'ral Vote from King to Slave,
Altho the Poet's good, the Man's a Slave.
But let him paſs, for here comes ſtalking on
The awful Majeſty of ſtiff King *John*;
With Noſe cock't up, and Viſage like a Fury,
Or Foreman of an *Ignoramus* Jury.
I'll ſpeak not of his ſlouching Looby Mien,
Altho it is the worſt that e'er was ſeen;
Becauſe of late his whole Deſign and Trade is
With thoſe Accompliſhments to gain the Ladies;
To whom his Laurel'd Wit has op'd the way,
Witneſs the late unparallel'd Eſſay,
A Work which all admire, and well they may.
For what inſipid Sot can e'er write ill,
When *Waller*, *Lee*, and *Dryden* guide the Quill?
Faulk—d, and *Ell—d*, *Henningh—* and *Wharton*,
M—ant, and *H—w*, all dull as Scotch *Dunbarton*,
Are ſuch a Medley of conceited Chits,
I wonder who the Devil dub'd 'em Wits:
Their Skill in Poetry we may beſt diſcover,
Where their foul Quills threw dirt at one another.
And here, would time permit me, I could tell,
Of *Cleveland*, *Portſmouth*, *Crofts*, and *Arundel*,
Mol. Howard, *Su—x*, Lady *Grey*, and *Nel*,
Strangers to Good, but boſom Friends to Ill,
As boundleſs in their Luſts as in their Will.

But ſee! the Morning breaks, I muſt away;
Soul damn'd to Night, muſt never ſee the Day.

A Conſolatory Epiſtle to Julian *in his Confinement.*

Dear Friend,

WHEN thoſe we love are in diſtreſs,
Kind Verſe may comfort, tho it can't redreſs;
Nor can I think ſuch Zeal you'l diſcommend,
Since Poetry has been ſo much thy Friend.
On that thou'ſt liv'd and flouriſh'd all thy time,
Nay more, maintain'd a Family with Rhyme;
And that's a Mark which *Dryden* ne'er cou'd hit,
He lives upon his Penſion not his Wit.
E'en gentle *George* (with Flux in Tongue and Purſe)
In ſhunning one ſnare runs into a worſe.
Want once may be reliev'd in a Man's Life,
But who can be reliev'd that has a Wife?
Otway can hardly Guts from Gaol preſerve,
For tho he's very fat he's like to ſtarve.
And Sing-ſong *Durfey* (plac'd beneath Abuſes)
Lives by his Impudence not by the Muſes.
Poor *Crown* too has his third Days mixt with Gall,
He lives ſo ill, he hardly lives at all.
Shadwell, and *Settle*, who pretend to Reaſon.
Tho paid ſo well for ſcribling Doggrel Treaſon,
Muſt now expect a very barren Seaſon.
But chiefly he that writ his Recantation,
For Villain thrives beſt in his own Vocation.
Nay, *Lee* in *Bedlam* now ſees better days,
Then when applauded for his Bombaſt Plays.
He knows no Care, he feels ſharp Want no more,
And that is what he ne'er could ſay before.
Thus while our Bards e'en famiſh by their Wit,
Thou who hadſt none at all, didſt thrive by it.
Wer't poſſible that Wit cou'd turn a penny,
Poets would then grow rich as well as any;

For

For 'tis not Wit to have a great Eſtate
(The blind effects of Fortune and of Fate.)
For oft we ſee a Coxcomb, dull and vain,
Brim-full of Caſh, and empty in his Brain.
Nor is it Wit that makes the Lawyer prize
His daggled Gown, but Knavery in diſguiſe,
To pluck down honeſt Men that he may riſe.
Nor is it Wit that makes the Tradeſman great,
'Tis the Compendious Art to lie, and cheat.
The baſe-born Strumpet too may roar and rail,
But 'tis not Wit ſhe lives by, 'tis her Tail.
Nor is it Wit that drills the Stateſman on
To waſte the ſweets of Life, ſo quickly gon
In toiling for Eſtates; then like a Sot
Die, and leave Fools to ſpend what he has got.
Nor is it Wit for Whigs to ſcribble Satyrs
No more than for their Patriots to be Traytors;
For Wit does never bring a Man to hanging,
That goes no farther than an harmleſs banging.
How juſtly then doſt thou our Praiſe deſerve,
That got thy Bread where all Men elſe wou'd ſtarve?
And what's more ſtrange the Miracle was wrought
By him that han't the leaſt pretence to Thought;
And he that had no meaning to do wrong,
Can't ſuffer ſure for their no-meaning Song.
And that's the Conſolation that I bring:
Thou art too dull to think a treacherous thing;
And 'tis the thoughtful Traytor that offends his King.

A Riddle.

NO longer blame thoſe on the Banks of *Nile*,
If they ador'd the rav'nous Crocodile;
Nor think the *Indians* mad who worſhip Apes,
Serpents and Idols in ſuch monſtrous Shapes;

Since all Mankind to me does Homage pay,
More rav'nous, fatal, and deform'd than they:
To me their pureſt Blood they ſacrifice,
Yet all they do ne'er can my Rage ſuffice.
Infants each day within my Vaults expire,
And Men oft periſh by my Altars Fire.
All rough I am, and hideous to the Sight,
Yet Man in me has plac'd his chief Delight:
Enough of me he thinks he ne'er can ſeize,
And yet the leſs I am the more I pleaſe.
Calling my ſelf deform'd, ſure I miſtake,
Since I the chiefeſt part of Beauty make.
But I compos'd of Contradictions am,
Th' Original of Impudence and Shame,
'Tis I that kindle, and then quench the Flame.
I feel the greateſt Pleaſure, greateſt Pain,
When cloſeſt cover'd moſt expos'd to Rain;
Of the moſt noble Plant the only Field,
But bear the leſs the oftner I am till'd.
The laſt of Nature's numerous Works I am,
Yet firſt in Power, and wonderful in Frame.
For tho I ſeem ſo gentle, weak, and ſmall,
The ſtrongeſt yield, ſtouteſt before me fall;
Of me th' Extremes none reach, tho ne'er ſo tall.
My only Friend, my greateſt Grief and Joy,
Oft ſtabs me, and I him as oft deſtroy.
Between th' *Herculean* Pillars I am ſet,
Where all Men have their *Ne plus ultra* met:
My Name is hid, as I am from your Eyes;
If you ne'er ſeek me out, I'll count you wiſe.

To

To Julian.

DEAR *Julian*, twice or thrice a Year,
I write to help thee to ſome Gear;
For thou by Nonſenſe liv'ſt, not Wit,
As Carps thrive beſt where Cattel ſhit.
But now that Province I reſign,
And for my Succeſſor deſign
Ell—d, whoſe Pen as nimbly glides,
As his good Father changes Sides;
His Head's with Thought as little vex'd,
Or taking care what ſhou'd come next.
But he a Path much ſafer treads,
Poets live when Stateſmen loſe their Heads.
Tho Truth in Proſe might be a Crime,
'Twas never known in any time
That one was hang'd for writing Rhyme.
But ſhou'd ſome Poets be accus'd
That have the Government abus'd,
They'd ſcarce be by their Neck-verſe freed,
Some Whigs will write that cannot read.
But Charity bids us ſuppoſe,
That *M—t* is not one of thoſe;
Beſides, that he can write is known,
By's making *Suckling*'s Songs his own:
He to the *Bays* in time may riſe,
If *Etherege* will but ſuperviſe,
To make his Verſe more ſoft, and tame,
Which yet is without Life or Flame;
Like the Epilogue they jointly writ,
To ridicule the Well-horn'd Pit:
A Jeſt that *Mar—t* well might ſpare,
Unleſs he ſat to hear it there.
Jack H—, thy Patron's left the Town,
But firſt writ ſomething he dare own;

A Prologue lawfully begotten,
And full nine Months maturally thought on:
Born with hard Labour and much Pain,
Ouſeley was Doctor *Chamberlain.*
At length from Stuff and Rubbiſh pick'd,
As Bears-Cubs into ſhape are lick'd;
When *Wh—ton*, *Etherege*, and *Soam*,
To give it the laſt ſtrokes were come,
Whoſe Criticks differ'd in their Doom.
Some were for *Embers quench'd with Pages*,
And ſome for *mending Servants Wages:*
Both ways were try'd, and neither took,
But the Fault's laid on Mrs. *Cook*;
Yet *Swan* ſays he admir'd it ſcap'd,
Since 'twas *Jack H—*'s without being clap'd.
Our old Friend *C—ts* has left the Trade,
His Muſe is grown a very Jade;
Phillis did take him at his word,
And h' has his Deſtiny ſo ſpurr'd,
Of Love and Verſe he's weary grown,
His Pen and Paſſion both laid down;
And to his praiſe it may be ſaid,
No Love nor Songs of late h' has made.
But *M—ve* will not leave off ſo,
For to his Induſtry we owe,
That we the Fate in *Engliſh* ſee
Of *Orpheus*, and *Euridice.*
And 'tis an Honour to the State,
When a Blue Garter will tranſlate:
Who bears the Bell without diſpute,
From *Durfey*, *Settle*, *Creech*, or *Duke.*
I thought 'twould puzzle all the Nine,
To ſpoil a Poem ſo Divine:
But he with Pains and Care doth ſhow,
It may be render'd mean, and low;
So much can one great Blockhead do.
Some ſay his Lordſhip had done better
To anſwer *Roger Martin*'s Letter

Or give *Jack H*—— his belly full,
Who juſtly calls him a dull Owl,
For quoting Books he never read,
And baſely railing at the Dead.
Of Ladies there's no need to tell,
Since they their own Intrigues reveal.
As *Nor*——*k* with her Prince Outlandiſh,
And *Iſham* with the Beau Lord *C*——*diſh*;
And *Grov'ner* with Lord *Middleton*,
(Not *Cholm'ley*, who 'tis ſaid has done.)
How *Walcop* meets with *Cartwright*'s Spouſe
At *Sadlers* the Painter's Houſe;
Or how the modeſt Maid compla'n'd
That *Talbot* had her Caſement ſham'd,
For what he had before obtain'd;
How *M*——*ant Grafton*'s Virtues ries,
More than King *John* does *Offers*.
But yet a Line or two we'll ſpæ,
In gratitude to Lord *Kildare*;
Whoſe marrying Lady *Betty Jon*,
For's killing his firſt Wife atones
A Wife ſhe'l be for him alone,
But a Help-meet to all the Town.
O that kind Fate wou'd order't ſo
That *Bellingham* might do ſo too
And with his Folly, and Eſtate,
Oblige the World, and marry *Ke*.
How many then full ſail would ente
That in that Port now dare not venture?
But tho he's Fop enough to Woo,
Preſent, and treat, and keep ado,
When he ſhou'd Wed he won't con to.
But theſe Affairs are known to all
That haunt the *Park*,, Plays, and *Whitehall*;
Beſides, my Labour I may ſave,
For an account you'l timely have,
Who are made cuckolds, or make ove,
From ſome oth' Authors nam'd abo

A Satyr upon the Poets, being a Translation out of the 7th Satyr of *Juvenal*.

Et ſpes, & ratio ſtudiorum, &c.

SIR,

ALL my Endeavours, all my Hopes depend
On you the Orphans, and the Muſes Friend;
The only great good Man, who will declare
Virtue and Verſe the object of his Care;
And prove a Patron in the worſt of Times,
When hungry *Bays* forſakes his Empty Rhymes,
Beſeeching all true Catholicks Charity,
For a poor Proſtitute which long did lie
Under the Mortal Sins of Verſe and Hereſy.
Shadwell, and ſtaving *T*— I ceaſe to name,
Poets of all Religins are the ſame:
Recanting *Settle* brings the tuneful Ware,
Which wiſer *Smithfield* damn'd to *Sturbridge* Fair;
Proteſts his Tragedies and Libels fail
To yield him Pape, Penny-loaves and Ale,
And bids our Youth by his Example fly
The Love of Politicks and Poetry.
And all Retreat except *New-Hall* refuſe
To ſhelter *Durfey* and his Jocky Muſe;
There to the Butler and his Grace's Maid,
He turns, like *Horr*, Sonnetteer for Bread;
Knows his juſt bounds, nor ever durſt aſpire
Beyond the ſwearing Groom and Kitchin fire.
Is there a Man to theſe Examples blind,
To clinking Numbers fatally deſign'd,
Who by his Parts could purchaſe Meat, and Fame,
And in next Miſcellanies plant his Name;
Were my Beard grown, the Wretch I'd thus adviſe:
Repent, fond Moral, and be timely wiſe;

Take

Take heed, nor be by gilded Hopes betray'd,
Clio's a Jilt, and *Pegaſus* a Jade;
By Verſe you'l ſtarve: *John Saul* cou'd never live,
Unleſs the Bellman made the Poet thrive;
Go rather in ſome little Shed by *Pauls*,
Sell *Chevy Chaſe*, or *Baxter*'s Salve for Souls,
Cry Raree-Shows, ſell Ballads, tranſcribe Votes,
Be *Care*, or *Ketch*, or any thing but *Oates*.
Hold, Sir, ſome Bully of the Muſes cries,
Methinks you're more Satyrical than Wiſe;
You rail at Verſe indeed, but rail in Rhyme,
At once encourage and condemn the Crime.
True, Sir, I write, and have a Patron too,
To whom my Tributary Songs are due;
Yet with your leave I'd honeſtly diſſwade
Thoſe wretched Men from *Pindus* barren ſhade:
Who tho they fire their Muſe, and rack their Brains
With bluſtering *Heroes*, and with piping Swains,
Can no great patient giving Man engage
To fill their Pockets, and their Title-Page.
Were I, like theſe, unhappily decreed
By Penny Elegies to get my Bread,
Or want a Meal, unleſs *George Croom* and I
Could ſtrike a Bargain for my Poetry,
I'd damn my Works to wrap up Soap and Cheeſe,
Or furniſh Squibs for City Prentices
To burn the Pope, and celebrate Queen *Beſs*.
But on your Ruin ſtubbornly purſue,
Herd with the hungry little chiming Crew,
Obtain the empty Title of a Wit,
And be a free-coſt Noiſy in the Pit;
Print your dull Poems, and before 'em place
A Crown of Laurel, and a meager Face.
And may juſt Heav'n thy hated Life prolong,
Till thou, bleſt Author, ſeeſt thy deathleſs ſong,
The duſty Lumber of a *Smithfield* Stall,
And findſt thy Picture ſtarch'd 'gainſt Suburb Wall,
With *Johnny Armſtrong*, and the Prodigal.

And to complete the Curſe,
When Age and Poverty comes faſter on,
And ſad Experience tells thou art undone,
May no kind Country Grammar-School afford
Ten pound a Year to pay for Bed and Board;
Till void of any fix'd Employ, and now
Grown uſeleſs to the Army and the Plow,
You've no Friend left, but truſting Landlady,
Who ſtows you on hard Truckle Garret-high,
To dream of Dinner, and curſe Poetry.
Sir, I've a Patron, you reply. 'Tis true,
Fortune and Parts you ſay may get one too:
Why faith e'n try, Write, Flatter, Dedicate,
My Lord's, and his Forefathers Deeds relate:
Yet know he'll wiſely ſtrive ten thouſand ways,
To ſhun a needy Poet's fulſom Praiſe;
Nay, to avoid thy Importunity,
Neglect his State, and condeſcend to be
A Poet, tho perhaps a worſe than thee.
Thus from a Patron he becomes a Friend;
Forgetting to reward, learns to commend;
Receives your twelve long Months ſucceſleſs Toil,
And talks of Authors, Energy, and Stile;
Damns the dull Poems of the ſcribling Town,
Applauds your Writings, and repeats his own;
Whilſt thou in Complaiſance oblig'd, muſt ſit
T' extol his Judgment, and admire his Wit;
And wrapt with his *Eſſay on Poetry*.
Swear *Horace* writ not half ſo ſo ſtrong as He,
But that we're partial to Antiquity.
Yet this Authentick Peer perhaps ſcarce knows
With jingling ſounds to tag inſipid Proſe,
And ſhou'd be by ſome honeſt *Manly* told,
H'ad had loſt his Credit to ſecure his Gold.
But if thou'rt bleſt enough to write a Play,
Without the hungry hopes of kind third day,

And he believes that in thy Dedication
Thou'l fix his Name, not bargain for the Station,
My Lord his uſeleſs Kindneſs then aſſures,
And to the utmoſt of his pow'r he's yours;
How fine your Plot, how exquiſite each Scene!
And play'd at Court, would ſtrangely pleaſe the [Queen.
And you may take his Judgment ſure, for he
Knows the true Spirit of good Poetry;
And might with equal Judgment have put in
For Poet *Laureat* as Lord *Ch——in.*
All this you ſee and know, yet ceaſe to ſhun;
And ſeeing knowing, ſtrive to be undone.
So kidnapt Dutcheſs once beyond *Graveſend*,
Rejects the Counſel of recalling Friend;
Is told the dreadful Bondage ſhe muſt bear,
And ſees unable to avoid the ſnare.
So practis'd Thief oft taken ne'er afraid,
Forgets the Sentence, and purſues the Trade.
Tho yet he almoſt feels the Smoaking Brand,
And ſad *T. R.* ſtands freſh upon his Hand.
The Author then, whoſe daring hopes would ſtrive
With well-built Verſe to keep his Fame alive,
And ſomething to Poſterity preſent,
That's very new and very excellent;
Something beyond the uncall'd drudging Tribe,
Beyond what *Bays* can write or I deſcribe;
Shou'd in ſubſtantial Happineſs abound,
His Mind with Peace, his Board with Plenty crown'd.
No early Duns ſhould break his Learned Reſt,
No ſawcy Cares his Nobler Thoughts moleſt,
Only the God within ſhould ſhake his labouring [Breſt.

In vain we from our Soneteers require,
The Height of *Cowley*'s, and *Anacreon*'s Lyre.
In vain we bid 'em fill the Bowl,
Large as their capacious Soul,

Who

Who ſince the King was crown'd ne'er taſted Wine,
But write at ſight, and know not where to dine.
In vain we bid dejected *Settle* hit
The Tragick Flights of *Shakeſpear*'s towring Wit;
He needs muſt miſs the Mark, who's kept ſo low,
He has not ſtrength enough to draw the Bow.
Sedly indeed, and *Rocheſter* might write
For their own Credit, and their Friends Delight,
Shewing how far they cou'd the reſt outdo,
As in their Fortunes, ſo their Writings too.
But ſhould Drudg *Dryden* this Example take
And *Abſaloms* for empty Glory make,
He'd ſoon perceive his Income ſcarce enough
To feed his Noſtril with Inſpiring Snuff;
Starving for Meat, not ſurfeiting on Praiſe,
He'd find his Brains as barren as his *Bays*.
There was a time when *Otway* charm'd the Stage,
Otway the Hope, the Sorrow of our Age;
When the full Pit with pleas'd attention hung,
Wrapt with each accent from *Caſtalio*'s Tongue.
With what a Laughter was his Souldier read!
How mourn'd they when his *Jaffier* ſtruck, and bled!
Yet this beſt Poet, tho with ſo much eaſe,
He never drew his Pen but ſure to pleaſe;
Tho Lightning were leſs lively than his Wit,
And Thunder-claps leſs loud than thoſe o'th' Pit,
He had of's many Wants much earlier dy'd,
Had not kind Banker *Betterton* ſupply'd,
And took for Pawn the Embryo of a Play,
Till he could pay himſelf the next third Day.
Were *Shakeſpear*'s ſelf to live again, he'd ne'er
Deg'nerate to a Poet from a Player.
Carlile ith' new-rais'd Troop we ſee,
And chattering *Mountfort* in the Chancery;
Mountfort how fit for Politicks and Law,
That play'd ſo well Sir *Courtly* and *Jack Daw*.
Dance then attendance in ſlow *M——ves* Hall,
Read Maps, or court the Sconces till he call;

One

One Actor's Commendation ſhall do more
Than Patron now, or Merit heretofore.
Some Poets I confeſs the Stage has fed,
Who for half Crowns are ſhown, for two Pence read;
But theſe not envy thou, but imitate,
Much rather ſtarve in *Shadwel*'s ſilent Fate,
Then new vamp Farces, and be damn'd with *Tate*.
For now no *Sidneys* will three hundred give,
That needy *Spencer* and his Fame may live;
None of our new Nobility will ſend
To the *King's Bench*, or to his *Bedlam* Friend.
Chymiſts and Whores by *Buckingham* were fed,
Thoſe by their honeſt Labours gain'd their Bread;
But he was never ſo expenſive yet,
To keep a Creature merely for his Wit;
And *Cowley* from all *Clifden* ſcarce could have
One grateful Stone to ſhew the World his Grave.
Pemb—— lov'd Tragedy, and did provide
For Butcher's Dogs, and for the whole Bankſide;
The Bear was fed, but Dedicating *Lee*,
Was thought to have a larger Paunch than he.
More I could ſay, but care not much to meet
A Crabtree Cudgel in a narrow Street.
Beſides, your Yawning prompts me to give o'er:
Your humble Servant, Sir, not one word more.

Letter to C——W.

HERE take this *W*— ſpread it up and down,
Thou ſecond ſcandal Carrier of the Town;
Thy Trapſtick Legs, and fooliſh puny Face,
Look as if Nature meant thee for an Aſs.
In this Vocation thou'lt grow greater far,
Than e'er thoul't do by Stratagems of War
Waſte not thy Time, nor hurt thy tender Lungs
In going up and down to ſing new Songs.

But yet in time of *Julian*'s Fate beware;
More ſecret be, or you may loſe an Ear.
I'll tell thee now where Libels may be had,
Who are the Benefactors of the Trade.
Chelm—— has Satyr for his Province choſe,
The only way he dares attack his Foes,
Not in ſmooth Verſe but rough ill-natur'd Proſe,
Laughing at all, which yet may Juſtice ſeem,
For long we know the Town has laugh'd at him.
He oft has aim'd at Love, but ne'er cou'd hit.
And now wou'd put ill Nature off for Wit.
For all his Dreſſing, and his foppiſh Train,
He and his Siſter ogle it in vain,
The Ladies he, and ſhe the cruel Men.
And that we may to all due Juſtice render,
Exeter's Songs moſt move the Maidens tender;
Yet Lady *Bridget* does ſo cruel prove,
Six Songs a day can't her Compaſſion move.
Never for Women was ſo bad a time,
Baſeneſs in Men is grown a common Crime,
Which *Frazier* does lament in tender Rhyme.
Parſons ſet up for a Pindarick Spark,
Pindar himſelf did never write more dark;
So rough his Numbers, and ſuch Myſtick Senſe,
Sarsfield himſelf ſcarce knows who 'tis he means.
Baber has left the Panegyrick ſtrain,
And now to Ballad-making turns his Brain,
At which *Will. Wh—on* long ſtrove in vain;
From that dull Fop what could expected be,
The dulleſt of that ſenſeleſs Family;
Sackville wants leiſure to attend his Muſe,
His time's ſo taken up with theſe Reviews,
And *Skipwith* with his Granam of a Spouſe.
Old *Griff.* once did write, but now has done,
And wiſely ſets himſelf to teach his Son
Thoſe Rules, by which he grows a Fop compleat,
And when he is as Old will be as Great.

His

His Neighbour *Fenw* —— with his antick Face,
Theſe 40 Years has ſtudied *French* Grimace;
In ogling *C*—— *wright* his delight does place.
Yet ſo unhappy does his Paſſion prove,
She takes it all for Dotage not for Love:
While poor *Frank Villers*, full of awful fears,
And tender Love, has follow'd many Years;
Yet no reward his conſtant Paſſions claims,
But that he may enjoy her in his Dreams.
His Siſter does him Service with his Friend,
But Mrs. *Nancy* to her coſt does find,
Her feeble Charms are by her Friends outſhin'd:
Yet ſtrives by Art her Comrade to outdo,
Counterfeit Beauty muſt give way to true;
And yet the meaneſt Beauty claims a part,
E'en *Swan* can move with her old rotten Heart.
Yarbor——her Wiſdom in young *L*——*er* ſhows,
One fit to make a patient Cuckold choſe.
S——*ih*'s Conqueſts are too great to be reveal'd,
And like her Pleaſures ought to be conceal'd;
The reſt too mean to have in Verſe a place,
Here, as at Court, ſhall unregarded paſs.
Next *Iſhams* Wife. now *Devonſh*——is gone,
Can boaſt of ſenſeleſs *Willoug*——alone;
By Nature made for one another fit,
For Beauty is as nauſeous as his wit.
But to *Killd*—— all Beauty ſure muſt yield,
The Park and Plays are with her Lovers fill'd;
The mighty *Rock*——who rules our State,
By Preſents ſhows his Love at no ſmall rate.
Her Pimping Father got young *Fox*'s place,
Not by his Merit, but his Daughters Face.
Devonſh — Paſſion all his Actions ſhow;
Becauſe he loves her, *Montroſs* does ſo too;
Scarſd —— and *D. Arcy* both her Captives] prove,
So hard it is to know her and not love.
Disbanded *Manch*——when will he go,
And in the *Spaniſh* Court his dancing ſhow?

He looks already, with his formal Air,
More liFe a *Spaniſh* Don than *Engliſh* Peer;
And that he may a well-bred Spark become,
Let him take *Denmark* in his journey home.
There's one Peer more we well may wiſh away,
His own dear Couſin flattering Capt. *Gray*.
The *Powis* Daughters now fill up the Court:
Did ever *Wales* ſuch monſtrous things bring forth?
It ſhows ſome ſenſe when nauſeous Creatures hide:
But that to ſhow themſelves ſhou'd be their pride,
Tell us their Wit is worſe then their Outſide.
Twice Jilted *Co — ry*, now thy Fortune try,
The Widdow *Arran* ne'er did Man deny;
Sh — ry and twenty more have found her eaſy,
This is a Quality will ſurely pleaſe ye,
King *John* who Cheating has his buſineſs made,
Has bought the Widow o'er *Nor —— ton's* Head;
This match was ne'er in Heaven made but Hell;
All wiſh 'em joyn'd, for none wiſh either well.
Methinks I ſee the Brandy Bowl go round,
The Drunken Counteſs wallowing on the Ground,
With Horns inſtead of Bays the Hero crown'd.

The Female Laureat.

IF *Afra's* Worth were needful to be ſhown,
What Pen cou'd do it better than her own?
Through all her Works a happy Warmth doth ſhine
That renders e'ery thing ſhe writes Divine.
Witneſs her *Golden Age*, ſo fam'd a Piece,
It has at once out done both *Rome* and *Greece*.
" The Nymphs, ſhe ſays, were free, no nice Diſdain
" Forbad their Joys, or gave their Lovers Pain;
" Ten thouſand wanton *Cupids* you might view,
" That ſcatter'd lecherous Darts where e're they flew;

" Here

' Here you might ſee expecting Virgins lie,
" And ſtrait young Swains thoſe Virgin's Luſts ſupply.
This Age ſhe paints, and with ſuch great Succeſs,
That all things but her Chaſtity are leſs.
Next awful *Bajazet*'s more awful Flame,
Her wit has plac'd in the firſt rank of Fame;
And ſure his Paſſion's fit for her to ſing,
Who is a Slave, and wou'd be thought a King.
Go on then mighty Poetreſs, go on,
And finiſh what's ſo happily begun;
In lofty Language and adventurous Verſe,
Your Patron *Bajazet*'s great Worth rehearſe
Bajazet, from pride and Envy free,
Bajazet, Prince of Humility,
Bajazet, the fitteſt Theme for thee.
Deſcribe his matchleſs Loyalty to's Prince,
His great Civility, and grearer Senſe;
How courteouſly he to all Men do's bend,
And what delight he takes to ſerve his Friend:
But above all, that dauntleſs Courage ſhow
With which he flew to quell the *Tangier* Foe,
And how the Gen'ral after two days ſtay,
When all the reſt were fighting, came away;
But firſt perform'd all his Commiſſion bid,
Nothing he went to do, and nothing did.
When this thou'ſt done, who knows but he may
Since *Gloriana*'s heart's too firm to move, (prove,
So good at laſt, to crown you with his Love?
And ſure *Jove* never join'd a happier Pair,
He kind as lovely, you as good as fair.
Twin'd in his Arms, I wiſh you happy Days,
While I'm content t' adore the in thy plays.
What tho your Heroes are ſworn Foes to Senſe,
And affect Bombaſt, Noiſe, and Inſolence?
What tho your loyal Men are Lewd and Vain,
Ridiculous, Impertinent, Profane?
What tho your Vertuous Women Vertue hate,
And your chaſt Virgins curſe their Virgin State?

What tho thou bring'ſt (to pleaſe a vicious Age)
A far more vicious Widow on the Stage,
Juſt reaking from a Stallion's rank Embrace
With rifled Garments, and diſorder'd Face,
T'acquaint the Audience with her ſlimy Caſe?
What can the ſurly Criticks urge from hence,
When thou ſhalt riſe up in thine own defence,
And plead *Impenitable Impudence?*
Such *Impudence!* but gentle Muſe retire,
And what thou canſt not comprehend, admire.

Advice to the Painter,

Upon the defeat of the Rebels in the *Weſt*, and the Execution of the late Duke of *Monmouth.*

——— Pictoribus atque Poetis
Quidlibet ———

SInce by juſt Flames the * guilty Piece is loſt,
The nobleſt VVork thy fruitleſs Art could boaſt;
Renew thy faithful Pains a ſecond time.
From the Duke's Aſhes raiſe the Prince of *Lime*
And make thy Fame eternal as his Crime.
The || Land (if ſuch it may be counted) draw,
VVhoſe Intereſt is Religion, Treaſon Law;
Th ingrateful Land, whoſe Treacherous Sons are Foes
To thee kind Monarchy by which they roſe,
And by Inſtinctive Hatred dread that Pow'r,
Join'd in our King and in their Conqueror.
Amidſt the Councils of this black Divan,
Draw the miſled, aſpiring, wretched Man,
His Sword maintaining what his Fraud began.

---

* The Duke's Picture burnt at *Cambridg*. || *Holland.*

Draw

Draw Treaſon, Sacrilege, and Preſidy,
The curſt *Achitophel*'s kind Legacy;
Three direful Engins of a Rebel's hate,
Fit to perform the blackeſt work of Fate.
But leſt their horrid Force too weak ſhou'd prove,
Add [3] tempting Woman's more deſtructive Love:
Give the Ambitious Fair——
All Nature's Gifts refin'd by ſubtleſt Art,
Too able to betray that eaſy Heart,
And with more charms than *Helen*'s to deſtroy
That other Hope of our miſtaken *Troy*.
The Scene from Dulneſs, and *Dutch* Plots bring o'er
And ſet the hopeful Parracide aſhore,
Fraught with the Bleſſings of each booriſh Friend,
And the kind helps their Pray'rs and Brandy lend,
With thoſe few Crowns——
Some *Engliſh Jews*, and ſome *French Chriſtians* ſend.
Next in thy darkeſt Colours paint the [4] Town,
For old Hereditary Treaſon known,
Whoſe Infant Sons in early miſchefs bred,
Swear to the Cov'nant they can hardly read;
Brought up with too much Charity to hate
Ought but their Bible and their Magiſtrate.
Here let the gawdy Banner be diſplay'd,
While the kind Folls invoke their Neighbours Aid
T' adore that Idol they themſelves have made,
And Peaſants from neglected Fields reſort
To fill his Army, and adorn his Court.
Near this, erected on a Drum unbrac'd,
Let Heaven's and *Jame*'s [5] Enemy be plac'd,
The Wretch that hates, like falſe *Argyle*, the Crown,
The Wretch that, like vile *Oates*, defames the Gown,
And through the Speaking-Trumpet of his Noſe
Heav'ns ſacred Word profanely does expoſe,

---

[3] Lady *Harr. Wentworth.* [4] *Taunton.* [5] *Ferguſon.*

Bidding the large-ear'd Rout with one accord
and up and fight the Battel of the Lord.
Then nigh the Pageant Prince (alas to nigh!)
Paint *G.* with a Romantick Conſtancy,
Reſolv'd to Conquer, or reſolv'd to Fly;
And let there in his Guilty Face appear
The Rebel's Malice and the Coward's Fear,
That future Ages in thy Face may ſee
Not his Wife falſer to his Bed, than to all Parties he.
Now let the curſt triumvirate prepare
For all the baneful Ills of horrid War;
Let zealons Rage the dreadful Work begin,
Back'd with the ſad variety of Sin;
Let Vice in all its numerous ſhapes be ſhown,
Crimes which to milder *Brennus* were unknown
And Innocent *Cromwel* wou'd have bluſh'd to own.
Their Arms from pillag'd Temples let 'em bring,
And rob the Deity to wound the King.
Excited then by their Camp-Prieſt's long pray'r
Their Country's Curſes, and their own Deſpair,
While Hell combines with its vile Offspring Night,
To hide their Treachery, or ſecure their Flight,
The watchful Troops with cruel haſt come on,
Then ſhout, look terrible, diſcharge, and run.
Fal'n from his ſhort liv'd Pow'r and flatter'd Hopes,
His Friends deſtroy'd by Hunger, Swords, and Ropes;
To ſome near Grove the Weſtern Monarch flies,
In vain the innoceut Grove her ſhade denies.
The Juſter Tryees———
Who when for refuge *Charles* and Virtue fled,
By grateful Inſtinct their glad Branches ſpread,
And round the Sacred Charge caſt their inlarged
(Head,
Straight when the outcaſt *Abſalom* comes nigh,
Drop off their fading Leaves, and blaſted dy.

Nor

Nor Earth her ſelf * will hide her guilty Son,
Tho he for refuge to her Bowels run.
Rebellious *Corah* to her Arm ſhe took
When Heav'n, and *Iſrael* his old Cauſe forſook;
But now provok'd by a more juſt diſdain,
She ſhrinks her frighted Head, and gives our Rebel
(back again,

Now Artiſt, let thy juſter Pencil draw
The ſad Effects of neceſſary Law.
In painted Words and ſpeaking Colours tell
The diſmal Exit this ſham Prince befel;
On the ſad Scene the glorious Rebel place,
With Pride, and Sorrow ſtrugling in his Face;
Deſcribe the Pangs of his diſtracted breaſt
(If by thy Labours Thought can be expreſt)
Shew with what difference two vaſt Paſſions move,
And how the Hero with the Chriſtian ſtrove.
Then place the Sacred Prelate by his ſide,
To raiſe his Sorrow, and confound his pride
With the dear dreadful Thoughts of a God crucify'd
Paint, if thou canſt, the Heavenly Words that hung
Upon the Holy Mens perſwaſive Tongue,
Words ſweet as *Moſes* writ, or *Aſaph* ſung;
Words whoſe prevailing Influence might have won
All but the haughty harden'd *Abſalon*.
At diſtance round their weeping Mother, place
The too unmindful Fathers beateous Race;
But like the Grecian Artiſt. ſpread a Veil
O'er the ſad Beauties of fair *Annabel*.
No Art, no Muſe thoſe Sorrows can expreſs,
Which would be render'd by Deſcription leſs.
Here cloſe the diſmal Scene, conceal the reſt
That the ſad Orphans Eyes will teach us beſt;
Thy guilty Art might raiſe our ill-tim'd Grief to high,
And make us, while we pity him, forget our Loyalty.

---

* Taken in a Ditch.

Madam Le Croy.

OF all the Plagues Mankind poſſeſs,
Defend me from the ſorcereſs,
Who draws from Lines her Calculations,
Inſtead of Squares for Demonſtrations;
Such as *Le Croy* impoſes on
The credulous deluded Town;
Who tho they know themſelves but fool'd,
Bring double Fees for being gull'd.
So Client jilted of his Suit,
Loſes his Cauſe, and pays to boot.
In comes a Duke from mighty Place
And Merit, fall'n into Diſgrace;
She views his Hand, and bids him Joy,
Calls him his Excellence Vice-Roy.
With this high Character the Buble
Is well content, and pays her double:
Nor dreams he's baniſh't with his Fleet
A Slave to *Pathmos* or to *Creet*.
As *Richm*—— to the Northern Froſt,
And *Claren*—— to th' *Iriſh* Coaſt,
Blinded with Pride, ſenſleſs of Ruin,
So Fools embrace their own undoing.
Graft—— with Jealouſy oppreſt,
She adds a Creſent to his Creſt;
No Plannet-mount his Brow adorns,
Saturn, and *Venus* turn to Horns:
His Grace is but an Independant,
Whilſt *Mord*—— rules in the Aſcendant.
Northum—— does next implore,
The Stars which *Lucy* curſt before.
And 'twas his Fate, altho he made
A Cloiſter of the Nuptial Bed,

Whence

Whence ſhe's return'd with double Charms,
A Veſtal to his faithleſs Arms.
St. Alb.——Duke, who never ſought her,
By th' bargain gets *N——caſtles* Daughter:
So ſays *Le Croy*, but juſter Fate
Dooms him a Match at *Billinſgate*;
Nor will *N——caſtle* his hopes place
In a baſe Baſtard Pippin Race.
For *So——ſet*, ſhe takes upon her
To ſooth him up with Maids of Honour:
Courage, tho Youth and Beauty fail,
Your Grace has Charms that will prevail;
No Virgin but muſt yield a Martyr
T'an Idol of the Star and Garter.
Theſe *M——ve*, were the pow'rful Charms
Brought *Conway* Captive to thy Arms;
'Twas not thy Figure, Wit, nor Wealth,
It was the Star that made the Stealth:
Shortly ſhe will repent the Action,
Thy Hopper-arſe will cauſe the Faction.
Northamp——, happier in his choice,
In Virgin-Wedlock plac'd his Joys;
Wiſely be ſhun'd that dire Intrigue,
Doom'd to be thy eternal Plague:
Of all for better or for worſe,
In miſſing her he eſcap'd the Curſe.
Gray's little Hand ſhe next doe's prove,
Brimful of Luck and Heart of Love.
The Fates you need no more importune,
This is the very line of Fortune;
My Lord, you are moſt ſure of *Nancy*,
If there be truth in *Necromancy*.
With *Elland* how ſhall we demean us?
Bleſs me! what's here? the Mount of *Venus*!
The Table thwarted too! this ſhows,
You'll die a Martyr in the Cauſe;
If you wou'd ſhun this diſmal Fate,
Go home my Lord, and Salivate,

Bewear

Beware of *Mercury* and ſuch Foes,
Compound with *Venus* for your Noſe.
With Love and Indignation warm,
Ch——*ly* begins to huff and ſtorm;
I dreſs and keep an Equipage
With any Coxcomb of the Age.
Pray tell me then a reaſon why
Each Tinker has his Trull but I?
Your Hand, you need not be ſo ſtout,
My Lord your Line of Love is out.
Learn then, if you would have Succeſs,
More Wit and leſs Affectedneſs.
With ſhoulder Belt and gaudy Feather,
Ten Yards of Grevat ty'd together,
Comes *New*——*gh*; by theſe Lines expreſt,
As you'd a narrow Scape i'th, *Weſt*,
This Demicircle here declares
You'l meet worſe Wounds in *Venus* Wars.
But have a care how you ingage
For a new Coach and Equipage;
Laviſh and Love's a double Dart,
That breaks your Back, and this your Heart.
So Hounds and Huntſmen Hare o'erpowet,
And what thoſe worry, theſe devour.
But theſe are not the only Fools,
Le Croy has choice of female Gulls,
Who puff'd with Pride do flock in vain,
Blown up e'er they diſcern the Train.
Thus *Lucy* into Bondage run
For a great Name to be undone;
Deluded with the Name of Dutcheſs,
She fell into the Lion's Clutches:
This was *Le Croy*'s bewitching Cheat,
Her Sacred Thirſt of being great.
Whilſt *Graf*——in her Duke leſs bleſt,
Is of her Buccanier poſſeſt;
With *Shir*——*ry* whoſe Love's intent,
And all the Rout that noſe the Scent.

With

With wither'd Hand and wrinkled Brow
Cleveland in Rage comes next, to know
What deſperate Tatterdemallion
Should next vouchſafe to be her Stallion.
But by the Wrinkles on her Brow,
She's told her Charms quite fail her now;
And ſince ſhe coupled with a Strowler,
Her next Admirer muſt be *Jawler*.
Arran with counterfeited Grace,
And muffled Veil about her Face,
Shews to *Le Croy* her ſnowy Fiſt,
Who cries, ſix Husbands at the leaſt;
But yet there's none to that lewd Damp
No ſecond Love dares light a Lamp.
Kildare a Beauty in her Bloom,
In vizor ſteals to know her Doom.
Ye Gods! A double Line of Life
Madam you'l make a thund'ring Wife;
Great *Jove* himſelf and all the Land
Beſides your Lord, at your command:
Devon——, *Mul*——, *Scars*——, all
Shall Captives to your Empire fall;
Till for a virtuous Wife renown'd,
Your *Wittall* Lord at laſt is crown'd.
Next comes young *Fox*'s barren Bliſs,
She reads her Fortune in her Phys!
Beſides, I find it in your Hand,
Madam, you muſt be better man'd;
Your brawny Spouſe's groſs Infuſion
Sutes not your airy Conſtitution:
If for an Heir you would not want,
Make meagree *Darcy* your Gallant.
Fine Lady *Cartwright* in her Chair
To know her Doom does next repair,
Purſu'd by *Fenwick*, *Frank*, and *Gray*,
Who ſigh all night, and dodg all day:
As Beggars dream of golden Heaps,
Each longs, but none the Treaſure reaps.

The

The next fine Widow *Whitmore*, ſhe
Is told of gentle *Cornb*--- ;
But the ſly Wight ſecur'd the Prey,
And flying bore the Nymph away.
Miſs *Nancy* ſhall bring up the Reer,
Whoſe Fortune is to have a Peer ;
If 'ten't her harder Fate to be
Confounded with Variety.
So tir'd with Change, ſome Courtly Nice
She makes the laſt, and the worſt choice.
Why ſhould I rite your Patience out
With *Warwick* and the wrinkled Rout,
Hinton or *Howard*? I could tell ye
Of thouſands beſides *Hughes* and *Nelly*,
Who daily croud upon the Plains,
To find out choice of youthful Swains.
But all thoſe Charms that did kind Warmth infuſe
Worn out of date have chil'd my tired Muſe.

The Lover's Seſſion,

In Imitation of Sir John Suckling's *Seſſion of Poets.*

A Seſſion of Lovers was held t'other day,
And *Venus* her ſelf was preſent they ſay.
The beſt in *Chriſtendom* long kept in reſerve,
Was now to be his who leaſt did deſerve.
Therefore the Fools of all Parties came thither,
'Twas ſtrange to ſee how the Owls flock'd together ;
There were Fops by Breeding, and Tonies by Birth,
Damn'd Oafs of all ſorts this fat Iſland brings forth.
Gentle Fools of the Flute, and Fools of the Pen.
Virtuoſi thrice married turn'd Bullies agen,
Dancing Fools a vaſt Crowd, and Fools learn'd in Arts,
Fops furniſh'd in *France* with good Natural Parts.
Familiar dear Hearts who kiſs all they ſalute,
And out of meer Dulneſs with no Man diſpute ;

Who

Who think themſelves welcome wherever they come,
And call call they know *Jack Will*, *Harry*, *Tom*.
Sour Fanaticks, Chriſt's wealthy ill-favour'd Breed,
With ſtrong carnal Itches and ſpiritual Pride;
Popiſh Prieſts in the Garb of lewd Lay-Brother,
Still whoring in Couples to abſolve one another.
Turn-ſervers, who hopeful Imployments devour,
Drunken Brutes in the Badges of abſolute Power,
Cits aping Court Fops in Debauchery and Dreſs.
And proud Ignorant Stateſmen hard of Acceſs.
(Grain,
Dull Blockheads in Caſſocks, Law Knaves dy'd in
Phyſicians in *Querpo*, and Clowns in *Champagin*;
Like Bees they came ſwarming at *Venus*'s Call,
There was Fop of Fop-Corner, and Fop of Fop-Hall.
Song *Sackvill* with all the new Beaux at his back,
Lewd rakelly *Spencer* and finical *Pack*,
Warcup near *Newburgh* for they kept no Order,
Montrath and *Frank Villers* a little further.
Harry Wharton freſh reaking from *Norfolk*'s lew'd
Shamplot-maker *Lumly*, and *Clocheſter Voll*, (*Moll*,
Northumberland wrapt in his Mother's lov'd Smock,
And *D' Arcy* kept lean by old *Guy*'s young Hock.
Herſh favour'd *Scarburgh* with *Scarſdale* the ſtinking,
And *Bridges* created a Wit for hard drinking.
Soft *Whitaker* next, Fop *Gerards* both the Brothers,
Fop *Hewt*, Fop *Baber*, and divers others.
Devonſh---,who all his miſtaken Life long
Has delighted in Show, publick Meeting and Throng,
And at fifty againſt all Reaſon and Rule
Seems reſolv'd to perſiſt in playing the Fool. (ſet,
E'er this ſtrange High Commiſſion Court was well
Came and knock'd with a Lover's concern at the Gate,
And cozening the Doorkeeper with his Fop Mien,
Without any Ticket had like t'have got in.
But *Venus*, who knew him much better than they,
With a Frown like dead Lady *Betty*, they ſay,

Forbad

Forbad his Admittance, and told him in ſhort,
'Twas an old fundamental Rule of the Court.
Tho ſome the beſt ſtor'd never any did chooſe;
But liv'd as if *Frampton* their Buſineſs did uſe;
Tho others dreſt high, and half ſtar'd out their Eyes,
Not one who had Senſe muſt pretend to the Prize.
And tho his *French* Breeding floated at top,
And has tawder'd his Outſide over with Fop;
It plainly appear'd to all the World's wonder,
The Man of true Wit, and Worth that lay under.
When *Mord*——heard this, he leapt up from the (Throng
And in whimſical Raving full three Hours long,
With groſs want of Judgment, for *Bedlam* more fit,
He daily miſtakes for abounding in Wit.
Heexcus'd his intruding and breaking of Rules,
Proteſting he did not know they were Fools;
But took ev'ry Member there by his Mien,
For as hopeful a Wit as his Pupil *Gwyn*.
This ſaid, he would fain have ſlipt out of the Crowd,
But *Venus* recall'd him, and told him aloud,
None there to the Place had a better pretence;
For jnſt talking, not much, was the Mark of good Senſe.
That his rambling Vein, for holding out well,
The ableſt Fanatick's Light did excel;
Tho no Man could for Wit or Reaſon approve,
Might paſs with young Women for Paſſion and Love.
But ſhe bid him beware when his Throws did begin,
By his Noiſe not to call all the Neighbourhood in,
For his Friends Expectation too oft had been bit
By the loud, but falſe crying out of his Wit.
For a deal of Love the fair Sex did owe him,
As well as the Good of all who ſhould know him:
She pray'd that the Muſes *Lucina* would deign
To deliver him of his no Jeſts with leſs Pain.
While *Mort*——'s Perfections ſhe thus did diſplay,
She perceiv'd little *Falkland* ſneaking away,

And

And vow'd ſhe admir'd how that frivolous Chit
Ever came to paſs on the Town for a Wit.
His Gradfather, honour'd by all, is confeſt
Was with Wiſdom and Riches like *Solomon* bleſt,
But he left him nothing, and 'twas his hard Fate
To inherit no more of his Parts than Eſtate.
A Mimick he is, tho a bad one at beſt,
Still plagu'd with an impotent Itch to a Jeſt;
In appurtenant Action he ſpares no Expence,
He has all the Ingredients of Wit but the Senſe.
His Face oft of Laugh and Humour is full,
When his Talk is impertinent, empty and dull:
But if ſo low buffooning can merit our Praiſe,
Frank Newport, and *Jevon*, and *Haines* muſt have (Bays.

Or if *French* Memoirs read from *Broad-ſtreet* to *Bow*,
Can make a Man wiſe, then *Falkland* is ſo.
And for full confirmation of all ſhe did ſay,
She produc'd his damn'd Prologue to *Otway*'s laſt Play.
Some reply'd, What her Majeſty ſaid was moſt true,
Yet to give the ignorant Devil his due,
Tho he made good Judges but indifferent ſport,
He was the beſt Fop of a Stateſman at Court.
But *Dorington* now ſtarted up in great Wrath,
What not *Falkland* a Wit! No Sir by my troth;
Of which for the preſent clearer proof needs none,
Than his taking the coxcombly Worſhip for one.
The Sect of Songſters here ſtir'd up Sedition,
And in ſhoals prefer'd a tumultuous Petition;
Beſeeching the Court not to think them too wiſe,
To raffle their Time and Eſtates for the Prize.
Alledging,
They us'd the Muſes but as Bawds to Intrigues,
Caring for them no more then *Cromwell* or *Migs*;
And that but for their frantick amorous Fits,
They had ne'er took upon them the Buſineſs of Wits.
Humbly hoping that Senſe would not paſs for a Crime,
That was flatten'd to Panegyrical Rhyme; (And

And offering good proof from Maids, Widows and Wives,
Of the inoffenſive Dulneſs of their Lives.
Proteſting at laſt, if the Sex were in fears,
They could e'en uſe their Fancies as bad as their Ears;
That rather than the Hopes of their Favours they'd quit,
They'd lay by their impudent Title to Wit.
But *Venus*, who all their Adventures had learn'd,
With a gracious Smile bid them not be concern'd;
For that little they had was ſo void of all Charm,
As it did them no good, ſo 'twould do them no harm.
Young *Griffin*, apparent Son of the Old,
In the ſame *belle* Air his booby Father roll'd,
Juſt Image of the Pride with which he ſwells,
And in whom the Fulneſs of his Folly dwells;
Not doubting Succeſs, firſt of any did riſe,
And in arrogant Terms demanded the Prize.
But when told by the Court, which his Carriage did blame,
He a reaſon muſt give for his confident Claim;
He partly reply'd, Truth, Reaſon, and Wit,
Were three things ne'er ask'd of his Family yet;
And tho he lov'd Whoring becauſe 'twas a Vice,
He ne'er ſhould be able to pay ſuch a Price.
Newburgh was the next who ſtood up to his Tryal,
Ne'er dreaming that Face could e'er meet with Denial,
That Face which ſo often i'th Circle was prais'd,
And Diſſenſion among the Q—s Virgins had rais'd.
But the Jeweſs, who ſtill of his Purſe ſtood in need,
Had privately adviſ'd the Bench to take heed,
Not to judg by the Outſide howe'er likely and fair,
For tho ſtiff in the Back he was limber elſewhere.
Harry Henningham thought himſelf ſure of a Grant;
But O fooliſh, cries out Villain *Frank*, he's a Cant.
His Miſtreſs ne'er knows, ſo odd 'tis expreſt,
Whether he means to make Love or a Jeſt.
For he puts on ſo many ſeveral Faces,
Is ſo full of his frank, familiar Grimaces,

They

They cannot but think he's acting a Part,
And his paſſionate Speech has gotten by Heart.
Beſides, Lady *Bellamount* had let the Court know,
That his Perſon was good for juſt nothing but Show;
That his ſlim *Barbary* Back was too long,
His Stomach twoo weak and Hectic too ſtrong.
When *Kildare*'s Name was call'd, all thought he (would ſpeed,
And ſure he was Fool enough to ſucceed.
But new *R*——*r* ſtrait (O how unlike the firſt!)
In terms of a Treaſurer's Inſolence burſt.
And as *Venus* was going his Suit to allow,
On the Faith of a caſt Politician's Vow,
That of all Men living he needed it leaſt,
For his Wife's he knew well was as good as the beſt;
Huntington, that his wheaking Whey Viſage might
Pull'd out the beſt thing that belongs to an Aſs; (paſs,
But in Love's Court, tho ours might uſe ſuch a Tool,
They abhor'd an inconſtant Weathercock Fool.
Villain *Frank*, well adviſ'd by a ſmall Pocket-Glaſs
Of his damn'd diſagreeable Vermin-like Face;
And knowing what juſter Pretenſions would be,
Brought the Bench a *Mandamus* ſubſcribed *S. P.*
The Court on this dangerous Practice reflecting,
Cry'd out, We'll maintain our old Right of Electing;
C——s ſtill have been free, nor can any confine 'em,
Or bring to the Bench their *Jus Divinum*.
But reſolving however to ſhew ſome reſpect
To the State whoſe Commands they'd good cauſe to (reject,
Like *Maudlins* they approv'd, to th' Aſſiſtants great Joy
Sir *Courtly* unfit for the courted Employ.
To his ſhame and confuſion his Friends ſwore point-blank,
No Nun was ſo ſpotleſs a Virgin as *Frank*;
All thought it unjuſt, the fair Sex's Pride
Should run any risk with a F — er untry'd. (Laws,
The Court, tho againſt the ſtrict Rules of their
Declar'd, on that Iſſue they'd put the vvhole Cauſe:

Had he e'er *rem in re*, he ſhould now have the beſt,
But his guilty Silence the Scandal confeſt.
Here his *Exchequer* Clerks, e'er they let him retire,
Told th' Court 'twas not Virtue but want of Deſire;
And tho he was unable, they had very good Proof,
Siſter *Nancy* would for the whole Name do enough.
Moatrath was in Foppery conceiv'd another
Of *Whitehall* true Breed, ſir *Nices* Twin Brother;
None could tell, ſo alike all their Follies did ſeem,
Whether he acted *Mumford*, or *Mumford* him.
But all cry'd at the ſound of that *Iriſh* Name,
His Birth was for ever a bar to his Claim;
No Teague to make Love could his blockiſhneſs ſhape,
They had only the Gift of Murder and Rape.
Harry Lumly, ſome thought for an elderly Beau,
By the help of his Dreſs made a pretty good ſhow;
His Back too was prais'd ſince he firſt found the trick,
To make ramiſh *Williams* content with one P---
But he had a blemiſh by's blited Look ſhown,
Which in Beauties *Adonis* was never yet known:
The Pox that was given him by his own Wife,
Was likely to laſt him as long as his Life.
When *M---ague* appear'd, the Court gave him a (touch
For affecting the Wit, and the Bully, ſo much;
For the one neither Nature had form'd him nor Art,
And the other was ne'er thought a Gentleman's Part,
(Fair,
He had Faults too that loſt him ſo much with the
As neither his Face nor his Youth could repair;
They found the raw Temper with half Senſe accurſt,
Too preſuming at laſt, too baſhful at firſt.
Their Eyes were more kindly on *Conſtable* caſt,
For judging ſo ill, and prating ſo faſt;
He ſlightly skims o'er all that comes in his way,
With as haſty, and ſhallow a Fathom as they.
But tho his light Humour moſt Women did hit.
His Parts have a nearer reſemblance of Wit;

The

The Court to declared they would firſt be aſſur'd,
Whether yet the thruſt in his Groin were well cur'd.
(know
Little *Rowlye* was miſs'd, for the Whigs who did
His Wit no where elſe but in *Dutchland* would go,
Had there ſent him Leger with full Deputation,
To make Jeſts on the Court for the good of the Nation.
(cauſe,
But one of his Friends ſwore he'd leave the Queen's
And turn Rebel to Love's irreſiſtible Laws;
If in all her wide Empire ſhe ever did ſee
A Coxcomb ſo fit for a Cully as he.
But Politicks employ'd all his time, and 'twas ſaid
Our pert offer'd Scholar would ne'er be well bred,
Nor brought (ſo vain is th' unformable Elf)
To advice, or mind any thing elſe but himſelf,
Here the Bench in one Language their Anger expreſt,
And told his *Whig Friends*, they ſhould bid him at leaſt
Get ſo much good Senſe in his magotty Pate,
As to uſe his Wife well till he got her Eſtate.
Fe —— am in his *Sedgemore* Star, and Glory,
Proud as the Treaſurer and pettiſh as *Lory*,
Forgetting how oft he had wrong took his Aim,
With a *French* Aſſurance next put in his Claim.
But Fifty had brought a defect of that ſort,
As ne'er found forgiveneſs in *Venus*'s Court;
He was never in health, as himſelf would oft own;
But when he did let that Buſineſs alone.
M--nt would be thought to have already the beſt,
But let his Wife's Covetous---be at reſt;
In vain his Invention is ſtill on the Tenters,
Don Quixot ne'er went on more luckleſs Adventures.
The damn'd tedious Lies he tells in's own Praiſe,
That ſupreme Adoration he to himſelf pays,
That contempt of his Friends, and that unſettl'd
An averſion in the moſt forward has bred. Heat.
His babling Tongue at St. *James*'s large Square,
Could punctually tell both the *when*, and the *where*,

In the middle of all his vain towring Hopes,
He was beaten with his own Ladder of Ropes.
Sir *James Hayes* here is fluent Flattery display'd
To the Fair, and a Thousand fine Promises made,
If *Faulkland* might pass a Night with her in bed,
But *Dapperwit* had a trick worth two on't he said.
The *Sodomite* Itch his Fancy did sway,
He would fain have us'd his Wife the wrong way;
But the Slattern was resty, and vow'd she wou'd ne'er
Give any Man joy who grudg'd her a share.
Nor —— *land* now to his Trial stood forth,
And pleaded the Preference due to his Birth;
No Fool he did hope, howe'er eminent; wou'd
Presume to compare with a Fool of the Blood.
Appealing besides to his scandalous Marriage,
His beautiful Face, and his dull stupid Carriage,
To a Soul without sense of Truth, Honour, or Wit,
If e'er Man was form'd for Woman so fit.
But his Prince-like Project to kidnap his Wife,
And a Lady so free to make Prisoner for Life,
Was Tyranny to which the Sex ne'er wou'd submit,
And an ill natur'd Fool they lik'd worse than a Wit.
Gr —— *ton*, back'd by his Officers, made an effort
To have the new *Venus* seen naked in Court;
Urging, whate'er Fame in her favour had spoke,
'Twas unfit Men should buy a Pig in a Poke.
But had she appear'd, *D* —— *comb* swore by his Life
He had us'd her as once he did *Elland*'s vain Wife;
No sooner was his rude Request disallow'd,
Bet on the whole Bench he lookt big, and talkt loud.
What his bluff Speech did mean they were all in (suspence,
Some say 'twas Taurpaulin Language, and Sense:
But this was e'ery tittle the Court understood,
It began with G---me, and closd with G---Blood.
An old ugly Lawyer at last did appear,
And brought in black Boxes a Thousand a Year:

At which all th' Aſſembly mur mur'd, contending
He had long ſince paſt the Age of pretending.
But *Venus* reproving them, bid him come nigher,
And when he was mounted up a little higher,
She openly declar'd that Wealth and Eſtate
Was to catch Womankind the infallible Bait.
This pow'rful Temptation none e'er cou'd oppoſe;
It covers all Faults, and all Virtue beſtows;
'Ti a lure which the higheſt flown Jilts can command,
Make 'em ſtoop, and bring the wild Haggard to (hand.
Fifteen it can draw to the Arms of Threeſcore;
Procure *Apſly* a Wife, and *Clifford* a Whore.
It ſtill carries with it, ſuch Philtres are in it,
The Canonical hour, and the Critical minute
'Twas this Spell the fair *Montagues* eyes ſo put out,
She could neither ſee *S——olks* Age nor his Gout;
And in ſpite of his Humour, yet worſe than his Face,
Brought long averſe *Newport* to *Herberts* Embrace.
This, this is the Charm which never did fail
O'er Beauty, Youth, Merit, and Wit to prevail;
And without a Syllable more or leſs ſaid,
To young *Luck* ſhe put the old Fumbler to bed.
Much muttering there was, and ſome ſpar'd not the (Queen,
In every Man's Face diſpleaſure was ſeen;
Each thought himſelf by the ſtrange Sentence ill us'd,
And the partial blindneſs of Fortune accus'd.
But all cheer'd up at laſt, not a Sot that was there
But hop'd in his turn with the Lawyer to ſhare,
And that ſince for twenty good Summers at leaſt
He had left being a Man, ſhe would make him a (Beaſt.

Doctor Wild's *Ghost, on his Majesty's Declaration for Liberty of Conscience.*

HOW! *Liberty of Conscience*! That's a change
Balks the Crape Gown, and mortifies *L'Estrange*.
Two lines of brisk *Gazette* in pieces tears,
All *Crackfarts* labour'd Scribles 20 Years.
The *Clergy Guide* himself is left ith' lurch,
To which he quailpip'd easy Daughter Church.
So the foul Fiend at *Hammerton*, they say,
In Fidlers guise so charmingly did play,
That all the Buxom Youths of that mad Town
Follow'd his charming wheedling up and down,
Till the whole Troop an unseen Gulph did drown.
What's now become of our informing Crew,
The *Browns*, the *Hiltons*? O the Loyals true!
Once Pillars of the Church, the Church by Law,
For more were bugbear'd to her Church by Aw,
Than all the Sermon-Readers e'er could draw.
Those useful Blades, Instruments Orthodox,
Soon as they found the Church was ith' wrong box,
Fell from her faster than from Whore with Pox.
So Rats by Instinct quit a falling House;
So dying Beggar's left by every Louse.
P--- the Spiritual Dragoon, who made
By Soul-money a pretty thriving Trade,
Gave to *Old Nick* each refractory Ninny,
And whisk't him back for the repenting Guinny,
Is now grown Bankrupt, weary of his Life,
And almost Wild and Frantick as his Wife.
Those that e'er while no mortal Sin could spy,
So bad, so gross as Nonconformity,
Are now become the only Malecontents,
And each in sullen Sighs his Passion vents.

Passive

Paſſive Obedience was all the clutter,
But ſoon as their own Nails are par'd, they mutter:
Dear *Whigs*, Diſſenting Brethren, pray forbear
To meet, *Indulgence* is a Royal Snare;
The *Declaration* is a *Trojan* Horſe;
The Form's illegal, and the matter worſe.
There is *a Snake in th' Graſs*, that's all the Cry:
Which is in ſhort to give their Prince the lie,
And charge the beſt of Kings with Treachery.
Is this the *Church of England*'s Loyalty?
Sadly they toll their Bells, and wring their hands,
Religion (that's their *Tithe Pigs* and *Glebe Lands*)
The Proteſtant Religion now will fall,
Bell and the *Dragon* will devour us all.
Theſe *Jeſuits* are cruel cunning Elves,
We would have none to ſpoil you but our ſelves.
O tender zealous Spirits! ſad condition!
Idolatry will eat up Superſtition;
The Calf at *Bethel* fears the Calf at *Dan*.
The *Grid-Iron* grumbles at the *Frying-Pan*.
And now the *Jacks* have loſt their wonted Prey,
They fear the *Sharks* will carry all away.
So Conjurers grow tow'rds their end in fear
That their Familiar Devil will them tear.
But O ye Champions, bring forth now and ſhew
The foreskins of the *Philiſtines* you ſlew.
When in your power, *Popery* favour found,
And all the Cry was Knock *Diſſenters* down;
Yet now ye bawl, *Tyber* the *Thames* will drown,
But fear not Tribe of *Smirk*, if Popery muſt be,
You'l find the Nuns are pretty Company;
And if the fiery Trial ſhould return,
Moſt of you wet your ſelves too much to burn;
At worſt ——
'Tis but conforming t'other ſtep, and then
Jure Divino Whip and Spur again:

The Renegado Poet.

Damon the Author of ſo great Renown,
Whoſe Muſe ſo long has entertain'd the Town,
Grown old, and almoſt ſtarv'd by the jilting Jade,
Reſolv'd at laſt to try ſome other Trade;
And to maintain the Family at home,
Sets up, and ſcribles for the Church of *Rome*,
Yet e'er the Apoſtate left the ſinking Stage,
He thus broke forth in a Poetick rage.

What ſullen Planet rul'd my angry Fate,
And mark'd me out to be unfortunate!
For of all Plagues with which Mankind is curs'd,
That of being Doom'd a Poet is the worſt.
Deſpis'd and out at Heels, he ſpend his days
In Rhyme, to get the name of Poet *Bays*:
When big with thought to eaſe the lab'ring Brain,
He vents it in a Panegyrick ſtrain,
Baſely he proſtitutes his Muſes Fame
To ſome rich Booby Lord, or Stateſman's Name;
Calls him both Wiſe and Generous, tho he be
Like *Dover* Dull, or *Churchill* niggardly.
If ſome good Piece the rhyming Drudg has writ,
He gives the Booby leave to farther it;
Then crys it up, and while he wou'd make known
His Patron's Wit, ſlily commends his own.

To ſcrible Songs and tender Elegies,
Is what a Man of Credit ſhould deſpiſe:
For ſuch ſmall Jobs *Ouſley* alone is fit,
Bob has the great retailing Trade of Wit;
Let him of *Lavra*'s Cruelty complain,
Follow his flying *Daphne* ſtill in vain.
His Wit and Shape muſt unſucceſsful prove,
For both ſo heavy are they ne'er can move,
The one to ſtay, the other Nymph to love.

No more than *Cholmy*'s Billets deux have done,
Tho like Quack-bills diſpers'd all oe'r the Town:
But if at laſt into a Ballad turn'd,
And by ſome famous Wooden Cut adorn'd,
Pleas'd with the Tune, and by ſome thoughts betray'd,
The moving Lines charm ſome poor Chambermaid;
Well may the Poet triumph in his Wit,
For 'tis the greateſt Conqueſt he can get.
In pointed Satyr to reform the Age
Who but an hot-brain'd *Zealot* wou'd ingage?
Let a disbanded Peer kick'd out oth' Court,
And made ſome upſtart Stateſman's common ſport,
Sneak like a Dog and beg he may be ſent
With a great Character to Baniſhment.
Since he is pleas'd to be made ſuch a Tool,
What is't to me? why muſt I call him Fool?
If an aſpiring Wretch himſelf to raiſe,
Inſlaves his Country and his God betrays,
Like a proud Villain; ſay what e'er you can,
You'l never make him turn an honeſt Man.
He's ſtill a Villain, but what has been ſaid
At laſt falls heavy on the Author's Head;
The cudgel'd Poet by experience finds
The tough Bamboon ſmarts ſharplier than his Lines.
Since then with Poetry ſo ill I've thriven,
I will turn Caſuiſt, and write for Heaven;
Not that I love its Cauſe, but that I hope
To find a better Patron of the *Pope*.

The Tribe of Levi.

SInce Plagues were order'd for a ſcourge to Men,
And *Egypt* ſore was chaſtn'd with her Ten;
No greater Plague did any State moleſt,
Than the ſevere, the laſting Plague, a *Prieſt*.

Some

Some Savage Beasts, by Laws of Nature bound,
Only in Woods and desert Lands are found;
No Land, no Climate can this Monster bind,
But like some *Hydra* multiply's his Kind.
Through th' Extended Orb directs his Course,
And is at best a Universal Curse.
Ah happy *Albion*, to the Gods most dear!
How bright thy Rocks and fertile Lands appear?
The Oceans glory, and its Nymphs delight,
The Nations Terror by thy Men of Might.
Thrice happy *Albion*, had there ne'r possest
Thy spacious Kingdoms, the consuming Priest!
Who Locust-like the Nations overspread,
In every place a Priest erects his Head.
These as the Fishes in the Water breed,
And on the Fat of all the Pastures feed.
Nor are they satisfy'd to have a Pow'r
To drain the Nations, and its Fat devour!
But like the Devil, always bent on Ill,
They plot new Mischeifs and Devices still:
Their unknown Virtues do the Crowd deceive:
What Priestly Knaves report, dull Foolls believe,
Nor is a Prince (how great so e'er he be)
From their Deceit and studied Malice free,
Like Fiends ascending from the House of Smoke,
They all around the gilded Palace flock,
And in the Ears of Monarchy they sing,
That had they not been Priests he'ad ne'er been King.
Set off with Titles and a Specious Name,
They quickly set the wondering World on flame.
Methinks I hear its burden'd Axels break,
And of the Preists dead Weight distinctly speak;
The senseless Elements together moan,
And all around the vast Creation groan.
Ye juster Deities, true Friends to Men,
Assist my Muse, and guide my fainting pen;
A gen'rous Passion raise within my Breast,
That may affect the vilest Monster, *Priest*;

Le

Let my Muſe laſh, the ſtrokes be bold and good,
As if my Pen were Steel, my Ink were Blood.
Cloſe by thoſe Banks, the Banks were Silver *Thames*
Still glides along with unpolluted Streams
A Fabrick ſtands, no Storm of Fate moleſts,
From its Foundation was poſſeſt by Prieſts;
Here *Levi* lives, o'ergrown with Sin and Years,
Good God, what Lewdneſs lurks in hoary Hairs!
As chief of Prieſts, Imperial Sway does bear,
For he alone is God's Vicegerent here;
His leſſer Villains of the Church are Slaves,
For he that's chief of Prieſts is chief of Knaves.
'Twas this ſame *Levi* did our *James* enthrone
And when h' had done, as baſely pull'd him down:
The *Levites* firſt his Sovereign Will declar'd,
The *Levites* firſt his Sovereign Will debarr'd,
And thus old *Levi*, through miſtaken fame,
Had got a Patriot's and a Martyr's Name;
Him th' unſtable Mob with Praiſes grac'd,
And thus his Humor for his Conſcience paſt:
Moroſe and Peeviſh, inſolently Proud;
Levi would ſtoop to none but to the Crowd,
Who, e'er the Rabble could his Bleſſings crave,
His Apoſtolick Benedictions gave.
Unhappy *James* Prepoſtrous was the Fate
That brought on thee the Clergys Frown and Hate.
Hadſt thou our Civil Rights and Charters took,
Not half a word the Clergy than had ſpoke:
But to moleſt the Church, was to depoſe
God's holy Blockheads, and ſet up his Foes.
Now Foreign Troops invited o'er the Main,
Come to diſturb the Scenes of thy ſhort Reign.
Grown mad with fear when thou hadſt loſt the Day,
And in inglorious haſt didſt run away,
Our pious *Levi* loyally came down
T' invite our future Monarch to the town.
How beggarly's the crown how mean the ſtate,
That does depend on Biſhops Love or hate

Nor

Nor can Conventions now make him a King,
Till *Levi* does the Regal Veſtments bring:
In vain's your Reaſoning, in vain your Toil,
If *Levi* but keep back th' anointing Oil.
Twas not for this the Hero was brought o'er,
No, but to ſettle Church as 'twas before,
To beat his Dad, and call his Mother Whore.
Shou'd he be crown'd, *Levi*'s Deſigns are croſt,
The Juggle too of the Succeſſion loſt.
If *James* be reinthron'd, we muſt aſcribe
His Reſtoration unto *Levi*'s Tribe:
And thus the Hierarchy of courſe bears Rule,
And the weak Monarch is the Biſhop's Tool;
None but the Church ſhould keep their Civil Rights,
And all Diſſenters be but *Gibeonites*.
So much theſe Arguments with *Levi* ſway'd,
That he aſide his Faith and Conſcience laid;
At once the Sanhedrim and God forſook,
And to his own pernicious Counſels took;
Rather than have his Prieſts left in the lurch,
Would damn himſelf only to ſave the Church.
Thus in a Fret he to his Cell retires,
To plot new Miſchiefs, and blow up new Fires.
Had this Retirement been well deſign'd,
Only to eaſe the Plague of Human Kind,
Levi, thy Abſence then we ne'er could mourn,
Nor been ambitious of thy loath'd Return.
But ſince thy Den's become the Lyon's Court,
Whither in Black the Beaſts of Prey reſort,
May'ſt thou from thence thy final Journey take,
And on ſome Gibbet thy juſt Exit make.
Nor ſhalt thou *Corah*, now my Hand is in,
Eſcape the juſteſt Cenſure of my Pen;
Corah, in the lewd Liſt muſt next take place,
To Man and to Religion a diſgrace.
In him, when Young, the Prieſtly Sign appears
Did promiſe Miſchef in his tender Years,

No coſt was wanting to provide him Tools,
To paſs the learned Drudgery of the Schools,
Where Youth is with the Laws Corruption fed,
Where Prieſts are form'd, and holy Cheats are bred.
Their ſlaviſh Tenents much our *Corah* lov'd,
And in the Tricks of Prieſthood ſoon improv'd.
He from the Pulpit did his Doctrine breath,
And ſhed his Venom on the Crow'd beneath:
He taught that Kings might govern by their Will,
And like the Gods themſelves could ne'er do ill;
That Princes had an arbitrary Power,
And might their Subjects, when they pleas'd, devour;
That God all Reaſon gave to Kings and Prieſts,
And that all Men beſides were only Beaſts.
But when his Lion from the Throne was driven,
Diſown'd by all good Men and juſter Heaven,
A King ſet up the Nations all approv'd,
A King that God and all the People lov'd;
Our treacherous *Corah* had his Faith forgot,
And turn'd his fam'd Obedience to a Plot;
His ſcrupulous Conſcience would not let him ſwear,
Whilſt Father liv'd, Obedience to the Heir;
But in the Head of a Rebellious Race,
As void of moral Vertues as of Grace,
Corah the new-made Monarch did diſown,
And ſince the other went, each Action done;
Until King *William*'s Fate reſounds from far,
His great Succeſs and Enterprize in War,
And Fame aloud does of his Fortunes tell,
How by his Hand the Sons of *Corah* fell.
Now *Corah* is become a milder Prieſt,
And ſwears as well as any of the reſt.
Prieſts are like Spaniel's ne'er inclin'd to good,
No longer than they ſee or feel the Rod.
Ah *William*, had I but thy Scepter Royal!
By Heaven I'd beat the Dogs till they were Loyal.
Ungrateful *Corah!* I'll bid thee adieu;
Since God hath left thee, I will leave thee too:

Not

Nor ſhall my Satyr e'er diſturb my Life,
Since thou haſt got a Satyr in a Wife.
Dathan muſt next be from Oblivion freed,
Who in the Field obtain'd the Biſhop's Meed;
Was bred a Soldier, now by Trade a Prieſt,
Tho not ſo wiſe or learn'd as are the reſt.
He ſeldom does to Preaching make pretence,
But does excuſe it by his want of Senſe.
Yet *Dathan* never like his Tribe was mad,
Nor were his Crimes ſo great or half ſo bad;
Dathan did never queſtion his Belief,
But pinn'd his Faith upon his Father's Sleeve;
Sometimes was in the right, but vary'd ſoon,
And chang'd his looſe Opinion with the Moon.
Dathan did with King *William*'s Intereſt cloſe,
Yet like a Sot encourag'd all his Foes.
Who but wiſe *Dathan* would his Senſe prefer,
And take the part of a Petitioner?
Favour the City Mob, ſo lately fam'd,
For Murderers and Evidences nam'd?
Yet *Dathan*, though thy Crimes too far exceed,
I'll pardon all thy Faults for one good Deed.
But damn'd *Abiram* muſt my Anger feel,
Whoſe Lewdneſs is as deep, as black as Hell,
Such as a Muſe, ſcarce as *Old Nick*, can tell.
Abiram did late *Jemmy*'s Will controul,
And made a Seventh in the famous Roll:
Abiram with 'em enter'd his Proteſt,
And grew as ſaucy as did all the reſt;
But now his Conſcience does by *Levi*'s ſquare,
And his leud Thoughts with *Levi*'s Notes compare.
Lvi to God nor to the Kingdom true,
The Elder Brother of the factious Crew;
He choſe *Abiram* out of all the Tribe,
To be his Secretary and his Scribe,
Who beſt to Mr. *Redding* might preſent
The Strength and Weakneſs of the Government;

How ſtiff the *Levites* to his Intereſt ſtood,
As true as Steel and firm as Oaken Wood.
But poor *Abiram* does the Toil endure,
Whilſt *Levi* in his Cell does ſit ſecure:
Levi of Freedom knew the worth and price,
And therefore ſent the Fools to break the Ice.
Tho ſome in forming Plots may well agree,
Yet few think good to hang for Company:
But poor *Abiram!* it would vex a Stone,
To plot in Numbers, and to hang alone.
Yet never at thy Deſtiny repine,
Hanging's the fitteſt Death for a D——ne;
For who does ever at the Gallows ſwing,
But e'er he's turned off a Pſalm does ſing?
And though thou art a dire Example made,
Thoul't leave the World in thy own way of Trade.
Nor muſt *Abiathar* be here forgot,
For he that well can write can make a Plot:
Of any Faith he never maketh doubt,
But like the Wind his Conſcience yeers about.
In lofty Strains he Tyrant *Noll* did praiſe,
And to his Fame a laſting Statue raiſe;
Who in Uſurpers praiſe employ their Pens,
Have no Affection to their lawful Prince.
Whate'er pretence to Prieſthood may belong,
Gold is their God, and Glory guides their Tongue;
Theſe even *Beelzebub* have quite outdone,
In Prieſt thy *Athens* Plagues are cram'd in one.
But now my Muſe another Story tells;
Pray hear the Sound of pious *Aaron*'s Bells,
Whoſe Strength of Zeal ſuppreſſes that of Senſe,
Where fleſh doth fail, Devotion does commence:
Tir'd with Age, of youthful Vigor free,
He is devout of meer Neceſſity;
His great Auſterity his Tribe does ſute,
He ſometimes rides, but oftner walks on foot:
Such pageant Zeal attendeth Biſhopricks,
He well may walk, where follows Coach and Six.

Nor

Nor can he pray, but where his Pictures ſtand,
To fix his Zeal, and wandring Thoughts command,
Theſe Images do pious Heats confer,
And raiſe Devotion up the Lord knows where;
He ſoars ſo high, and to the Clouds does grow,
He quite forgets all Loyalty below,
Can take no Oath nor ſwallow any Teſt,
But muſt be ſtubborn as are all the reſt.
Let laſting Infamy curſt *Zadoc* damn,
Who maketh all Religion but a Sham:
Zadoc who boaſts of Fighting, Drinking, Roaring,
And above all his mighty Strength in Whoring;
Yet to debauch his Conſcience now is loth,
And ſwears by God he cannot take the Oath:
Let *Zadoc* to his Sins ſtand firm and ſtiff,
'Till Triple Tree ſhall take the Triple F——
Next in the Liſt muſt *Eleazar* come,
A Foe to *England*, and a Friend to *Rome*.
Prieſts in Divinity take little Pains,
And with Religion ſeldom crack their Brains.
This want of Senſe made *Eleazar* run
The firſt to worſhip the ariſing Sun.
When Brother Prieſts arrived here from *Rome*,
Good *Eleazar* did invite them home:
He took his Coach, and mighty Stir he made
To be aſſiſtant at the Cavalcade;
But yet thy Coachman, as the Act expreſt,
By moſt was thought the better ſort of Prieſt;
He would not drive, nor *Rome*'s black Fiends adore,
When thou wer't but Poſtilion to the Whore;
Whilſt honeſt *Slaſh* did for his Freedom ſtrive,
Thou like the Devil unto *Rome* didſt drive:
Thy Brethren baniſh'd by the preſent Reign,
Thou long'ſt to view and welcome here again.
Not the lew'd *Levites* which arrive from *Rome*,
Are greater Villains than our Prieſts at home:
The Church's Warriors of thy py-bald Band,
That plague the Natives of this wretched Land,

That

That blow the Coals and warmer Blood ferment,
To cauſe a Fever in the Government.
I'll mention but one more, and then have done,
'Tis fighting *Joſhua* the Son of *Nun:*
Tho he to Men of Senſe is a Buffoon,
He ſerves to make a Spiritual Dragoon.
What tho he cannot preach, or pray, or write,
He 'gainſt his Country and King can fight.
He's ſtrongly arm'd with a double Sword,
To fight God's Battels and to preach his Word.
What Wonders in the Field were lately done,
By fighting *Joſhua* the Son of *Nun?*
He bravely *Monmouth* and his Force withſtood,
And made the *Weſtern* Land a Field of Blood;
There *Joſhua* did his reaking Heat aſſwage,
On every Sign-poſt gibbet up his Rage;
Glutted with Blood like ſome moſt Chriſtian Turk,
And ſcarce outdone by *Jefferies* or *Kirk*;
Yet now the Prieſt is grown a Rebel too,
And what *Monmouthian's* did, himſelf can do.
Since thou like them art equally too blame,
Their Fate was to be hang'd, be thine the ſame.
Should I of all the the leſſer Villains tell,
It would a great, a bulky Volume fill,
Fit for the Devil's Library in Heil.
Should I their Lewdneſs and their Crimes relate,
Their Luſts, their Perjuries, their Envy, Hate,
Their filthy Drunkenneſs, their height of Pride,
Their Avarice, yet Luxury beſide,
Their want of Goodneſs and their want of Senſe,
And their Repentance in the future Tenſe,
Their new-coin'd Tenets which the Pulpits fill,
Would tire *Pelling*'s Paſſive Lungs to tell.
Hophnie of old laid down his rampant Whore,
And thump'd her Carcaſe at the Temple-door:
But who can tell what tricks our Prieſts do uſe
Behind the Altar and within the Pews?

The antient *Levites* (as the times then ſtood)
Were Men of Cruelty, and Men of Blood;
The fat more harmleſs Bulls they did ſurprize,
And near the Altar ſhew the Sacrifice.
Altho the Butcher now does not take place,
The Cruelty's entail'd upon the Race;
Our Prieſts are all deſcended from that Stem,
Nero and *Aretine* are Saints to them;
They oft the Blood of War in Peace have ſpill'd,
How many Priſons has their Malice fill'd;
How many Widows have they made a Prey?
What Goods the holy Guzmans ſtole away!
Well may they grieve now, having loſt the Power
By which they Widows Houſes did devour:
That Land's accurſt, hath reaſon to lament,
Where Prieſts are made a piece of Government;
They damn our Souls and lead us weary Lives,
Miſlead our Daughters and debauch our Wives:
Whatever ſhew of Zeal the Prieſthood paints,
They are at beſt but cuckoldizing Saints;
The pious Vermin that moleſt a State,
The Source of all Diſorder and Debate;
The Bane of Princes, a tumultuous Crew,
Not ſatisfy'd with what is old or new.
For *James* they underwent a wondrous Toil,
And greas'd his Head with their Anointing Oil;
But when he to the Jeſuits tack'd about,
They as the Devil with Pray'r caſt him out.
Nor are they with their New-made Monarch glad,
(The Prieſts have ſtill a Priv'lege to be mad)
Tho eaſy, gentle, and averſe to Blood,
His only Crime, he's to his Foes too good;
Well may he have the Prieſts to be his Foes,
That even God Almighty will depoſe.

CLITO: A Poem on the Force of ELOQUENCE.

By Mr. Toland.

CLITO the Wiſe, the Generous and Good,
Better than whom none never underſtood
Or Thing or Words, wou'd yet diſtinctly know
How far the Force of Eloquence *cou'd go,*
To teach Mankind thoſe Truths which they miſtake;
And who the noble Task durſt undertake.
To Him ADEISIDÆMON *thus replies:*
O thou, whoſe Age my younger Years ſupplies
With Virtue's Precepts, and my Country's Love,
What Laws below, or Pow'rs there be above,
Made bold by thy Example, and the Fame
Of antient Heroes (whoſe immortal Name
Might ſerve alone all Errors to reform)
I ſhall the welcome Labour thus perform.

In common Words I vulgar things will tell,
And in Diſcourſe not finely ſpeak, but well.
My Phraſe ſhall clear, ſhort, unaffected be,
And all my ſpeech ſhall like my Thoughts be free;
Not grave enough to fright the Young away,
Nor yet for elder Company too gay.
But when the Crowd I'm choſen to perſuade
By long Orations for the purpoſe made;
Or by what reaches more with more ſucceſs,
The labour'd Compoſition of the Preſs:
Then ſhall my fertil Brain new Terms produce,
Or old Expreſſions bring again in uſe,
Make all Ideas with their Signs agree,
And ſooner Things than Words ſhall wanting be.

Harmonious Sounds th' attentive Ear ſhall pleaſe,
While artful Numbers Paſſions lay or raiſe;
Commanding Vigor ſhall my Thoughts convey,
And Softneſs ſeal the truth of all I ſay:
I'll ſooth the raging Mob with mildeſt Words,
Or ſluggiſh Cowards rouſe to uſe their Swords.
As furious Winds ſweep down whate'er reſiſts,
So ſhall my Tongue perform whate'er it liſts,
With large impetuous Floods of Eloquence
Tickle the Fancy and bewitch the Senſe;
Make what it will the juſteſt Cauſe appear,
And what's perplex'd or dark, look bright and clear.
Not that I would the wrongful ſide defend;
He beſt protects who's ableſt to offend:
As the ſame Force which ſerve to curb our Foes,
Can hurt thoſe Friends who on our Love repoſe,
And for whoſe ſake we wou'd our Lives expoſe.
Thus arm'd, thus ſtrong, thus fitted to perſuade,
I'll Truth protect, and Error ſtraight invade,
Diſpel thoſe Clouds that darken human Sight,
And bleſs the World with everlaſting Light.
A Noble Fury does poſſeſs my Soul,
Which all may forward, nothing can controul;
The fate of Beings, and the hopes of Men,
Shall be what pleaſes my creating Pen.
Who form'd the Univerſe, and when and why,
Or if all things were from Eternity;
What Laws to Nature were preſcrib'd by *Jove*,
Where lies his chiefeſt Reſidence above;
Or if he's only but the World's great Soul;
Or Parts the Creatures are, and God the whole
From whence all Beings their Exiſtence have,
And into which reſolv'd they find a Grave;
How nothing's loſt, tho all things change their Form,
As that's a Fly which was but now a Worm;
And Death is only to begin to be
Some other thing, which endleſs change ſhall ſee;

Then

(Then why ſhould Men to die have ſo great fear?
Tho nought's Immortal, all Eternal are.)
Whether the Stars be numerous Suns, or no,
And what's their Uſe above, or Pow'r below;
What Planet are inhabited, what not;
How many new emerg'd, what old forgot;
If the dull Earth does turn about the Sun,
Or that bright *Phœbus* round this Globe does run;
Whence the Magnetic Force; how Winds can blow;
What makes the Ocean duly ebb and flow;
How come th' alternate Seaſons of the Year,
And why the Weather's warm, cold, dull or clear;
How Animals and Plants increaſe their Kind;
And what's the Source of Life, of Soul or Mind;
How Stones or Metals, Sands or Shells are fram'd,
Shall only after me be rightly nam'd.
Thus quick as Thought I unconfin'd will fly
Thro boundleſs Space, and vaſt Eternity;
Nature to me appears in no diſguiſe,
Nor can one Atom ſcape my prying Eyes.
O Glorious Liberty! for thee I'll prove
The firmeſt Patron that e'er Tongue did move;
I'll always execute what you decree,
And be the fatal Scourge of Slavery.
Ambitious Tyrants, proud and uſeleſs Drones,
I'll firſt expoſe, then tumble from their Thrones:
Some their foul Crimes ſhall expiate by Death,
And ſome in Exile draw their hated Breath,
Their warlike Troops I ſhall with eaſe disband,
And conquer thoſe who all beſide command;
I've known a Senate with ſome magic words
For Forks and Spades transform their bloody Swords:
Thoſe hect'ring Braves, who vaunt their Force ſo loud,
A Patriot's Tongue can humble with the Crowd.
Our fearleſs Youth if theſe are at end)
Will their own Rights by their own Arms defend,
And puniſh Nations when they dare offend.

But by the Soul of him who *Julian* kill'd,
When I perceive the Oracle fulfill'd,
Which was to me pronounc'd by Men Divine,
That *All goes well when Whigs and Tories joyn*;
I'll ſing the Triumphs of the Good Old Cauſe,
Eſtabliſh Juſtice, reinthrone the Laws,
Reſtore the Nation to its perfect health,
Then Pow'r uſurp'd deſtroy, and form a Common-
But what in faint Ideas I conceive, [wealth.
A matchleſs Hero will by Facts atchieve;
That Freedom he reſtor'd he will maintain,
Incourage Merit, and lewd Vice reſtrain.
Our Laws, Religion, Arms, our Coin and Trade,
All flouriſh under him, before decay'd;
In this more ſafe, more mighty, and renown'd,
Than if ten thouſand Succeſſors he crown'd:
For oft a juſt and valiant Prince's Name
Degenerate Sons by horrid Crimes defame.
Her *Brutus Rome* had not ſo long ador'd,
If he had made himſelf her Sov'reign Lord.
O Godlike *Brutus!* for thy Country's Good
Thou didſt not ſhrink to ſhed thy Children's Blood!
And ſure at home if thou wer't ſo ſevere,
Thou'dſt never labour for a foreign Heir.
But more than Tongues can ſpeak, or Pens improve,
The World and I expect from *William*'s Love,
His People's Darling, Heaven's peculiar Care,
The Branch of Peace, and Thunderbolt of War.
Thrice happy they who ſee thy Youth renew'd,
O potent *Britain!* thy worſt Foes ſubdu'd,
The proudeſt Kingdoms for thy Friendſhip ſue,
And all free States their Safety place in You.
Their Products Eaſt and Weſt ſhall ſend to thee,
Both *Indies* gladly will thy Handmaids be;
The North unlocks her adamantin Door,
And what the South conceals thou ſhalt explore.
Thy mighty Fleets our Honour will regain,
And the Flag's Triumph e'ery where maintain.

Thy

Thy Sons ſhall reap freſh Laurels near and far,
Umpires of Peace and Leaders ſtill in War.
High Heaven alone ſhall o'er thy Buildings ſway,
And that alone be fairer thought than they.
Submiſſive Kings ſhall on thy Senate wait,
While Nations thence expect to hear their Fate.
Let Learning then and Manners be thy care,
The proud to humble, the Diſtreſs'd to ſpare,
And to free thoſe who ſlaviſh Fetters wear.
But what if Tyrants ne'er were heard of more?
What ſerves it equal Freedom to reſtore,
So long as other Monſters, worſe than they,
Rule all Mankind with a deſpotic Sway?
Theſe are fit Objects of a Hero's rage;
But where's the *Herc'les* to redeem the Age?
No longer thus the World ſhall be miſled
By him that's falſly call'd th' Unerring Head.
His Triple Crown I ſcornfully will ſpurn,
And his proud Seat to heaps of Rubbiſh turn,
Fright all his Vaſſals into Dens and Caves,
Then ſmoak to death the ſacrilegious Slaves.
The ſwarming Herds of crafty Prieſts and Monks,
The Female Orders of Religious Punks,
Cardinals, *Patriarchs*, *Metropolitans*,
Franciſcans, *Jeſuits*, *Dominicans*,
And ſuch like barbarous Names Eccleſiaſtic,
Such ſuperſtitious, villanous fantaſtic,
Coz'ning Rogues I'll evermore diſturb,
Senſe ſhall their Doctrines, Force their Malice curb.
Nor will I here deſiſt; all Holy Cheats
Of all Religions ſhall partake my Threats,
Whether with ſable Gowns they ſhow their Pride,
Or under Cloaks their Knavery they hide,
Or whatſoe'er diſguiſe they chuſe to wear
To gull the People, while their Spoils they ſhare.
As much as we revere thoſe worthy Men,
Who teach what's peaceful, neceſſary, plain;

So much we ſhou'd ſuch Hypocrites impeach,
As only Jargo, Strife, and Empire preach.
Religion ſafe, with Prieſtcraft is the War;
All Friends to Prieſtcraft, Foes of Mankind are.
Their impious Fanes and Altars I'll overthrow,
And the whole Farce of their feign Saintſhip ſhow;
Their pious Tricks diſcloſe; their Murd'ring Zeal,
And all their awful Myſteries reveal;
Their lying Prophets, and their jugling Thieves
Diſcredit quite; their fooliſh Books (as Leaves
From Trees in Autumn fall) I'll ſcatter wide,
And ſhew thoſe Fables which they fain wou'd hide.

When I h've perform'd theſe Feats, new Danger calls;
From Earth I'll ſoar, and ſcale high Heaven's Walls
To pull falſe Gods from thence, that Men may ſee
There's but one, True, All-perfect Deity.
Sound Reaſon is the Law that likes him beſt,
Of Good and Ill the Never-erring Teſt.
His ſacred Temple's every good Man'sHeart,
Where his choice Gifts he freely does impart;
But they deſerve and ſhare his firſt Applauſe,
Who ſtakes their Lives in their dear Country's Cauſe.
An honeſt Mind is the beſt Pray'r he needs;
Paid with good Works, for him no Victim bleeds.
With Forms and Poſtures he is never pleas'd,
Nor is his Wrath with Bribes to be appeas'd:
But, happy in himſelf, he neither wants
Ought we can give, or better Bleſſing grants
Than ſolid Senſe, and an induſtrious Pain,
Riches with this, Wiſdom with that to gain.

From this high Steep with haſty flight I'll bend,
And to the Boſom of the Earth deſcend;
To thoſe dark Shades I'll introduce the Day,
And the vain Terrors of Hell's Court diſplay.
But wiched Deeds ſhall not unpuniſh'd go,
Tho not as Prieſts and Poets faſly ſhow.

Thoſe

Thoſe Old-wives Tales, imaginary Fears,
The cauſe of Horror, and the ſource of Tears,
I'll ſoon deſtroy; extinguiſh all their Flames,
Dry up their Rivers, break their ratling Chains,
Poyſon their Serpents, fright each hideous Form,
Cerberus choke, and *Pluto*'s Caſtle ſtorm.
Legions of Fiends to Atoms I'll reduce,
And leave bad Men no Tempter for excuſe,
But ſuch lewd Thoughts as their vain Fancy draws,
Rebels to Reaſon's juſt and eaſy Laws.
The beſt Repentance is to ſin no more,
And to the Owners what they've loſt reſtore.
Hell's always flaming in a Villain's Mind,
Who's ſelf-condemn'd, abhorr'd of all Mankind,
And ſtill ſuſpicious of a Foe behind.
Virtue's its own Reward; nor Rage of Foes,
Nor Frowns of Friends can Virtue Diſcompoſe.
Tho Malice, Fraud, and Envy may combine,
Spite of their Fury Innocence will ſhine.
An honeſt Man, when thouſand treat him ill,
His conſcious Virtue will ſupport him ſtill;
Till undeceiv'd, the World repairs his Fame,
Life yields him Honor, Death a glorious Name.
Thus pow'rful *Eloquence* ſhall teach the Wiſe
Vile and abſurd Inventions to deſpiſe;
And Fools will mend when abler Men exhort,
Or by ſtrict Laws are kept from doing hurt.
But as no Rule without Exception is,
So Fools in Learning come not under this;
For neither Brains nor Books make them improve,
Nor Laws reſtrain, ſo much they Miſchief love.
The eaſieſt things they ſpeak in Terms uncouth,
And empty Notions hug for ſolid Truth,
Sworn Foes to Reaſon, whoſe reſiſtleſs Light
Condemns their Pride and Iguorance to Night:
Slaves to Authority, the Baue of Schools,
Becauſe all Times have Precedents for Fools.

If in right ways I cannot ſuch direct,
I'll ſpoil their Trade, their Vanity detect.
As ſick Men order'd by their Doctors Bills
To breathe that Air which quickly cures or kills;
So ſhall my Words like Thunderbolts be hurl'd,
And will confound or mend the erring World.
But when from Cares and publick Buſineſs free,
Bright *Victorina* my lov'd Theme ſhall be;
The ſofteſt Words the ſweeteſt things will tell,
And all I write or ſpeak be fine and well.
When ſhe inſpires, I muſt great things purſue;
If ſhe approv'd, what wonders cou'd I do?
I ſhou'd than all to come diſcover more,
And would eclipſe thoſe Lights which ſhin'd before.
But her dear Image calms my raging Breaſt,
All ſhould be ſtill to lodg ſo fair a Gueſt,
Who hating me, I'm curſt; or loving, ever bleſt.

Thus far I ſpoke; and Clito *all approv'd,*
Except what laſt was ſaid of her I lov'd.
He did not blame my paſſion, and allow'd
A virtuous Woman's Heart might well be woo'd;
But that her Hate (like other Ills) the Wiſe
Shou'd ſoften firſt, or miſſing that, deſpiſe:
For Cowards loſe by a too quick Deſpair
What's gain'd by nobler Souls who perſevere,
And in Succeſs or Merit Victors are.

We part; and each went where he wiſh'd to be,
I to my Study, to his Garden He.

Some

Some Verſes ſent by a Friend to one who twice ventur'd his Carcaſe in Marriage.

THE Husband's the Pilot, the Wife is the Ocean,
He always in danger, ſhe always in motion;
And he that in Wedlock twice hazards his Carcaſe,
Twice ventures the Drowning, and Faith that's a hard [caſe.
Even at our own Weapons the Females defeat us,
And Death, only Death can ſign our *Quietus*
Not to tell you ſad Stories of Liberty loſt,
Our Mirth is all pall'd, and our Meaſures all croſt;
That Pagan Confinement, that damnable Station,
Sutes no other States or Degrees in the Nation.
The *Levite* it keeps from Parochial Duty,
For who can at once mind Religion and Beauty?
The Rich it alarms with Expences and Trouble,
And a poor Beaſt, you know, can ſcarce carry double.
'Twas invented they tell you to keep us from falling,
O the Virtues and Graces of ſhrill Caterwawling!
[Sir,
How it palls in your Gain; but pray how do you know
How often your Neighbour breaks in your Incloſure?
For this is the principal Comforts of Marriage,
You muſt eat tho a hundred have ſpit in your Porridg.
If at night you're unactive, or fail in performing,
Enter Thunder and Lightning, and Blood-ſhed next [Morning;
Luſt's the Bone of your Shanks, O dear Mr. *Horner*.
This comes of your ſinning with Crape in a Corner.
[rally,
Then to make up the Breach all your Strength you muſt
And labour and ſweat like a Slave in a Gally;

And

And ſtill you muſt charge, O bleſſed Condition!
Thou you know, to your coſt, you have no more Am-
[munition:
Till at laſt the poor Tool of a mortified Man
Is unable to make a poor Flaſh in the Pan.
Fire, Flood, and Female begin with a Letter,
But for all the World's not a Farthing the better.
[humble,
Your Flood is ſoon gone, and your Fire you muſt
If into Flames ſtore of Water you tumble;
[lation,
But to cure the damn'd Luſt of your Wife's Titi-
[tion,
You may uſe all the Engines and Pumps in the Na-
As well you may piſs out the laſt Conflagration.
And thus I have ſent you my Thoughts of the matter,
You may judg as you pleaſe, I ſcorn for to flatter,
I could ſay much more, but here ends the Chapter.

Signior Dildoe, *by the Earl of* Rocheſter, 1678.

1.

YOU Ladies all of merry *England*,
Who have been to kiſs the Dutcheſs's Hand
Pray, did you not lately obſerve in the ſhow
A noble *Italian*, call'd Signior *Dildoe?*

2.

This Signior was of the Dutcheſſes Train,
And help'd to conduct her over the Main;
But now ſhe cries out to the Duke, I will go,
I have no more need for Signior *Dildoe.*

3.

At the Sign of the Croſs in Saint *James*'s Street,
When next you go thither to make your ſelves ſweet,
By buying of Powder, Gloves, Eſſence or ſo,
You may chance to get a ſight of Signior *Dildoe.*

4. You

4.

You would take him at firſt for no Perſon of Note,
Becauſe he appears in plain Leather Coat;
But when you his vertuous Abilities know,
You would fall down and worſhip Signior *Dildoe.*

5.

My Lady *Louthesk*, Heaven proſper her for't,
Firſt clothd him in Sattin, then brought him to Court;
But his Head in the Circle he ſcarcely durſt ſhow,
So modeſt a Youth was Signior *Dildoe.*

6.

The good Lady *Suffolk* thinking no harm,
Had got this poor Stranger hid under her Arm:
Lady *Betty* by chance came the Secret to know,
And from her own Mother ſtole Signior *Dildoe.*

7.

The Counteſs of *Falmouth* of whom People tell,
Her Footmen wore Shirts of a Guinea an Ell,
Might ſave that Expence, if ſhe did know
ow luſty a Swinger is Signior *Dildoe.*

8.

By the help of this Gallant the Counteſs of *Rafe*,
Againſt the fierce *Harris* preſerv'd her ſelf ſafe;
She Stifled him almoſt beneath her Pillow,
So cloſely ſhe embraced Signior *Dildoe.*

9.

The Pattern of Vertue her Grace of *Cl——land*,
Has ſwallow'd more P——s than the Nation has Land;
But by rubbing and ſcrubbing ſo wide it does grow,
It is fit for juſt nothing but Signior *Dildoe.*

10.

Our dainty fine Dutcheſs having got a Trick,
To dote on a Fool for the ſake of his ——
The Fops were undone, did their Graces but know,
The Diſcretion and Vigout of Signior *Dildoe.*

11.

The Dutceſs of *M——na*, tho ſhe looks ſo high,
With ſuch a Gallant is content to lie;

And

And left the *Engliſh* her Secrets ſhould know,
For her Gentleman Uſher took Signior *Dildoe*.

12. [Name?)

The Counteſs of the Cockpit (who knows not her
She's famous in Story for a killing Dame;
When all her old Lovers forſake her, I trow,
She'll then be contented with Signior *Dildoe*.

13.

Red *Howard*, red *Sheldon*, and *Temple* ſo tall,
Complain of his Abſence ſo long from *Whitehall*;
Signior *Barnard* has promis'd a Journey to go,
And bring back his Country-man Signior *Dildoe*.

14.

Moll Howard no longer with his Highneſs muſt range,
And therefore is proffered this Civil Exchange;
Her Teeth being rotten, ſhe ſmells beſt below,
And needs muſt be fitted for Signior *Dildoe*.

15.

Saint Albans with Wrinkles and Smiles in his Face,
Whoſe Kindneſs to Strangers becomes his high Place;
In his Coach and ſix Horſes is gone to pergo,
To take the freſh Air with Signior *Dildoe*.

16.

Were this Signior but known to the Citizen Fops
He'd keep their fine Wives from the Foremen of their [Shops;
But the Raſcals deſerve their Horns ſhould ſtill grow,
For burning the *Pope* and his Nephew *Dildoe*.

17.

Tom Killigrew's Wife, that *Holland* fine Flower,
At the ſight of this Signior did fart and belch four;
And her *Dutch* Breeding the further to ſhow,
Says, Welcome to *England* Myne Heer Van *Dildoe*.

18.

He civilly came to the Cockpit one night,
And proffer'd his Service to fair Madam *Knight*;
Quoth ſhe, I intreague with Captain *Cazzo*,
Your Noſe in mine A——good Signior *Dildoe*.

19. This

19.

This Signior is ſound, ſafe, ready and dumb,
As ever was Candle, Carrot, or your Thumb;
Then away with the naſty Devices, and ſhow
How you rate the juſt Merit of Signior *Dildoe.*

20.

Count *Cazzo*, who carries his Noſe very high,
In Paſſion he ſwore his Rival ſhould die,
Then ſhut himſelf up to let the World know,
Fleſh and Blood could not bear it from Signior *Dildoe.*

21.

A Rabble of P—— s who were welcome before,
Now finding the Porter denied them the Door,
Maliciouſly waited his coming below,
And inhumanly fell on Signior *Dildoe.*

22.

Nigh wearied out, the poor Stranger did fly,
And along the *Pall Mall* they followed full Cry;
The Women concern'd, from every Window
Cry'd, For Heaven's ſake, ſave Signior *Dildoe.*

23.

The good Lady *Sands* burſt into a Laughter,
To ſee how the B——ks came wobbling after;
And had not their weight retarded the Foe,
Indeed it had gone hard with Signior *Dildoe.*

The Encouragement, by the Earl of Rocheſter.

'TIS the *Arabian* Bird alone
Lives chaſt, becauſe there is but one;
But had Dame Nature made them two,
They would like Birds and Sparrows do.

The

The Commons *Petition to the King, by the Earl of* Rocheſter.

IN all Humility we crave
Our Sovereign may be our Slave,
And humbly beg that he may be
Betray'd to us moſt loyally;
And if he pleaſes to lay down
His Scepter, Dignity, and Crown,
We'll make him for the time to come
The greateſt Prince in *Chriſtendom*.

King's Anſwer.

Charles at this Time having no need,
Thanks you as much as if he did.

A Satyr by the Lord Rocheſter, *which King* Charles *took out of his Pocket.*

PReſerv'd by Wonder in the Oak, O *Charles*,
And then brought in by the Duke of *Albemarle*;
The firſt by Providence, the next all Devil,
Shew th'art a Compound made of Good and Evil:
The Bad we've too long known, the Good's to come,
But not expected till the day of Doom.
Was ever Prince's Soul ſo meanly poor,
To be a Slave to every little Whore?
The Seaman's Needle nimbly points the Pole,
But thine ſtill points to every craving Hole;
Which Wolf-like in that Breaſt raw Fleſh devours,
And muſt be fed all Seaſons and all Hours.

C—— is the Manſion Houſe where thou doſt dwell,
But thou art fix'd as Tortoiſe to her Shell,
Whoſe Head peeps out a little now and then
To take the Air, and then creeps in agen.
Strong is thy Luſt, in C—— thour't always diving,
And I dare ſwear thou pray'ſt to die a S——.
How poorly ſquanderſt thou thy Seed away,
Who ſhould get Kings for Nations to obey?
But thou poor Prince ſo uſeleſly haſt ſown it,
That the Creation is aſham'd to own it;
Witneſs the Royal Lives ſprung from the Belly
Of thy anointed Princeſs Madam *Nelly*,
Whoſe firſt Employment was with open Throat
To cry freſh Herrings, even Ten a Groat:
Then was by Madam *Roſs* expos'd to Town,
I mean to thoſe who will give half a Crown:
Next in the Play-houſe ſhe took her Degree,
As Men commence at Univerſity.
No Doctors till they've Maſters been before,
So no Players till they've been a Whore.
Look back and ſee the People mad with Rage,
To ſee the Bitch in ſuch an Equipage;
And every day that they the Monſter ſee,
They let 10000 Curſes fly at thee:
Allow'd in publick Streets they uſe thee thus,
And none dare check them they're ſo numerous.
Stopping the Bank in thee was only great,
But in a Subject it had been a Cheat.
To pay thy Debts what Sum canſt thou advance,
Now thy Exchequer is remov'd to *France*,
T' inrich a Harlot all made up of *French*,
Not worthy to be call'd a Whore, but Wench?
Cl——land indeed deſerves that noble Name,
Whoſe monſtrous Lechery exceeds all Fame;
The Empreſs *Meſſaline* was cloy'd with Luſt at laſt,
But you could never ſatisfy this Beaſt:
Cl——land, I ſay, is much to be admir'd,
Altho ſhe ne'er was ſatisfied or tir'd.

Full 40 Men a day provided for this Whore,
Yet, like a Bitch she wags her Tail for more.
Where are the Bishops now? Where are their Bawdy Court?
Instead of Penance, they indulge the Sport;
For standing in white Sheets their Penance cools,
And's only fit for *Frenchmen* and for Fools.
O Heavens! wert thou for this loose Life preserv'd?
Are there no Gods nor Laws to be observ'd?
Nineveh repented after forty Days;
Be yet a King, and wear the Royal Bays:
But *Jonas* Threats will ne'er awaken thee,
Repentance is too mean for Majesty.
Go practice *Heliogabalus* his Sin,
Forget to be a Man, and learn to spin;
Go dally with the Women on their Wheels,
Till *Nero*-like they pull thee out by th' Heels:
Go read what *Mahomet* did (that was a thing
Did well become the Grandeur of a King)
Who all transported with his Mistress Charms,
And never pleas'd but in her lovely Arms;
Yet when his Janizaries wish'd her dead,
With his own Hand cut off *Irene*'s Head:
Make such a Practice with thy self as this,
Then thou mayst once more tast of Happiness;
Each one will love thee and the Parliament
Will their unkind and stubborn Votes repent,
And at your Feet lay open all their Purses,
And give you all their Prayers unmix'd with Curses.
All this I wish, altho I'm not your Friend,
Till like a Child you promise to amend;
If not, you'l find your Subjects rugged Stuff,
But now I think on't, I have said enough.

An Epitaph on a Stumbling-Horſe.

HERE lies a Horſe beneath this Stone,
Who living oft hath lain on one:
A noble Steed, who as he went
Proclaimed ſtill his great Deſcent
A proudly headed Nag he was,
And hence it often came to paſs
That he his Feet not valued,
But ſtill ſtood much upon his Head.
He was no War-Horſe yet he knew
The Art to *ſquot* and lie *perdieu*.
Yet many a Horſe long train'd in Wars
Had never half ſo many Scars;
There's only this ſmall difference in't,
Theirs were of Steel, and his of Flint.
He was no Hunter nor did care
To follow Chaſe of Fox or Hare;
Yet had this property of Hound,
He ſtill was ſmelling on the Ground.
And tho Dame Nature did not frame
Him for a finder of the Game,
Yet were it loſt, none certainly
Would ſooner ſtumble on't than he.
He was no Racer, as ſome ſay,
Tho ſome conclude the other way,
And ſay for ſwiftneſs he might run
Againſt the Horſes of the Sun:
For tho full ſwift *Don Phœbus* be,
This would be ſooner down than he.
For his Opinion, Critick Wit
Does very much in gueſſing it.
Some ſay he was Conformiſt Breed,
He bow'd ſo low: but ſome this Steed
Think may for Nonconformiſt go,
At every thing he ſtumbles ſo.

Some think him *Presbyter*, 'cauſe he
Brings *Rider* down to Parity.
But ſome ſay no; for by this knack
He ſtill throws *Jockey* from his back.
Some think him *Papiſt*, 'cauſe ſo prone
He was to worſhipping of Stone.
Some think again, that tripping he
Confutes Infallibility;
But moſt allow him, which is worſe
No more Religion than a Horſe.
Well now he's dead, no wonder is't,
For Mother Earth long ſince he kiſt;
And what it was, full well did know
To turn his heels up long ago.
If any to inquire ſhall pleaſe
What caus'd his death, 'twas a Diſeaſe
Call'd *Epilepſe* by learned *Leech*,
But *Fallingſickneſs* in plain ſpeech.
And now good Coroner, ſince he hath
By his own ſtumbling caus'd his death,
In Kings High-way pray let him reſt,
With this Inſcription on his Breaſt.

Deſpiſe me not ye paſſing Steeds,
Nor toſs in ſcorn your lofty Heads:
What mine is now, may be your lot;
For where's the Horſe that ſtumbles not?
But ſince my Charity does enjoin
To wiſh you milder fates than mine;
When e'er it is your hap to ſtumble,
Oh may you trip, *but never* tumble.

Ad Populum Phaleræ: or the Twin-Shams.

OF all the Cheats and Shams that of late
Shock'd our Religion, and embroil'd our State,
None more abuſe and leave us in the Lurch,
Than thoſe falſe Cries of *Monarchy* and *Church*:
To theſe bewitching Sounds, theſe mighty Charms,
We chiefly owe the Miſeries and Harms
That fill'd the two laſt Reigns; and tho at laſt
Kind Heav'n an Eye upon our Bondage caſt,
And opportunely to our Reſcue ſent,
Theſe plague us ſtill, and clog our Settlement.
So when the *Hebrew Chief*, on *Egypt*'s Strand,
Such Wonders wrought by the Almighty's Hand,
That the wiſh'd Freedom was almoſt obtain'd,
Two *Sham Magicians* ſet it back again.

I.

For *Monarchy*; it is by all confeſs'd
Our Antient Government, that ſutes us beſt;
Our Legal Form, to which our Statutes bind,
By Laws ſupported, and by Laws defin'd.
And more what can be ask'd? But when this Name
Shall ſore an Heav'nly Pitch, and Kindred claim
With *Jove* himſelf: when boundleſs Rule and free,
Contemning Laws, ſhall fetch its Pedigree
From Sacred Writ, and be impos'd upon
The World, on pain of dire Damnation;
The *Filmer*'s Tribe, with their Paternal Farce,
Into one Houſe ſhall cramp the Univerſe;
That *Noah*'s Heirs deſpotickly might rule,
Altho a Cobler, Mad-man, Knave or Fool:
When *Hodge* and *Parker*'s Doctrines do revive,
Which God Almighty's Pow'r to Monarchs give,

To rule the World with ſuch a Perfect Sway,
That they the *Potters* are, and we the *Clay* :
We rub our Eyes, and quickly are aware
What the Reſult of ſuch wild Maxims are.
For then our Laws are Mockery and Sport,
Our Judges are but Heraulds to the Court.
Our *Antient Rolls*, grown uſeleſs to preſerve
Our *Rights*, may then for Taylors Meaſures ſerve,
Or Childrens Drums; our *Property* and *Claims*
Are all but bluſtering Sounds and empty Names:
Our *Charters* too are void, though ſworn and ſign'd,
For no Conceſſions *Right Divine* can bind.
Who ſtrives to limit ſuch a Sov'reign Head,
Fetters *Levi'than* with a ſingle Thread:
Heav'ns darling, he was only made to ſport,
And take his Paſtime in the Watry Court,
Where all th' inferiour Mutes, and leſſer Fry,
Are but his Chattels, Goods and Property.
Then talk of nat'ral Liberty no more,
Equality of Souls is out of door,
All, but of Kings, were ſtamp'd for Slaves and Poor.
And were they viſible, you might deſcry
The native Badges of Servility :
As Camels ſhew they were deſign'd for Packs,
By nat'ral Pack-ſaddles upon their Backs.
Such Notions well might ſute the former Reigns,
When *French* and *Turkiſh* Models fill'd our Brains;
But under one who Champion comes to be
Of *England*'s, and of *Europe*'s Liberty,
Such Language needs muſt grate upon our Ears,
And midſt our Joys and Hopes, muſt whiſper Fears:
When ſuch for Patriots paſs, who t'other Day
Were the known Tools of Arbitrary Sway;
And thoſe that *Engliſh Laws* and *Freedoms* plead,
Republicans are preſently decreed,
Altho the Men that Crown'd our Prince's Head.
When ſuch Diſcourſes fill the Town, what leſs
Can be deſign'd than *James*'s Re-acceſs?

By

By blackning thoſe who have ſo plainly ſhown
Themſelves the *beſt Supporters of the Throne.*
Or elſe they fain would tempt the *Royal Breaſt*
To more deſire of Rule, than will conſiſt
With Engliſh Laws, or with his *Oath and Word,*
That of his Subjects he might be abhorr'd;
And ſo might pave the *abſent Prince's* Way,
And fall the *Gallick Tyrant's* eaſy Prey.
But Heav'n, that at the *Boyne* its Power did ſhew,
We hope will ſave him from theſe Flatt'rers too,
More dangerous than *grazing Ball* that flew.

II.

But, *O the Church!* that, that's the ſecond Cry,
As *very a Sham* as that of *Monarchy*:
For while the *Letters* in our Ears do ring,
The *Cabala* is quite another thing.
Some mean by *Church down-right Debauchery*;
For tho our Church abhors ſuch Villany,
Yet when a Sot or Bully, reeking from
Tavern or Brothel, to a Church doth come,
Mumbling his Oriſons without Regard,
To charm his Conſcience, more than to be heard,
That he might ſin a freſh with greater Guſt,
(As *Turks* with *Opium* fortify their Luſt)
Then, *Ah the Church!* the *Church*! that ſacred Name
Muſt ſerve to hollow his impurer Flame;
Cancel *old* Sins, and qualify for *new*,
Give *Abſolution*, and a *Licence* too.
So when he hugs the Sanctuary-Walls,
Himſelf a Saint, the *Malefactor* falls;
Chriſtens his Fears, and from the ſacred Stone
Hath turn'd his Flight into *Devotion.*
So *Temples* were by Heathens made their *Stews*,
And *Dens of Thieves* and *Robbers* by the *Jews.*
So *Eli's* Sons, who at the very Doors
Of the Aſſembly made the Women Whores,
Where *Church-men* too, but to the Church's Coſt;
For by ſuch *Church-men* ſoon the Ark was loſt.

With others, Name of *Church* doth ſignify
A mere miſplaced Zeal and Bigotry
For *Rites* and *Ceremonies*, and theſe too
The very *worſt and meaneſt* of the Crew;
Such as perhaps the Church might better ſpare,
And more her Blemiſh than her Beauty are.
Live as you liſt, this Man doth not regard;
Infringe her *Doctrines* too, he is not ſtirr'd:
But touch a *Surplice*, or an *Eaſtern Nod*,
You wound his *Darling*, and blaſpheme his God.
Ask him but whence unlighted Candles came?
And ſtraight the Man himſelf is in a Flame:
Speak but againſt the *Croſs*, he'l read your doom,
That you deſerve to hang in *Giſmas* Room:
He'd rather have two *Eaſters* in a Year,
Than to diſturb the *ſacred Calendar*.
What moſt is ſcrupled, that he values moſt;
And rather would have all Diſſenters loſt
Than *old Tranſlation* ſhould be refitted,
Or *Tobit* and his *Dog* ſhould be omitted.
He joys when Service in the *Chancel*'s read,
Tho half the People hear not what is ſaid.
Adores an Organ, tho he needs muſt know
That when the Heavenly Boreas doth blow,
The Senſe too oft is murder'd by the Sound,
And many a Pſalm *feloniouſly* is drown'd.
And if you do but liſp of Alteration,
Then ſtraight *Vox Cleri* muſt alarm the Nation:
You're then *Phanatick*, *Neuter*, *Half-way-man*,
Or mungrel *Latitudinarian*;
You pull the Church down; for it will ſurely fall,
If you but pick one pebble from the Wall:
Or tho you never move the ſmalleſt Stone,
'Tis Sacrilege to pull the Ivy down
So *Pedants* count themſelves the beſt Orators,
And *Fops* and *Beaus* the only Courtiers.
So Dancing-Maſters walk the Fields by Rules,
Whilſt all the World proclaims them formal Fools.

A third, by *Church*, mean *Perſecution*,
A right Church-militant with Sword and Gun:
A Church that governs more by Fear than Love,
And more hath of the Eagle than the Dove:
A Church that into *Swords* doth beat her *Shares*,
And all her *Pruning-books* converts to *Spears*,
'Ah could we but theſe Vermin hunt to Death
'By *five and thirtieth* of *Elizabeth*;
'Or plague them by Impriſonment or Fine,
'Until we had compell'd them to come in,
'Twere brave indeed! but ſince that's laid aſleep,
'And (which is ſtill a Wound more wide and deep)
'A free and legal Toleration
'Is gain'd for all that do our Doctrines own;
'What help remains, the Church doth gaſping lie,
'And all is loſt beyond Recovery!
But hold Sir! Is't *impoſſible* to ſave
The *Church's Life*, and keep her from the Grave,
Unleſs theſe *Steel Preſcriptions* we have?
Pray tell me how in Ages Primitive
She made a ſhift to keep her ſelf alive,
And flouriſh'd too? Or elſe reſolve me how
All pious Paſtors hold up Churches now
By *Preaching* and *good Life?* and ſo may you.
The way is open, imitate your Lord,
And *that alone* will Followers afford:
Moſt Men are not ſo giddy as to ſcorn
Good Sermons more at Church than in a Barn,
Or think an Heav'nly Life leſs fair doth look
Under a Gown and Caſſock than a Cloke.
But if you rather chooſe to prop your Cauſe
By violent and compulſory Laws,
Which is *Dragooning* in the beſt Edition,
(Or younger Brother to an *Inquiſition*)
Your Church will meet the Fate of Tyranny,
Hated to live, and ſoon unpitied, die.
The laſt of thoſe pretended Cheats and Shams,
Doth [by the *Church*] at bottom mean King *James*:

Let

Let one that's true to *William's* Intereſt
(Altho as good a Churchman as the beſt)
Attempt to ſtand at an Election,
Straight he's a *Whig*: the *Church is quite undone!*
But for a truſty Spark, that ſecretly
Drink *James's Health*, when knows his Company,
They'l rend the Welkin with their bellowing Cry.
There needs no *Oedipus* t'unriddle this;
Church is the *Apologue*, and *James* the Moral is.
But if you think indeed King *James* your Friend,
And that your Church he'l mightily defend;
Then pray, to do King *Lewis* Right, remember
Give him the Stile too, of your *Great Defender*;
Who liſt'ning to the Groans of the Oppreſs'd,
In *pure Compaſſion* ſent his Fleet from *Breſt*.
This would reſolve the Queſtion, whether *France*
Came hither by Agreement or by Chance?
Or if the laſt abortive *Letter-Plot*
Was to be finiſht by *French* Force or not?
And who muſt pay him his expended Pelf?
Or if he wou'd not *wiſely* pay himſelf?
And ballancing the Charge againſt the Gains,
Reſcue the Church, and take it for his Pains!
But whatſoever Int'reſt was intended
By *French Invaſion* to be befriended,
'Tis all a Caſe, the Treaſon is the ſame,
Whoe'er the Authors are; and if the Name
Of *Church* muſt ſhelter ev'ry *Plotting Knave*,
(As once the Ark did Toads and Vipers ſave)
Both Church and State, ſo late at Ruin's Brink,
Sav'd in a *Storm*, will in the *Harbour* ſink.

The

The CAMPAIN,

1692.

WHEN People find their Money ſpent,
They *recollect* which *way it* went,
The like in order to *prevent*
for th' Future.

That *Money*'s ſpent I need not tell,
For what I know not very well
Unleſs to make Folks to Rebel
or Tutor.

But leſt you think it ſpent in vain,
And of our Hero's Acts Complain,
I will diſcribe this laſt Campaign
in *Flanders*.

With *Treaſure*, *Ships*, and *arms* good ſtore,
To make the *French* (as we be) poor,
He did embark with many more
Commanders.

While Cares were fighting in his Breaſt,
And nothing left (but *Wife*) unpreſt,
He took, not ſtaying to be bleſs'd,
his Ark Sir.

Haſtning to make ſome work for Verſe.
Fit for dull *Dutchmen* to rehearſe,
Where *Wit* and *Courage* are ſo ſcarce;
d'ye mark Sir.

He was no ſooner ſet on ſhore,
When News came *Poſt* that *Luxembur'*
Had actually beſieg'd *Namur*,
nigh *Liege* Sir.

This

This *Action* put him in a maze,
Fearing if he ſhould make *delays*,
It would be difficult to raiſe
the Siege Sir.

With that he muſter'd all his Force,
Full four ſcore thouſand Foot and Horſe,
That never flinch'd or hung an Arſe
when fighting.

And march'd away with Noble Train;
But all Endeavours prov'd in vain,
There were ſuch Storms of Thunder, Rain,
And Lightning.

The *filthy Seaſon* made him *fret*;
Not that he *fear'd* the *French* a bit,
But that it was ſuch *plaguy* wet
raw Weather.

We boldly view'd their *dirty Paſſes*,
And *ſtrong Retrenchments* where no *Graſs* is,
And ſo retir'd like *driven Aſſes*
together.

For not attempting once to fight,
Namur was taken in our ſight,
Though from the Town we lay not quite
a Mile, Sir.

The *ſtrength* of *Flanders* ſo was *won*,
And *W*——*bravely* ſaw it done,
And unconcernedly lookt on
the while, Sir.

The *Dutch*, who better knew the Land,
Found it too *ſlippery* to *ſtand*,
And therefore would not be *trapann'd*,
as we were.

For ſo to *Fight* at any *rate*,
Without *Aſſurance* of their *Fate*,
Or a reſpect to *Future State*,
is not fair.

Low

Low Country Courage thus expreſs'd,
His highneſs thought it time to *reſt*,
And full *three Months* he took at leaſt
to do it.

When ſo *refreſh'd*, in *haſt* he roſe,
And *ſwore* (for 'twas his *turn* t' oppoſe)
He'd be *reveng'd*, and make his Foes
to rue it.

To carry on this great *Deſign*,
Early on Morning very fine,
He did *reſolve* to force their *Line*
and Trenches.

With Swords, and Guns, and Hand-Granadoes,
He made his way through *Ambuſcadoes*,
And beat down ſome o'th *Paliſadoes*
of the *Frenches*.

So there began a *warm Diſpute*,
The *French* were ſtrong and held him to't;
For *Æſop* order'd all his Foot
to draw forth.

When *Two* Fight, one muſt almoſt beat,
'Tis ſaid; but that's a meer *deceit*;
For *W*——— only did *retreat*,
and ſo forth.

He left indeed Six thouſand Dead,
At leaſt they were diſpirited,
Twelve hundred, ſome ſay, were Pris'ners, made,
but I won't.

The *French* did ſoon decamp we find,
As if to Fight no more inclin'd,
Leaving the Lord knows what behind,
for I don't.

What if this great *Attempt* did fail?
He had another to prevail,
That Monſieur might his Stars bewail
with ſorrow.

Louis in *hopes* was made to *fly*,
His *Conqueſts* left to *W——* to *buy*;
To'th *Commonwealth* his *Tyranny*
to borrow.

'Twas a *Deſcent*, you underſtand,
On the *French* Coaſts ſome Men to land,
To reſcue Traitors from the hand
of *Lewis*.

Old Laws of *France* there to reſtore,
As *England*'s he had done before;
But ſome will ha't to *break* 'em more,
moſt true is.

Suppoſe all Kings alike for eaſe,
And the *Name* only not to pleaſe,
(Old *Things* with us are a Diſeaſe)
'twere madneſs;

While *Lewis*'s Glory does commence,
T'exchange him for a creeping Prince,
'Twould be a vile *Affront* to Senſe
in ſadneſs.

The *Ladies* would forbid thoſe *Arts*,
To give away their King of *Hearts*,
For one of leſs performing parts
than *le Grand*.

For One that ha'nt to ſhow, God knows,
So much to *pleaſe* 'em, as a *Noſe*;
Tho it may ſerve to ſpight his Foes,
how ere't ſtand.

But while our *Champion* was abroad,
Mind how he kept the very Road
He to his *Cabinet* had ſhow'd,
and went in.

To drag our *Landmen* out to *Sea*,
To uſe them *ill*, and keep their *Pay*,
Strict Orders coming ev'ry Day
from *B — ting*.

With

With fifteen thouſand Men, and more,
Five hundred Ships to waft them o'er,
With ſixty Cannons that would roar
like Thnnder.

Some fifty Mortars great and ſmall,
Bombs, Carcaſes, the Devil and all,
And bloody *Threats* ſent from *Whitehall*,
you'd wonder.

Spades, Shovels, Pioneers they got,
Guns, Swords, ſav'd all ſince *Oate*'s Plot,
At *Bilboa* made, if I am not
miſtaken.

Bridles and Sadles not a few,
With Harneſſes for Mankind too,
To ſhew the *French* what they muſt do,
if taken.

The forty thouſand Bills from *Spain*,
Which ne're till then ſaw Sun or Rain,
But have in Hugger Mugger lain
fourteen years,

The Pilgrims too, fly Voluntiers,
Expected juſt ſo many years,
If you'll believe't, t' increaſe *French* Fears,
were ſeen there:

But above all they were ſupplied
With ſix Months powderd Beef beſide,
For fear the *French* ſhould not provide
enough, Sir.

And armed with a pious Zeal
For holy Kirk, and Commonweal,
And Courage true as any Steel,
or Buff, Sir.

This grand deſign was deeply laid,
If it be true that People ſaid,
That *Rochel* was to be betray'd,
or *Dunkirk*;

Tho

Tho others ſaid they were to go
In duſk of Night to St. *Malo*,
To burn the Ships and mall the Foe
with Dungfork.

But ſome a wiſer thing did ſay,
'Twas farther off into a Bay,
Not far from *Bayonne*, call'd *Biſcay*,
nigh *Spaniard*.

To ſtop our Search an Order came,
That none the deſtin'd Place ſhould name,
But he ſhould ſtrait be hang'd for th'ſame
at Main-yard.

All thus equipt, Wind ſitting right,
They hoiſted Sail with all their Might,
And ſafely paſt the Iſle of *Wight*
as can be.

Strange Hopes and Fears did us poſſeſs,
To know what would be the Succeſs,
When ſuddenly came an Expreſs
to *Danby*,

Which brought Advice that *Ruſſel*, he
With *L* —— *ſter*'s Duke could not agree;
So was our Project utterly
defeated.

To get in order this Deſcent
Four hundred thouſand Pounds were ſpent;
So you, and not the Government
were cheated.

Thus between *French* that us do *beat*,
And *Dutch* that daily do us *cheat*,
Our *Grief* and *Ruins* muſt be *great*,
I fear it.

Iſſachar's Arms may ours be made,
An Aſs between two Burdens laid,
To both for being *Jews* betray'd,
you'll ſwear it.

Namur we ſaw to *France* ſubmit,
At *Steinkirk* fluſh'd into a Net,
And

And the Deſcent proved beſhit
all over.

His Conqueſts thus at once you view,
And how he did his Foes ſubdue;
His Triumphs next I will to you
diſcover.

But firſt obſerve how he return'd!
Some Paltry Ships that you thought burn'd,
And *Bart*, with whom to fight he ſcorn'd,
no wonder,

Met him: But Kings, Whoſe Honour lies
As his, be not to fight a Prize
With Folks concern'd in Robberies
and Plunder.

So to eſcape a Bloody Boot,
He did take down his Royal Clout,
Or Flag, on which it did fall out,
Gaff *Momus*.

Our King of Bees then did not fail,
Altho he wears no Sting in's Tail,
And without ſhifting Hive to ſail,
ſafe Home to's.

The Tower Guns were all prepar'd,
And Fireworks on Lighters rear'd;
But what came on 'em I ne'er heard
a *Verbum*.

In Windows moſt Folks ſet up Lights,
Excepting ſaucy *Jacobites*,
That had their Glazing broke to rights,
to curb 'em.

Firſt came ſome Guards to clear the way;
And next a Squire with Boots of Hay,
And on a Nag moſt miſerably
Bejaded.

Two Men came next, who cring'd and bow'd,
And humbly did beſeech the Crowd,
To make a noiſe, and baul aloud
as they did

Then came a Coach, in which there ſate
Four Lords, who went, as People prate,
His Highneſs to congratulate
and flatter.

Next twenty Mob, the Chief o'th Town,
In left Hand Club in right Hand Stone,
Thoſe Windows which had Candles none
to batter.

Four Horſes next a Chriot drew,
In which of *Dutch*-men there ſate two,
Whoſe very Looks would make one ſpew,
as I did.

At laſt the fierce *Life-guards* appear'd,
Who at the Candles gap'd and ſtar'd:
And thus his Triumphs you have heard
deſcrbed.

Now judg if he's ſo fit a Pin
For th' wounded Hole that he is in;
Or have we cauſe to chuſe again,
or no, Sir?

If we to Slavery are born;
Yet 'tis a Caſe that's too forlorn,
To ſerve them that our Servants ſcorn,
I trow Sir.

But after all it muſt be ſaid,
His Conqueſts were not quite ſo bad,
But he thoſe Triumphs merited,
and more, Sir.

For ſure no Emperor of *Rome*,
Nor *Britiſh* King was, I preſume,
With Farthing Candles lighted home
before, Sir.

A Satyr written when the K — went to Flanders, *and left nine Lords Juſtices.*

A Thin ill-natur'd Ghoſt that haunts the King,
Till him and us he does to Ruin bring,
Impeach'd and pardon'd, impudently rides
The Council, and the Parliament beſtrides;
Where ſome bought Members, like his ſerving Men,
To all his lies devoutly ſay *Amen.*
This brazen'd Liar, this known curſed K. —
Is now the Man that Church and State muſt ſave.
Room for the Pink of ſtarch'd Civility,
The Emptineſs of Old Nobility:
This Fop without diſtinction does apply
His Bows and Smiles to all promiſcuouſly;
With an affected Careleſs waves his Wand,
And tottering on, does neither go nor ſtand.
So humbly proud, and ſo genteely dull,
Too weak for Counſel, and too old for Trull;
That to conclude with this bilk'd ſtately thing,
He's a meer coſtly piece of Garniſhing.
A drowſy *Wittal* drawn down to the laſt,
Dead before's time for having liv'd too faſt,
Lives now upon the Wit that's long ſince gone,
Nothing but Bulk remains, the Soul is flown;
The little Good that's ſometimes of him ſaid,
Is becauſe Men will ſpeak well of the Dead:
For when all's done, this honeſt worthy Man
Has no Remorſe for taking all he can.
A Grave Eye, and an Overthinking Face
Seem to diſtinguiſh him from all his Race;
But Nature's proud, and ſcorning all Reſtraint,
By ſudden Stars ſhews there's a mortal Taint;
Which to a good Obſerver makes it plain
The Frenzy will e'er long return again:

But after all, to do him right; 'tis ſad
The beſt of all the Nine ſhould be ſtark mad.
A good Attorny ſpoil'd, when his ill Fate
And ours did make him Secretary of State
For if his part had been to give a Charge
At Country Seſſions where he might enlarge,
H'as a rare Method to diſplay a thing
With mighty Senſe, not worth the mentioning:
But the fine gilded Bead is much too weak
To bear the weight he's under, ſo muſt break.
Next, Painter, draw a Jackanapes of State,
A Monkey turn'd into a Magiſtrate,
A ſawcy Wight born up with Heat and Noiſe,
Fit only for a Ring-leader of Boys;
To untile Neighbours Houſes, and to play
Such uncouth Gambols on a Holy-day.
Strange! that ſo young a Government ſhould dote,
So as to let a Whirl-wind rule the Boat.
Ungrateful Toad-ſtool, deſpicable thing!
Thus to deſert thy Maſter and thy King;
He was thy Maker too, and from the Duſt
Rais'd thee, tho' 'twas to all Mankind's Diſguſt.
William with all his Courage muſt be afraid
To truſt the Villain who has *James* betray'd;
For ſure no thing can e'er redeem thy Crime,
But the ſame brutal Trick a ſecond time.
As rich in Words as he is poor in Senſe,
An empty piece of miſplac'd Eloquence:
With a ſoft Voice and a Moſs Trooper's Smile,
The Widgeon fain the Commons would beguile;
But he is known, and 'tis hard to expreſs
How they deride his *Northern* Gentleneſs,
While he lets looſe the dull inſipid Stream
Of his ſet Speeches made up of whipt Cream.
'Tis here alone you'l find, where'er you ſeek,
A profound Stateſman with a cherry Cheek:
He has a quick Eye and a ſprightful Glance,
His Face a Map of jolly Ignorance;

The Lillies and the Roſes ſo diſpos'd,
Should not by Care or Thought be diſcompos'd:
Pity that fat, round, pretty, bluſhing thing
Should e'er be thus condemn'd to Counſelling.

A Prophecy which hath been in a Manuſcript in the Lord Powis's *Family above ſixty Years.*

ABout the time that I ſhall be — 1647.
Joined unto two times Three,
And four times Ten with four times Two, — 1648.
Amongſt us ſhall be great ado;
An Eagle's Head that time ſhall fall,
Scatter'd will be the young ones all.
Then ſhall a Cypher ſwell ſo great, — *O. C.*
His Name 100 takes the Seat,
And ſhall do mighty things before
He is removed off the Shore;
But ten times Four, with three times Six, — 1658.
Doth in another World him fix.
Then quickly after you ſhall ſpy
The Eagle back again to fly,
And ſhall himſelf bedeck again
With Feathers of his Father's Train;
Then heavy Times ſhall make Men ſay
Oft-times, Alas and Well-a-day,
And wiſh that they a death might find,
For ſomething troubles ſore their Mind.
Then after all a Cloud ſhall come,
And almoſt darken quite the Sun;
And in that time Actions ſhall be
Chiefly carried on by three:
The Croſs, the Surplice, and the Crown,
Strive who ſhall put each other down;
Great Treachery and Blood-ſhed then
Shall ſweep away great Store of Men.

The Lion and blew Flower ſhall ſeek
Quite to deſtroy the Heretick Sheep;
And *England* ſhall be hard beſted
Before the Miter hence be rid.
Falſe *Ireland* continues our Woe,
But zealous *Scotland* doth not ſo.
Begin again at One and Six, *Pop. Plot broke out* 1677.
And ten times Seven begins theſe Tricks;
And for a time ſhall laſt full ſore,
Till you may number One and Four. 1682.
And for Four more it ſhall abate
To return in a happy State.
Then better every day will be,
But no more——in *England* ſee.
When 8 times eight and four times Three
With Six and Two ſhall joined be, 1684.
Then ſhall be ſacrificed *C.*
In Duſt ſhall lie that errant Whore,
Diſdain'd of all like to *J*——*S*——
And all her Brats turn'd out of door.
J. R. ſhall into Saddle ſlide,
And furiouſly to *Rome* ſhall ride,
His Principles no longer hide.
The Pope ſhall have a fatal Fall
And never trouble more *Whitehall*,
Nor *England*'s People more inthral.
And he that chanceth to ſurvive
Until the Year of Eighty five,
Shall ſee this Land begin to thrive.

O *England*'s Wonder, which hath never been,
Three Queens in *England* ſhortly ſhall be ſeen.
Two Dukes ſhall highly for the Crown contend,
Each ſhall bring *England*'s Monarchy to end.
B——ſhall fall into Contempt and Scorn,
And Goſpel-Angels ſhall our Church adorn.
If any ask how this ſhall come to paſs,
The Fox ſhall ride the Gooſe, the Gooſe the Aſs.

An Epitaph upon the E. of Ro------ſter's *being diſmiſt from the Treaſury in* 1687, *by Mr.* Dryden.

HERE lies a Creature of Indulgent Fate,
From Tory *H---de* rais'd to a Chit of State;
In Chariot now *Eliſha*-like he's hurl'd
To th' upper empty Regions of the World;
The Airy thing cuts thro the yielding Sky,
And as it goes does into Atoms fly:
While we on Earth ſee, with no ſmall Delight,
The Bird of Prey turn'd to a Paper-Kite.
With drunken Pride and Rage he did ſo well,
The hated thing without Compaſſion fell;
By powerful Force of univerſal Prayer,
The ill-blown Bubble is now turn'd to Air;
To his firſt leſs than Nothing he is gone,
By his prepoſterous Tranſaction.

King James *to himſelf, by Mr.* D——n.

UNhappy I, who once ordain'd, did bear
God's Juſtice Sword, and his Vicegerent here,
Am now depos'd, 'gainſt me my Children riſe,
My Life muſt be their only Sacrifice.
Highly they me accuſe, but nothing prove,
But this is out of Tenderneſs and Love:
They ſeek to ſpill my Blood, 'tis that alone
Muſt for the Nation's crying Sins atone.
But careful Heaven forewarn'd me in a Dream,
And ſhew'd me that my Dangers were extreme;
The Heavenly Viſion ſpoke and bid me flee,
Th' ungrateful Wretches were not worthy me.

Alarm'd I fled at the appointed time,
Thus meer Neceſſity was made my Crime.

On the Duke of Bucks, *by Mr.* D----n.

1.

I Sing the Praiſe of a worthy Knight,
Whoſe King *James* (that never cold fight)
For his but more for his A——made a Knight.

2.

This Knight ſoon after a Duke became,
And got at the Iſland of *Rhee* ſuch Fame,
That ſince all *Engliſh* men curſe his Name,

3.

This Idol Duke to that Greatneſs did ſwell,
That Honours and Riches before him fell,
Till *Felton* the Brave ſent his Soul to Hell.

4.

And now you ſhall hear how his mighty Son
With the very ſmall Sin of Inceſt begun,
And to Treaſon and B——ry went on.

5.

For firſt, old *Richmond* can tell when and where,
For the Treaſons the Papers of old *Oliver*,
And *Keniſton*'s A——knows the B——r.

6.

Now he who nobly and bravely begins,
Muſt afterwards know when ſuch Glory he wins;
Adultry and Murder are but trivial Sins.

7.

I come to his Farce, which muſt needs be well done,
For *Troy* was no longer before it was won, (begun.
Since 'tis more than ten Years ſince this Farce was

8.

With Help of Pimps, Plays, and Table Chat,
And the Advice of his own Canonical *Sprat*,
And his Family Scribe, Antichriſtian *Mat*.

9.

9.

With tranſcribing of theſe, and tranſverſing thoſe,
With tranſmitting of Rhyme, and tranſverſing Proſe,
He hath dreſt up his Farce with others Mens Clothes.

10.

His abuſing the Living, and robbing the Dead,
His inſerting fine things which other Men ſaid,
Makes this new way of Writing without tail or Head.

11.

But where the Devil his own Wit doth lie,
They muſt have very good Eyes that eſpye,
Unleſs in the Dances and Mimiquery.

12.

I confeſs the Dances are very well writ,
And the Time and the Tune by *Hains* are well ſet,
And *Littleton*'s Motion and Dreſs has much Wit.

13.

But when his Poet *John Bays* did appear,
'Twas known to more than half that were there,
That the greateſt part was his Grace's Character,

14.

For he many Years plagu'd his Friends for their (Crimes,
Repeating his Verſes in other Mens Ryhmes,
To the very ſame Perſon ten thouſand times.

15.

But his Grace has tormented the Players more
Than the *Howards* or *Flocknoes*, or all the Store
Of damned dull Rogues that e're plagu'd them before.

16.

When in *France* and in *Spain*, and in *Holland*, 'tis (known
What wonders our mighty Stateſman has done,
'Twill make them all tremble to hear his Renown.

17.

For he that can libel the Poets, and knows
How to mimick the Players in Geſtures and Clothes,
With eaſe may deſtroy all his Majeſty's Foes.

19.

18.

Now the Church he contemns as much as a *Quaker*,
The Kingdom he'l ruin if the Parliament forſake her,
For he ſerves his King as bad as his Maker.

19.

For he that forſook him in all his diſtreſs,
Kill'd the Husband, and kept the Adultereſs,
Like *Judah* would ſell him, and ſell him for leſs.

20.

He hath mimick'd the King and Duke o'er and o'er,
That Merciful King that hath pardon'd more
Than all our Kings e'er pardon'd before;

21.

That King, that if e'er he committed a Crime,
That to Church and to State may prove fatal in time,
It was in extending his Mercy to him.

22.

Now God grant his Majeſty never may find,
What's fatal, to be to a *Buckingham* kind
For his Father was ruin'd by the firſt of the Line.

Prologue for Sir John Falſtaff, *riſing ſlowly to ſoft Muſick.*

SEE *Britain*'s, ſee one half before your Eyes
Of the Old *Falſtaff* labouring to ariſe.
Curſe on theſe ſtraitlac'd Traps and *French* Machines,
None but a Genius can aſcend theſs Scenes.
Once more my Engliſh Air I breath agen,
And ſmooth my double Ruff, and double Chin.
Now let me ſee what Beautys gild the Sphere;
Body O me! the Ladies ſtill are fair:
The Boxes ſhine, and Gallerys are full,
Such were our *Bona Robas* at the Bull.

But Supreme *Jove*, what washy Rogues are here?
Are these the Sons of Beef and English Beer?
Old *Pharoah* never dreamt of Kine so lean,
This comes of meagre Soop and sowr Champaign.
Degenerate Race! Let your old Sire advise,
If you desire to fill the *fair Ones* Eyes,
Drink unctious Sack, and emulate my Size.
Your halft-flown Strains aspire to humble Bliss,
And proudly aim *no lower* than a Kiss,
Till quite worn out with acting Beaux and Wits,
You're all sent crawling to the Gravel-Pits:
Pretending Claps, there languishing you lie,
And let the Maids of the Green-sickness die.
The Case was other when we rul'd the Roast,
We rob'd and ravish'd, but you sigh and toast.
But here I see a Side-Box better lin'd,
Where old *plump Jack* in Miniature I find,
Tho they're but *Turnspits* of the Mastiff kind.
Half bred they seem, mark'd with the Mungrel's Curse,
Oons! which among you dares attempt a Purse?
If you'd appear my Sons, defend my Cause,
And let my Wit and Humour find applause;
Shew you disdain those nauseous Scenes to taste,
Where *French* Buffoon like leanest *Switzer* drest,
Turns all good politicks to Farce and Jest.
Banish such Apes, and save the sinking Stage;
Let mimes any squeaking Eunuchs fill you rage;
On such let your descending Curse be try'd,
Preserve plump *Jack*, and banish all beside.

To the Lords assembled in Council; The Petition of Tho. Brown,

Humbly sheweth,

SHould you order *Tom Brown*
To be Whipt thro the Town
For Scurvy Lampoon,
Tate, *Southern*, and *Crown*,
Their Pens will lay down.
E'en *Durfy* himself, and such merry Fellows,
That put their whole trust in Tunes and Trangdillo's,
May hang up themselves, and their Harps on the Willows.
For if Poets are punish'd for Libelling Trash,
Jo. Dryden, at sixty, may yet fear the Lash.

No Pension nor Praise,
All Birch and no Bays;
These are not right ways
Our Fancies to raise
To the writing of Plays,
And to Prologues so witty,
That jerk at the City;
And now and then hit
Some Friend in the Pit,
So hard, and so pat,
Till he hides with his Hat
His monstrous Crevat.
The Pulpits alone
Can never preach down
The Fops of the Town:
Then pardon *Tom Brown*,
And let him write on.
But if you had rather convert the poor Sinner,
His foul railing Mouth may be stopt with a Dinner,

Giv

Give him Clothes to his back, ſome Meat and much (Drink,
Then clap him cloſe Priſoner without Pen and Ink.

And your Petitioner ſhall ever Pray, &c.

To Mr. Dryden, *upon his declaring himſelf a Roman Catholick.*

GReat Truckling Soul! whoſe *ſtubborn* Honeſty
Does with all Revolutions ſtill comply.
Thy Youthful Muſe gilt an Uſurper's Bays,
And for King-killing ſmoothly ſang his Praiſe,
Nay, valiantly and wiſely fawn'd on's Hearſe,
And ſtrove to' embalm his Name in *Loyal* Verſe,
And then *Reforms* were not call'd prick-ear'd;
But plain Religion *Primitive* appear'd,
Becauſe, like its firſt *Maſter*, all its Charms
Were *Truth* and *Peace*, not *jugling Shews* nor *Arms*.
When Heav'n was pleas'd our Princes to reſtore,
Thou with the firſt didſt ſervilely adore
Thoſe *Earthly Gods*, thou had'ſt *Blaſphem'd* before.
In *High Weak* Verſe them fulſomely didſt load
With Titles due only to th' Heavenly God.
By thee as much unknown, as are his Ways untrod.
The *Mitre*, which meer *Prieſt-Craft*, and *Prieſt-Priae*
With *Gordian Knots* have to the Crown faſt ty'd,
As if one Empire could not ſtand by Law,
But by another within to keep't in Aw,
Receiv'd thy Homage too, and then our *Creed*
Seem'd only ſome weak Chriſtian's feeble Reed;
And true Religion, which muſt ſave Mankind,
T' *Indifferent neceſſary* Rites confin'd.
So like thou thought'ſt thine and the Churches Science
That *Poet Squab* would fain have been a *Dean*:

But

But thy lewd Life, and publick blaſphemies
Made a *Looſe Clergy* ſuch groſs Vice deſpiſe,
Be'ng thus deny'd the Loaves, thou didſt decry
The Miracles as a meer Forgery,
No *Sect* nor *Clergy* could ſecure their Fame,
All Prieſts and all Religions are the ſame,
E'en *Holy Church* was lug'd into thy Farce,
And Ghoſtly Fry'r made Pimp to Bully's Tarſe;
A meer *Almanzor* grew'ſt in e'ery Sin,
In Atheiſm didſt outvie thy *Maximin*;
Lampoon'ſt *our God, thy* Patrons, e'en the *Great*
And Sacred *David*'s ſelf, who gave thee Meat.
No Vice which thy lewd Thought and Poverty
Could reach, but was us'd, and diſgrac'd by thee.
Thus by Bad men deſpis'd, abhor'd by Good,
Thou bungled'ſt out a Life like a loath'd Toad,
Impatiently then waiting a new Wind
Of Doctrine fit for thy licentious Mind,
Till a curſt Weſtern blaſt of Popery came;
Pop'ry, of Chriſtendom the Plague and Shame,
The Yoke of Princes, the true Politick Cheat,
To cramp the Honeſt, and to make Knaves Great,
Thou ſuckd'ſt th' Infection in the very Nick,
And pliant Conſcience veer'd to *Catholick*;
Thy Zeal e'en nimble *Harry Hills* outran,
And Turn coat *Nick. Butler* the Publican.
Should *Mahomet* this *Antichriſt* o'erthrow,
Thy *Crucifix* would to the *Creſcent* bow
At thy Converſion, *Jack*, thus Whigs rejoyce,
Who ſee not through the Prudence of thy Choice.
What ſo fit Refuge for thee, as *New Rome*,
Which, like the *Old*, receives all Nations *Scum*?
Or what ſo fit retirement couldſt thou chooſe
For an old Bawdy, Prophane, Thieving *Muſe*,
When all her Stock of purloin'd Wit was gone,
As making the dry fumbling Jade a *Nun?*
Now ſhe may tranſlate Legends for our Land,
According to his Majeſty's Command;

And

And drivel out her dregs of Poetry
In Hymns on all the Sacred Trumpery
Of Reverend Relicks, pretty Miracles
Which the Monk *forges*, than *devoutly* ſells:
How *Mary*'s Image weeps for ſinning Souls,
Though with dry Eyes ſhe bore the Carvers Tools,
When through her Trunk he drill'd the Squirting (holes:
How the Milk which from her Paps did diſtil,
Is grown a *Flood* enough to drive a Mill;
How the curſt Croſs, at firſt but one man's Weight,
Is now encreaſed to a Navy's Freight,
(And 'tis but fit they multiply the Wood,
Who ſo oft make and crucify the God.)
Such lofty Themes I leave thee to purſue;
So Jack of all Faiths, and ofnone, Adieu.

Upon Mr. Neal's *projecting new Taxes.*

IN vain the haraſs'd People ſtrive
To keep their gaſping Trade alive,
If Bankrupt *Neal*, whom all Stars curſe,
Has the diſpoſal of their Purſe;
He *Ante manum* will advance
Our *future* Rents for *preſent* Chance,
And leave our Children like his own
To know upon a Naked Bone,
And we our ſelves this Year ſhall be
Turn'd to a *Million Lottery*,
Where for two Thouſand that get Plums
Ninety eight thouſand ſuck their Thumbs.
Then rouze your ſelves ye Men of Lands,
Of Engliſh Hearts and unbrib'd Hands,
And reſcue us from being Slaves
To *Home-bred* Fools or *Foreign* Knaves;

And if abroad we muſt be kickt,
Yet let us not at *home* be *nickt*.

Doctor Hannes *Diſſected, in a Familiar Epiſtle, by way of* Noſce Teipſum.

SOme ſay a *Phyſician* of late
That always lov'd to ſerve the Great,
Met a Diſeaſe out-matc'd his Skill;
And ſome pretend to ſay ſo ſtill:
Tho learnedly he'as told the Mob,
The Lungs were tainted ev'ry Lob,
And how th' *Abdomen* was affected,
So nicely well it was diſſected.
As who ſhou'd ſay, that Dr. *Hannes*,
If any one wou'd take the Pains,
Wanted either Lungs or Brains.
I know not what the Vulgar think
Or how ſome Men at Noon-day wink;
But this it is, may't pleaſe you all,
To riſe a P—mp a Prince muſt fall.
Thus when grave Sages are neglected,
And beardleſs Boys ſo much reſpected;
When Oracles, that us'd of old
Mighty Myſteries to unfold,
Are like Stories ſtill untold:
When ſolid Truth and ſolid Gold,
Are for Noiſe and Gingle ſold;
Then Notion may for Knowledg paſs,
But *Æſculapius* for an Aſs.
Thiſtles and Logick chop together,
As Baro——men do Wind and Weather;
Both hit alike, and both prove good,
One for the Mind, the other Food.
Had not Mens Wits eclipſed been,
'Tis Ten to One we had foreſeen,

And

And then we'd needed no Diſſections,
No Conſultations, no Inſpections,
Nor any need of theſe Reflections;
But when Men's Eyes are grown ſo bad,
They cannot ſee what once they had,
'Tis time to let 'm feel the ſmart,
And clear their Eyes by Rules of Art.
When that falls ſhort, 'tis ſome content,
Tho the mark was miſs'd it was well meant.
And thus poor Mortals ſeek for Eaſe,
When the *Phyſician*'s the Diſeaſe:
As Learned Heathens uſe to tell,
Where ſuch Men live does Sorrow dwell.
But ſure a Nation muſt be blind,
Or elſe they wear their Eyes behind,
That cannot tell a Man of Senſe,
From one that's all Impertinence.
All Guts and Meſeraick Veins,
Lungs, Liver, Spleen and rotten Reins,
But little Head, and much leſs Brains;
Joints ſtiff, Inflexible as Stones,
No Juice or Marrow in his Bones,
Nor Fleſh nor Fat is to be ſeen,
But Muſcles ſhrivled, dry and lean.
This is the wondrous piece of Nature,
That picks the Bones of every Creature:
And yet you'd ſwear, to look upon him,
He knows no more than what comes from him.
But how ſo great a Man of Art,
Should let a *Royal Heir* depart,
And never tell the Reaſon why,
He ſhou'd not Live, or he ſhou'd Dye.
Tho ſome time after, as they ſay,
He cou'd have told a certain Way
How to have got the Poiſon out,
That lurk'd in th' Heart, or thereabout.
But then his thoughts were ſo perplext,
Juſt as a Prieſt that takes a Text,

And has forgot what he deſign'd
When firſt the Text was in his Mind:
Ev'n ſo, our learn'd *Apollo* did,
Not thinking what Heaven had forbid.
But had the People thought on't then,
They might have been great Friends to *Spain*,
And ſav'd them many a needleſs Shilling,
That they beſtow'd on their King's Killing,
By ſending for a *Neapolitan*,
When we have much a quicker Man,
And far more dextrous at the Parts,
At ſhewing livid Lungs or Hearts,
Or any Secret of that Nature,
For this is but the ſmalleſt matter;
He can in few Years practice ſhow,
How he has ſerv'd a thouſand ſo.
And would you wonder at his Skill,
Whoſe buſineſs 'tis he ſhows to Kill;
Spaniards, dull Souls, preſerv'd their King,
By *Chocolate* or ſome ſuch thing:
When *Hannes* has Arts, and yet unknown,
Where 'tis but *Preſto*, and they're gone.
I wonder any one then dare,
With this *Philoſopher* compare,
Gibbons and *Ratcliffe*, he'd proof Fools,
If laid in's Anatomick Schools.
He'd ſo diſſect both their *Abdomens*,
You'd ſwear they were but Naſty Omens:
Then tell you 'tis but common Matter,
Such as is found in every Creature,
As wiſe in Brute as human Nature,
For my part, I believe it true,
Since, *Hannes*, I ſee no more in you.

A Poem on the Death of his Highneſs the Duke of Glouceſter.

WITH the ſad Tydings of the Day oppreſt,
I laid me down to ſeek Relief from Reſt;
When lo! *Britannia*'s Genius wrapt in Night,
But op'ning wide the Intellectual Sight,
Before me ſtood, and with a diſmal Mien
Renew'd my Grief, and gave me back to Spleen:
His weighty Sorrows I cou'd well divine,
Sprung from the ſame too cruel Cauſe with mine.
Old *England*'s Weal was his peculiar Care,
And mine the fatal Loſs of *England*'s Heir.
But having now the opportunity
To know the ſecret Counſels of the Sky,
Led on by Princely Love and Loyal Fear,
Thus to the *Genius* I addreſt my Prayer.
Great Guardian Angel of this happy *Iſle*,
On which till now the Gods did ever ſmile,
Inſtruct me in the Myſtery of Fate
That thus perplexes and disjoints the State.
Since all the Kingly Race our *Annals* ſhew
Have had a Royal Iſſue ſtill in view,
How comes it now (by a ſevere Decree)
That Bleſſing's wanting for Poſterity?
Long on the Throne may Glorious *William* ſhine;
But *Glouceſter*'s gone! the *Promiſe* of the Line!
I ſpoke, and thus the Gracious *Form* reply'd:
From you I'll not the Gods Intentions hide.
Things Sacred heretofore, are now prophan'd;
Monarchs of old for publick Good ordain'd,
In lawleſs Rage and luſt of Pow'r have reign'd.
Lewis contemns Divine and Human Laws,
And on himſelf his Peoples Curſes draws;

Null his own Compacts, and with raging Might,
By wilful Sway invades the Subjects Right:
Tyrant o'er Souls! he wou'd uſurp the Throne
Of Conſcience, ſacred to the Gods alone;
While by his impious Rage expell'd from home,
Diſtreſt from Pole to Pole his Vaſſals roam,
The ſtrong Contagion of this *Gallick* Peſt
Invades the *Northern* Air; and *Denmark* bleſt
With King-reſtraining Rights of antient Date,
Shares with her Siſter *France* an equal Fate.
From hence Great *Ericſon* attempts in vain
The Liberties of *Sweden* to maintain.
And *James*, by the ſame ill Example led,
Thro furious Zeal his Kingdoms forfeited.
Ceaſe then to wonder that a pious Prince,
The Darling and the Care of Providence,
Juſt lent us for the Viſion of a Day,
From wide Infection ſhould be ſnatcht away!
The weight of Empire, and the Cares of State
Shou'd not depend upon a ſingle Fate.
For tho in antient Story we may find,
How ſome few Neighbouring Families combin'd
To chuſe a Chief, by whoſe Paternal Care
They might be govern'd both in Peace and War;
Yet ſince the Scene is alter'd, and of late
Whole Nations join'd make but one Common State,
What finite Perſon can ſuſtain the Load,
Alone ſufficient for the common Good?
Thus when the ſcatter'd Swains of *Alban* Race,
For publick Safety ſought the Sacred Place
Which the *Twin-Brothers* piouſly deſign'd
The Seat of Empire (ſhou'd the Gods be kind;)
One Chief was thought ſufficient to command
Their new-born Empire, and ſmall Tract of Land:
But when th' Auſpicious Arms, of riſing *Rome*
Inlarg'd her ſway to Regions far from Home,
Her Diſcipline ſoon alter'd with her Fate;
Her Lords grew many, as her Empire great.

And

And since the Gods with pleasure have survey'd
Albion's Increase in People, Pow'r and Trade;
And that *Ierne*'s rich and fruitful Soil
Pays yearly Tribute to our *British Isle*;
That she extends her propagated Sway,
And either *Indies* her Commands obey:
Since none but Mighty *William*'s Awful Hand
The Reins of Pow'r so justly can command,
No more lament your Prince's early Fate,
To Heav'nly Glory took from Earthly Fate;
He loses Life, but is of that secure
That louders Sounds and longer will endure,
A faultless Name! when more the Fates deny,
The second Lot is happily to die.
Then happy He! who from the Task retires
Which all that *Nassaw* can perform, requires.
And as the *Attick* Realm of old decreed
No Prince the God-like *Codrus* shou'd succeed;
Striving to build, by that new way to Fame,
Their last and best of Kings a Deathless Name:
So may the grateful Tribes of *Britain*'s Race
This Handle, offer'd by the Gods, embrace;
And by their last Effort of Loyalty,
Th' *Athenians* Honour to their King decree.

A Description of Mr. Dryden's *Funeral.*

OF Kings Renown'd and Mighty, Bards I write,
Some slain by Whores, and others kill'd in Fight;
Some starving liv'd, whilst others were prefer'd;
But all, when dead, are in one place inter'd.
A Fabrick stands by ancient Heroes built,
Design'd for holy Use t' atone their Guilt;
Here sacred Urns of Majesty they keep,
Here Kings and Poets most profoundly sleep;

Here Choriſters in Hymns their Voices raiſe,
And charm the dreadful Goblins from the Place.
Thro throng'd with Tombs, no Specter here is found,
They ſing the very Devil off the ground:
No Night-mare dances 'mongſt the antient Tombs,
No ſulphurous *Incubus* diſpenſes Fumes;
Nor let no ſubterranean Hag affright
My Muſe, whilſt of the FUNERAL I write.

A bard there was, who whilome did command,
And held the Laurel in his potent Hand;
He o'er *Parnaſſus* bore Imperial Sway,
Him all the little Tribes of Bards obey:
But Bards and Kings, howe'er approv'd and great,
Muſt ſtoop at laſt to the Decrees of Fate.
Fate bid him for the ſtroke of Death prepare,
And then remov'd him to the Lord knows where.
If to the Living we ſuch Tribute owe,
We on the Dead muſt pious Rites beſtow;
To our Aſſiſtance all the Wits muſt call,
To grace the Glory of the Funeral.

Who is the firſt appears unto our View,
But haughty, proud, imperious *M——ue?*
Who cocks his Chin, and ſcarce affords a Word,
But looks as big as any *Belgick* Lord;
In the beſt Dairies fed, grown ſleek and fat,
The creeping *Mouſe* is turn'd into a *Rat:*
Of other Brows he licks the toilſom Sweat,
And by our Sins grows impudently great;
As chief of Wits he does himſelf prefer,
And with our Gold bribes every Flatterer;
But Men of Senſe and Honour does deſpiſe,
And cruſhes ſuch as would by Virtue riſe,
Which each lewd Rakehel of the nauſeous Town
He fills with Coin, and does with Honours crown.
The Nation's Wealth he moſt profuſely ſpends,
But not on ſuch as are the Nation's Friends;
But ſuch as wrote our Country to inſlave.
His Kindneſs follows even to the Grave.

He

He the great Bard at his own charge inters,
And dying Vice to living Worth prefers.
Some others too in the Affair are join'd,
Alike in Morals, and alike Mind;
But these my Muse must here forbear to name,
Scarce worthy Honour, or deserving Fame.
The Day is come, and all the Wits must meet
From *Coven-Garden* down to *Watling-street*;
They all repair to the Physician's Dome
There lies the Corps, and there the Eagles come:
No Corps an Entrance has within this Gate,
None are admitted here to lie in State,
But such as Fate a noted Death has carv'd,
A Cutpurse hang'd, or a poor Poet starv'd;
One is anatomiz'd when he is dead,
The other in his Life for want of Bread.
A troop of Stationers at first appear'd,
And *Jacob T——n* Captain of the Guard;
Jacob the Muses Midwife, who well knows
To ease a lab'ring Muse of Pangs and Throws;
He oft has kept the Infant-Poet warm,
Oft lick'd th' unweildy Monster into Form;
Oft do they in high Flights and Raptures swell,
Drunk with the Waters of our *Jacob*'s Well.
Next these the Play-house Sparks do take their turn,
With such as under *Mercury* are born,
As Poets, Fidlers, Cutpurses, and Whores,
Drabs of the Play-house, and of Common-shores,
Pimps, Panders, Bullies, and Eternal Beaux,
Fam'd for short Wits, long Wigs, and gaudy Clothes;
All Sons of Meter tune the Voice in praise,
From Lofty Strains, to humble Ekes and Ayes:
The Singing Men and Clerks who charm the Soul,
And all the Traders in *Fa la sa sol*:
All these the Funeral Obsequies do aid,
As younger Brothers of the Rhyming Trade.
The tuneful Rabble now together come,
They fill with doleſome Sighs the sable Rome;

Some groan'd, some ſob'd, and ſome I think there wept,
And ſome got drunk, loll'd down, and ſnor'd and ſlept.
Around the Corps in ſtate they wildly preſs;
In Notes unequal, like Pindarick Verſe,
Each one does his ſad Sentiments expreſs.
The Player ſay, My Friends we are undone,
See here, the Muſes beſt and darling Son
Is from us to the bleſt *Elyzium* gone:
What other Poet for us will engage
To be the Prop of the declining Stage?
All other Poets are not worth a Louſe;
There fell the Prop of our once glorious Houſe:
But now from us by Fate untimely torn,
Leave the dull Stage a Deſert, and forlorn.
A diſmal Sadneſs in each Face appears;
And ſuch as could not ſpeak, burſt out in Tears:
His Death, alas! affected ev'ry body,
And fetch'd deep ſighs and tears from ev'ry Noddy:
It much affected every tuneful Ringer,
But moſt of all the jolly Ballad-ſinger,
Who now at a Street's Corner muſt no more
A Play-houſe Song in equal Numbers roar.
Nay, I am told, when he his laſt Gaſp groan'd,
The Bell-rope trembl'd, and the Organ ton'd:
And as great things affect a little thing,
This was the Death of many a Fiddle-ſtring.
No Chronicles I read of do relate
Such a ſad Hurricane in Church and State.
The charming Songſters at our great St. *Paul*'s
Could ſcarce ſing Pray'rs to ſave their very Souls:
The Boys were dumb, the Singingmen were wounded,
All the whole Choir diſabled and confounded:
And when the Prayers were ended, alas then
The Clerk could hardly ſob out an *Amen*.
Not a *Crowdero* at a a Bawdy-houſe,
Who us'd in racy Liquour to carouſe,
But with ſad haſte unto the Burial ran,
Forgets his Tipple, and neglets his Can.

With

With Tag-rag, Bob-tail was the Room full fill'd,
You'd think another *Babel* to be built;
Not more Confuſion at St. *Bat*'s fam'd Fair,
Or at *Guildhall* for choice of a Lord Mayor.
But ſtay my Muſe, the Learned *G——th* appears,
He ſighing comes, and is half drown'd in Tears:
The Famous *G——th*, whom Learned Poets call
Knight of the Order of the Urinal.
He of *Apollo* learnt his wondrous Skill,
He taught him how to ſing and how to kill;
For all he ſends unto the darkſom Grave,
He honours alſo with an Epitaph.
He entertain'd the Audience with Oration,
Tho very new, yet ſomething out of faſhion:
But 'cauſe the Hearers were with Learning bleſt,
He ſaid it in the Language of the Beaſt:
But ſo pronounc'd, the Sound and Senſe agrees,
A Country Mouſe talks better in a Cheeſe,
Or *Jack*-at-a pinch, when reeling he repairs
To neighb'ring Church to mumble o'er his Prayers.
The Senſe and Wit they ſay was very good,
Tho neither ſeen, felt, heard, nor underſtood.
Thus we muſt all, as common Rumour ſaith,
Believe the Doctor by implicit Faith.
Next him the Sons of Muſick paſs along,
And murder *Horace* in confounded Song;
Whoſe Monument more durable than Braſs,
Is now defac'd by every chanting Aſs.
No Man at *Tyburn* doom'd to take a ſwinging,
Would ſtay to hear ſuch miſerable ſinging,
Where all the Beaſt of Muſick try their Throats,
And different ſpecies uſe their different Notes:
Here the Ox bellows, there the Satyr howls;
The Puppies whine, and the bold Maſtiff growls;
The Magpys chatter, and the Night-Owls ſcreek;
The old Pigs grunt, and all the young ones ſqueek:
Yet altogether make melodious Songs,
As Bumpkin rols to ruſty pair of Tongs.

Now

Now, now the time is come, the Parſon ſays,
And for their *Exeunt* to the Grave he prays:
The way is long, and Folk the Streets are clogging,
Therefore my Friends away, come let us be jogging.

Aſſiſt me thou, who clad in Sun-beam Weeds,
Driv'ſt round the Orb each day with fiery Steeds;
Who neither art with Heat nor Cold oppreſt,
Art never weary, tho thou tak'ſt no reſt:
Aſſiſt me to deſcribe the Cavalcade,
What mighty Figure thro the Streets they made.

Before the Herſe the mourning Hautboys go,
And ſcreech a diſmall ſound of Grief and Woe;
More diſmal Notes from Bogtrotters may fall,
More diſmal Plaints at *Iriſh* Funeral.
But no ſuch Flood of Tears e'er ſtopt our Tide
Since *Charles* the Martyr and the Monarch dy'd.
The Decency and Order firſt deſcribe,
Without regard to either Sex or Tribe.
The ſable Coaches lead the diſmal Van,
But by their ſides I think few Footmen ran;
Nor needed theſe, the Rabble fill the Streets,
And Mob with Mob in great Diſorder meets.
See next the Coaches how they are accouter'd
Both in the Inſide, eke and on the Outward.
One pocky Spark, one ſound as any Roach,
One Poet and two Fidlers in a Coach;
The Play-houſe Drab, that beats the Beggars-Buſh,
And Bawdy talks would make an old Whore bluſh,
But every Bully kiſs'd good Truth, but ſuch is
Now her good Fate to ride with Mrs. Dutcheſs,
Was e'er Immortal Poet thus buffoon'd?
In a long Line of Coaches thus Lampoon'd?
A Man with Gout and Stone quite wearied,
Would rather live than thus be buried.
What greater Plague can Heaven on Man beſtow,
Who muſt with Knaves on Life's dull Journy go?
And when on t'other Sho r he's landed ſafe,
A Crowd of Fools attend him to the Grave,

A Crowd ſo nauſeous, ſo profuſely leud,
With all the Vices of the Times endu'd,
That *Cowley*'s Marble wept to ſee the Throng,
Old *Chaucer* laugh'd at their unpoliſh'd Song,
And *Spencer* thought he once again had ſeen
The Imps attending on his *Fairy Queen*;
Her little *Tib*, and *Tom*, and *Mib*, and *Mab*,
Come to lament the Death of Poet *Squab*.
But Burying is not all the Rites we owe,
Some other Obſequies we muſt beſtow:
Muſt ſo Religious, ſo Profound a Wit,
Be toſs'd like common Duſt into the Pit?
The Fates forbid! We'll ſurely fill the Plains
And Neighb'ring Woods with Elegiack Strains;
E'en *Newgate*'s Chaplain, who in's Office fell,
Inſtructing Villains in the way to Hell;
He had the Muſes Paſs-port on his Herſe,
His Praiſes ſung in everlaſting Verſe.
Nay, a *Dutch* Maſtiff late in ſtate did lie;
My *Lady*'s *Lap-Dog* had an Elegy;
And ſhall not *Dryden* have one, *O Fy, Fy!*
Yes, ſay the *Oxford* and the *Cambridg* Sparks,
We'll ſing his Death as ſweet as any Larks;
Oxford and *Cambridg*, the renowned Schools,
Fam'd for a Breed of Wiſe Men and of Fools,
Where Infant-Wits with Water-gruel fed,
And little puny ſucking Prieſts are bred;
Where Conjurers imploy their Time in Viſion,
Whence many a Learned *Saffold* has his Miſſion?
Theſe always march in Verſe in rank and file,
In Company purſue Poetick Toil;
Here a Battalion does in *Engliſh* lead,
While one in *Latin* does the Troopers head:
But ſuch the Wit and Senſe, you'd think the Elves
Did only write but juſt to pleaſe themſelves:
Playford laments that he their Lines beſpoke,
And ſwears the Bookſeller is almoſt broke.

A Melancholy Theme on a diſmal Diſaſter,
In a Grubſtreet Poem, by Grubſtreet Poetaſter.

Quos Deus vult perdere, hos dementat.
Whom *Jove* reſerves to Fate, he does infatuate.

Mundus vult decipi;
Qui enim vult decipi decipiatur.
The World will be deceived, becauſe they love it,
Why ſhould they not, when 'tis Deceit they covet?

THree Doctors of late
Held a learned Debate
On a deſperate Caſe of a Lamb o' the State;
Where each ſhot his Bolt,
And on the Reſult
Did declare they opin'd the Diſtemper occult.
Tho' my Story be late,
And thought out of date,
We cannot too often great Actions repeat.
Beau *H*——*s* freſh from School,
A new ſharpen'd Tool,
Was ſummoned firſt to be on the Roll.
H——*s* active and great,
Ad omne parate,
Had κατ' ἐξοχὴν the Diſpenſing of Fate.
So he led the Dance,
A la mod of *France*,
And (without ever thinking) directed the Lance:
But hand over head,
Did attempt and proceed
(At all peradventure) this Lamb for to bleed.

By

By which ſage Advice
He was bled in a trice,
To ſhew the Diſpatch of an expert Novice.
Now the Deed being done,
The grim Fact to atone,
Our great *Æſculape* did fall in a Swoon.
Who by ſympathick Touch,
Having acted too much,
Was ſtrangely affected, his Senſe it was ſuch.
And being put to Bed
As one almoſt dead,
Did order himſelf forthwith to be bled.
Which ſhew'd he would do
As he'd be done unto.
To bleed as he bled, whether needed or no.
As *Eroſtrate*'s great Name
Is ſtill living in Fame,
Who did put the Temple-*Diana* in Flame.
H——*s* only deſir'd
(By Ambition fir'd)
To gain ſome Repute before he expired.
Next *G*——*bb*—*s* tho muddy,
And always in Study, [ruddy,
His thoughts being quicken'd with a thing that is
Did ſtir up his Muſe
To Action and Uſe,
And approv'd all *H*——*s* had done at faſt and looſe:
Yet added his Mite,
By Directions to write,
Did Clyſters and Cupping and Cordials endite.
But acting too faſt,
Growing qualmiſh at laſt,
He was forc'd to retire for needful Repaſt.
So *R*——*t*—*ff* was next,
And (tho formerly vext)
Was perſwaded his Science to ſpend on the Text;

Having

Having Wine firſt to drink,
It whet him to think,
Eſpecially being well ſweetned with Chink.
But the Fever malignant
Did puzzle Skill pregnant,
'Twas ſo very putrid and ſuper-regnant:
That off o' the Hooks,
You might gueſs by their Looks, [Books.
They found nought could prevail that was in their
So theſe *Magi*'s next part
Boldly was to aſſert,
That (ſince he muſt die) 'twas according to Art.
But now to find out,
And to bring it about,
The Mob to perſuade and the Plebeian Rout;
He muſt be diſſected,
And with care inſpected,
To report all Parts were with Matter infected.
And avouch no Miſtake
Such Learning cou'd make,
Three Famous Epiſtles for theſe Doctors ſake,
Muſt be publiſh'd in Print,
Up and down to be ſent,
Compos'd of Words, without Argument.
That he died of a Raſh
With eating of Traſh,
Which is a ſufficient Account for your Caſh.
But ſuch frail Excuſe
Is of no Force nor Uſe,
(The Miſchief once done) Folk to diſabuſe.
If the Counſel were good
In ſuch caſe to let Blood,
What need feign'd Words, ne'er before underſtood?
For Raſh is a Name
No Author does claim,
But is true modern Cant to cover a Shame.

By

By common Inſtinct,
Almoſt all Men do think,
The ſtirring this Matter has made it to ſtink.
And Silence were better,
Than from each a Letter,
To make an O yes to ſmother the Matter.
To do Penance in Sheet,
In ſome caſes is meet,
And by Civil Law ſtill eſteemed diſcreet.
But why our Phyſicians
On different Conditions,
In a Sheet ſhould appear to take off Suſpicions,
No Man can Divine
But their Thoughts do incline
To believe it was Ignorance, Madneſs, or Wine.
Some to get a Name,
Do publiſh their Shame,
And by vain Excuſes their Errors proclaim.

Qui ante non cavet, poſt dolebit.
Felix quem faciunt aliena Pericula cautum.
Whoſo improves not his Spring, may be forc'd to repent in Autumn.

Men hold that Man in high Veneration,
Whoſe Name is rais'd up by a juſt Reputation,
Whoſe Name is proclaim'd without Deſert or Honour,
Not Fame, but Infame, is the Author and Donor.

A Compariſon betwixt Lewis *XIV. and Prince* Eugene.

NOW *Lewis*, all thy numerous Trophies boaſt,
Recount the Blood and Treaſure they have coſt,
Tell of Towns ſtorm'd, and Countries over-run,
And all by thy victorious Armies won,

O had But Fate, indulgent to thy Fame,
When *Europe* trembled at thy mighty Name,
Compell'd thee hence——
In all her Liſt ſhe never could have ſhewn
A happier Hero, of more darling Son.
Yet now thy Brows not only wrinkled ſhow,
But Age has made their Laurels whither too.
Thus *Hannibal*, his many Conqueſts paſt,
Found *Fabius* to grapple with at laſt;
Fabius more great, with wiſer Conduct bleſt,
Vanquiſh'd the Victor, and his Pride repreſt:
Sure means he found to make the *Tyrians* yield,
And by declining Battel won the Field.

An Epitaph on the late King of Spain.

CY giſt icy *Charles* Roy d'*Eſpagne*.
Qui en ſes jours ne fit Campagne,
Ny Enfans Maſles, ny Femelles,
Laiſſant ſes deux Femmes pucelles.
Qu'at-il donc fait ce vaillant Prince,
Qui poſſedoit tant de Provinces?
A vous le dire franchement,
Rien; pas meſme ſon Teſtament.

Here lies the laſt King *Charles* of *Spain*,
Who all his Life ne'er made Campagn;
He made no Children, Girl nor Boy,
Nor gave two Wives one Nuptial Joy.
What has this valiant Prince then done,
Who long poſſeſs'd ſo vaſt a Throne?
E'en nothing neither Good nor Ill,
Nay, not ſo much as made his Will.

A Fable.

IN *Æſop*'s Tales an honeſt Wretch we find,
Whoſe Years and Comforts equally declin'd;
He in two Wives had two domeſtick Ills,
For different Age they had, and different Wills;
One pluckt his Black Hairs out, and one his Grey;
The Man for quietneſs did both obey,
Till all his Pariſh ſaw his Head quite bare;
And thought he wanted Brains as well as Hair.

The Moral.

The Parties hen-peckt *W — m*, are thy Wives;
The Hairs they pluck are thy Prerogatives;
Tories thy Perſon hate, the Whigs thy Power,
Tho much thou yieldeſt, till they tug for more,
Till this poor Man and thou alike are ſhown,
He without Hair, and thou without a Crown.

The Patriots. Writ about the Year 1700.

1.

YE Patriots go on
To heal the Nation's Sores,
Find all Men's Faults out but your own,
Begin good Laws, but finiſh none,
And then ſhut up your Doors.

2.

Fail not our Freedom to ſecure,
And all our Friends diſband,
And ſend thoſe Men to t'other Shore
Who were ſuch fools as to come o'er
To help this grateful Land.

3.

And may the next that hear us pray,
And in Diſtreſs relieve us,
Go home like thoſe without their Pay,
And with Contempt be ſent away
For having once believ'd us.

4.

And if the *French* ſhould e'er attempt
This Nation to invade,
May they be damn'd that liſt again,
But lead the fam'd Militia on,
To be like us betray'd.

5.

As for the Crown you have beſtow'd
With all its Limitations,
The meaneſt Prince in *Chriſtendom*,
Would never ſtir a Mile from home
To govern three ſuch Nations.

6.

The King himſelf, whom you have call'd
Your Saviour in Diſtreſs,
You in his firſt Suit have deny'd,
And then his Royal Patience try'd
With a canting ſham Addreſs.

7.

Ye are the Men that to be choſe
Would be at no Expences,
Who love no Friends, nor fear no Foes,
Have ways and means that no Man knows,
To mortify your Senſes.

8.

Ye are the Men that can condemn
By Laws made *ex poſt facto*,
Who can make Knaves of honeſt Men,
And married Women turn again
To be *Virgo* and *Intacta*.

9.

Go on to purify the Court,
And damn the Men of Places,
Till decently you ſend them home,
And get your ſelves put in their room,
And then you'll change your Faces.

10.

Go on for to eſtabliſh Trade,
And mend our Navigation,
Let *India India* invade,
And borrow on Funds will ne'er be paid,
And bankrupt all the Nation,

11.

'Tis you that calculate our Gold,
And with a ſenſeleſs Tone
Vote that you never underſtood,
That we might take them if we wou'd,
Or let them all alone.

12.

Your Miſſives you ſend round about
With Mr. *Speaker*'s Letter,
To fetch Folks in, and find Folks out,
Which Fools belie without diſpute,
Becauſe they know no better.

13.

With borrow'd Ships, and hir'd Men
The *Iriſh* to reduce,
Who will be paid the Lord knows when
'Tis hop'd when e'er you want again,
You'll think of that Abuſe.

14.

Ye laid ſham Taxes on our Malt,
On Salt, on Glaſs, on Leather,
To wheedle Coxcombs in to lend;
And like true Cheats your dropt that Fund,
And ſunk them all together.

15.

And now y'are piouſly enclin'd
The Needy to employ,
You'd better much your time beſtow
To pay neglected Debts you owe,
Which makes them multiply.

16.

Againſt Prophaneneſs you declar'd,
And then the Bill rejected;
And when the Arguments appear'd,
They were the worſt that e'er were heard,
And beſt that we expected.

17.

'Twas voted once, that for the Sin
Of Whoring Men ſhould die all;
But then it was wiſely thought again,
The Houſe would quickly grow ſo thin,
They durſt not ſtand the Tryal.

18.

King *Charles* the Second knew your aim,
And Places gave and Penſions;
And had King *William*'s Mony flown,
His Majeſty would ſoon have known,
Your Conſciences Dimenſions.

19.

But he has wiſely given you up
To work your own Deſires,
And laying Arguments aſide,
As things that have in vain been try'd,
To Faſting calls and Prayers.

Chorus.

Your Hours are choicely employ'd,
Your Petitions lie all on the Table,
With Funds Inſufficient,
And Taxes Deficient,
And Deponents innumerable.

For ſhame leave this wicked Employment,
Reform both your Manners and Lives;
You were never ſent out
To make ſuch a Rout,
Go home, and look after your W——s.

On Squire Neal's *Projects.*

YOur *M——ves, Cl—is, H——lys, F—y's Lowthers,*
Who in the Houſe are wont to make great Po-
And ſquander Taxes-time in long Debates, [thers,
To ſave thoſe fooliſh trifles our Eſtates,
Be ſilent now; and for the publick Weal,
Give ear to learned *Barebone*, prudent *Neal*,
Thoſe Oracles rais'd by relenting Fame.
Both to direct and prop the puzled State.
As once the hungry Geeſe in Capitol,
Sav'd *Rome* from the ſame direful Foe, the *Gaul*.
And ne'er did Fate, or human Wiſdom yet,
More proper Tools to the Employment fit,
For who can help ſo well at a dead Lift,
As thoſe who always live by ſhark and ſhift?
Moſt Members in Vacation take their pleaſure,
Or waſt their time upon their private Treaſure;
Whilſt theſe Great Publick Souls, humbly conten
With the bare Privilege of being pent,
And ſave enſeonc'd within their Forts at home
Againſt th' Aſſaults of Dun and dreadful Bum,
Lay out their hireling Thoughts how to reduce
The *French*, by bringing us to wooden Shoos.
As to the old Monky who his Tail had loſt,
Did the Convenience of bare Buttocks boaſt,
Adviſe his Friends to the ſame Amputation,
As the moſt uſeful and becoming Faſhion;

So *Neal*, who long ſince threw his Lands away,
His Wife's Exchequer, Princes Boons at play,
Has been his own Executor and Heir,
And ſunk his deſp'rate Ruins paſt repair,
Whoſe Life all parts of Fortune's Weel hath ſeen,
And a meer Bubbles in all Senſes been;
To level the whole Nation to his ſize,
Cries up the Adventages of *Blank* and *Prize*;
Loudly proclaims the only way to baffle
The *French*, is to put all Eſtates in Raffle,
Truſt Chance with what you have alredy got,
Draw Lots whether you ſhall eat Bread or not;
Whilſt he like State-Groom-Porter hold the Stakes,
And out of all Events a Living makes:
So drunken Vintner meeting with Miſhap,
Shrinks into Drawer, and ſtill lives by th' Tap.
The amphibious Doctor, who more Years hath ſpent
In making Mortar than Medicament,
Many fair Palaces and Fields defac'd,
And ſtately *Nothings* on the ſame Spots plac'd,
Has made the Suburbs to outſwell the Town,
Yet ha'nt a Hut which he dares call his own;
In new Foundations has the Ruins laid
Of many Artiſts whom he never paid; [*Fryars*
Stuff'd the *Kings-Bench*, the *Fleet*, *Mint* and *White*-
With broken Building-Knights, *Alſatia* Squires;
T' avoid which Fate himſelf was forc'd to tamper
For a dear Bargain with the Men of *Bramber*.
He weary grown of ruining by Retail,
Gravely preſcribes Deſtruction by Wholeſale.
As if the curſed Spirit of your *Pool*
Had in a double ſhare inform'd this Tool,
Would lay our New-erected Fences waſt,
And th' Glory of the Revolution blaſt;
Revive damn'd Chimney-Mony, and impoſe
Gabels on Childrens warming Hands and Toes;
If Doctor-like the Builder would adviſe,
Cloſe-ſtools and Urinals ſhould pay Exciſe.

Un-

Unhappy ſure muſt be that Nation's Fate,
Where Quacks and Cullies do direct the State.
Britannia liſtned at the Senate-houſe,
And groaning ſpake thus, with contracted Brows:
This Houſe, once my ſtout Guard of Property,
Now harbours ſniveling Pimps to Beggary;
A pack of ſenſeleſs Fools, as well as Knaves,
Who take a Bribe, and ſell themſelves for Slaves:
But thus it muſt be (letting fall a Tear)
Whilſt Officers and Penſioners ſit here,
Whilſt by ſelf-ended Knaves deluded Kings
Make *England*'s Int'reſt and their own two things.

On ſome Votes againſt the Lord S.

WHEN Envy does at *Athens* riſe,
And ſwells the Towns with murmurs loud,
Not *Ariſtides*, Juſt and Wiſe,
Can ſcape the moody factious Crowd.

Each Vote augments the common Cry,
While he that holds the fatal Shell,
Can give no Cauſe, or Reaſon why,
But being Great, and doing Well.

The Confederate; or the first Happy Day of the Island Princess.

YE vile Traducers of the Female Kind,
Who think the Fair to Cruelty inclin'd,
Recant your Error, and with Shame confess
Their tender Care of *Skipwith* in Distress.
For now to vindicate this Monarch's Right,
The *Scotch* and *English* equal Charms unite;
In solemn Leagues contended Nations join,
And *Britain* labours with the vast Design:
And Opera with loud Applause is play'd,
Which fam'd *Matteux* in soft Heroicks made,
And all the sworn Confederates resort
To view the Triumph of their Sov'reigns Court;
In bright Array the well-train'd Host appears,
Supreme Command brave *Darentwater* bears.
And next in Front *George Howard*'s Bride does shine,
The living Honour of that Antient Line,
The Wings are led by Chiefs of matchless Worth,
Great *Hamilton*, the Glory of the *North*,
Commands the left; and *England*'s dear Delight,
The bold *F*——*ter*, charges on the Right.
The Prince to welcome his propitious Friends,
A Throne erected on the Stage ascends.
He said: Blest Angels for great ends design'd,
The best (and sure the fairest) of your Kind,
How shall I praise, or in what Numbers sing
Your just Compassion of an injur'd King?
Till you appear'd no Prospect did remain
My Crown and falling Scepter to maintain,

No

No noiſy Beaux in all my Realm were found,
No beautious Nymphs my empty Boxes crown'd.
But ſtill I ſaw (O dire heart-breaking Wo!)
My own ſad Conſort in the foremoſt Row:
But this Auſpicious Day new Empire gives,
And if by your Support my Nation lives.
For you my Bards ſhall tune the ſweeteſt Lays,
Norton and *Henly* ſhall reſound your Praiſe;
And I, not laſt of the Harmonious Train,
Will give a looſe to my Poetick Vein.
To him Great *Darentwater* thus replied:
Thou mighty Prince in many Dangers try'd,
Born to diſpute ſevere Decrees of Fate,
The nurſing Father of a ſickly State;
Behold the Pillars of thy lawful Reign,
Thy Regal Rights we promiſe to maintain;
Our brighteſt Nymph ſhall thy Dominions grace
With all the Beauties of the Highland Race;
The Beaux ſhall make thee their peculiar Care,
(For Beaux will always wait upon the Fair,
For thee kind *Bereton* and Bold *Web* ſhall fight,
Lord *Scot* ſhall ogle, and my Spouſe ſhall write:
Thus ſhall thy Court our *Engliſh* Youth engroſs,
And all the *Scotch* from *Drummond* down to *Roſs*.
Now in his Throne the King ſecurely ſat,
But O! this change alarm'd the Rival State;
Beſides he lately brib'd in breach of Laws
The fair Deſerter of her Uncle's Cauſe.
This rouz'd the Monarch of the neighbouring Crown,
A drowſy Prince too careleſs of Renown,
Yet prompt to Vengeance and untaught to yield,
Great *Scarſdale* challeng'd *Skipwith* to the Field.
Whole Shoals of Poets for this Chief declare,
And Vaſſal Players attend him to the War.
Skipwith with Joy the dreadful Summons took,
And brought an equal Force: Then *Scarſdale* ſpoke;
Thou Bane of Empire, Foe to Human kind,
Whom neither Leagues nor Laws of Nations bind,

For

For Cares of high Poetick Sway unfit,
Thou Shame of Learning and Reproach of Wit;
Reſtore bright *Helen* to my longing Sight,
Or now my Signal ſhall begin the Fight.
Hold, ſaid the Foe, thy warlike Hoſt remove,
Nor let our Bard the Chance of Battel prove;
Shou'd Death deprive us of their ſhining Parts,
What would become of all the Liberal Arts?
Should *Dennis* fall, whoſe high Majeſtick Wit
An awful Judgment like two Tallies fit,
Adieu ſtrong Odes and every lofty Strain,
The Tragick Rant, and proud Pindarick Vein.
Shou'd tuneful *Durfey* now reſign his Breath,
The Lyrick Muſe would ſcarce ſurvive his Death:
But ſhould Divine *Motteux* untimely die,
The gaſping Nine would in Convulſions lie.
For theſe bold Champions ſafer Arms provide,
And let their Pens the double Strife decide.

The King conſents, and urg'd by publick Good,
Wiſely retreats to ſave his Peoples Blood.
The moving Legions leave the duſty Plain,
And ſafe at home Poetick War maintain.

A Dialogue between Poet Motteux *and Patron* Henningham.

Enter Poet.

I Told you, Sir, it would not paſs;
Why wou'd you make me ſuch an Aſs;
To own, for ſake of piteous Pelf,
Your Dedication to your ſelf?
The Cheat is out; for all the Town
Full forty Years your Stile has known.

Patron.

Pray, Brother *Motteux*, hold your Tongue,
Some Coxcomb has inform'd you wrong;
For ten Years ſince, a Wager loſt,
Prov'd me but Forty ſix at moſt:
And Stile like mine was never ſeen
In full perfection at Sixteen.
Which argument does plainly ſhow
It was not known ſo long ago.
Beſides, how can you think me old,
Who now my Air and Dreſs behold;
Who hear me ſing, and ſee me caper?
Godz —— your take me ſure for *Napper*.

Poet.

Forgive me, Sir, but *Dryden* ſwore
To me, you were at laſt threeſcore;
And 'tis but juſt I ſhould depend
On him who does my Works commend.
Oft have I been inform'd by him,
That you two flouriſh'd at a time;

That

That he in Verſe, and you in Proſe,
By equal ſteps to Glory roſe,
When to a Dame wry-fac'd and old,
You did the place of Stallion hold.

Patron.

The Dotard lyes, for Ladies know
That ſtill my veins with Vigor flow;
With Joy their tender Limbs I preſs,
And thrice a day ſome Beauty bleſs;
Waſting my Spirits without meaſure,
To give intolerable Pleaſure.
But how, Dear Brother, was it known
That I ſhould write what you did own?

Poet.

Alas the thing, Sir, is too plain,
And all your Oaths and mine are vain.
What Pen, but yours, cou'd e'er expreſs
Such *Care of Beauty in Diſtreſs?*
Such *Honourable Hands* prepare,
And *Hoſpitable Walls* for her?
What Author, but your ſelf, can tell,
That you divide your Time ſo well,
Between the Witty, Wiſe, and Fair,
And to 'em all ſo grateful are?
Form'd to *improve, to cheer, to charm,*
To *touch their Souls,* their *Hearts to warm;*
To taſt their Sweets, their Graces rifle,
And ſo agreeably to trifle:
But above all the Proof's point blank,
That none could tell the warlike Prank
Play'd in the Plains of *Judah,* when
The *Henningham* and *Saracen,*
The *Turks* and *Chriſtians* to delight,
With Heads alike engag'd in Fight.

Patron.

Patron.

I muſt confeſs I was to blame,
That one Particular to name;
The reſt could never have been known,
I made the Stile ſo like thy own.

Poet.

I beg your Pardon, Sir, for that.

Patron.

Why, d—— me, what would you be at?
I writ below my ſelf, you Sot,
Avoid Figures, Tropes, what not:
For fear I ſhould my Fancy raiſe
Above the Level of thy Plays.

Poet.

There was no Danger Sir, alaſs!
But 'tis no matter, let that paſs:
From ſome I can expect no leſs;
Uninterrupted good Succeſs
My Works to Envy does expoſe,
And ſhining Merit makes me Foes.
But whiles the Learned World admires
The little Flight my Muſe inſpires,
I'll calmly let Detractors lie
In their deſerv'd Obſcurity;
And for their Malice I defy 'm,
'Tis ſhewn, to better Pens than I am.

Patron.

Nay, now thy ſelf thou uſeſt ill,
What art thou dwindled to a Quill?

Poet.

Why there's the thing; let us expreſs,
Our Thoughts above the Vulgar Dreſs;

Strait

Strait those that never read *Longinus*,
To lower Phrases would confine us;
But better Judges know my Merit,
And would be ready to declare it,
Were not Words wanting to commend
So great a Poet, good a Friend.
But since you criticize me so,
Equip me, pray, and let me go.

Patron.

Here, Sirrah, here's five Guineas then.

Poet.

What do you mean? you promis'd ten;
And *Norton* gave an hundred Pieces,
To own a better thing than this is,
Even to *Southern*, whom you see
Dryden commended less than me.

Patron.

Lord! *Peter* what a stir you keep here?
Tom Durfey would have done it cheaper.
Nay, *Gildon* told me, he was willing
To own the thing for forty Shilling.

Poet.

Nay Gad, if you despise the matter,
Morbleu, I'll take it out in Satyr.
There was an antient *Grecian* Poet
(Tho I suppose you hardly know it)
That made a Trade of writing Fellows
With keen Iambick to the Gallows.

Patron.

How now you Puppy, do you threaten?
God d — d my Bl—, I'll have you beaten.
Here—where are all those Sons of Whores?
Go —— kick that Rascal out of doors.

Exit Poet.

A Letter from J. P. *to Colonel H. occaſion'd by the Colonel's two late Letters.*

O *Harry*, canſt thou find no Subject fit,
But thy beſt Friend, to exerciſe thy Wit;
No Order but the Toaſt to ridicule?
Why with things ſacred doſt thou play the Fool?
Sadly condemn'd (the Poets common Curſe)
Still to be writing, and ſtill writing worſe.
Thy firſt Eſſay was with ſome Fancy fir'd,
Thy laſt was by ſome *Grubſtreet* Muſe inſpir'd;
So harſh the Numbers, Raillery ſo groſs,
Sure 'twas tranſlated out of *Scotch* by *Roſs*.
Is this thy Gratitude for all the Wine
The Knights beſtow'd, who never taſted thine?
And doſt thou thus our Myſteries diſcloſe,
And in rude Rhime our Preſident expoſe?
How oft haſt thou with awful Silence heard
The midnight Lectures of that Reverend Bard,
When with his Glaſs in Hand he doth unfold
What Faith the Prieſts of all Religions hold;
What old *Socinus*, and *Molinos* teach,
And what the modern *Philadelphians* preach;
What nice Remarks each different Tongue affords,
And curious Etymologies of Words?
Then he goes on to ſearch Decrees of Fate,
And gives ſtrong Proof about a future State:
Not old *Silenus* ſo divinely ſpoke
Of hidden Truths in *Virgil*'s ſacred Book,
When with a load of Wine and Knowledg fraught,
The drunken God the liſtning Satyrs taught;

And

And doſt thou thus his Care and Pains requite,
To make thee learned in thy own Deſpite?
Hard Fate of Greatneſs! tho a Man ſhould be
As wiſe as *Aſhly*, or refin'd like thee,
Like *Fletcher* ſhould for *England*'s Glory toil,
And plot as deep as *Monmouth*, or as *Moyle*,
Yet *Barber*, *B*——*y*, and ſuch Wits as thoſe,
Would find out ſomething in him to expoſe.
Thrice happy *B*——, who alike does prove
Succeſsful in Affairs of State and Love;
Grave as Sir *Harry* in a Council-Chair,
Yet ſmart as *Archer* to engage the Fair.
Such are his Mien, his Perſon, and his Parts,
He ſeems by Nature form'd to gain'd their Hearts;
And ſuch his Prudence to protect their Fame,
Safe are his Darts, and innocent his Flame:
None e'er for him provok'd her Husband's Rage,
Nor ſtood recorded yet in *Walker*'s Page.
The Jealous truſt him with their Wives alone,
Who guards them from all Arrows but his own.
Bold to attack, yet skilful to defend,
He plays at once the Lover and the Friend;
But he's a Theme too lofty for thy Pitch,
Aim not at things that are above thy reach.
Mildmay ſeems fitting for a Stile like thine,
And *William Pawlet* in thy Works would ſhine;
Lord *Ratcliff*'s Poems might thy Satyr fit,
But what haſt thou to do with Men of Wit?
Reſign the Task to ſome ſublimer Muſe,
To tell what Beauties *Burl*——*n* purſues,
What powerful Charms did *Angleſea* recall,
And who now warms the Heart of gentle *Maule*;
What lovely Youth *Boyle* fondly doth careſs,
Or ſtrowling *Punk* does brawny *Granvile* bleſs;
What new Swivante *Manwaring* will clap,
And who by *Walſh* is deſtin'd to a Rape;
How *Theròld* ſtill for *Mazareen* doth burn,
And Lady *Mary* does loſt *Kingſton* mourn.

Well

Well it becomes wise *William*'s rightful Heir
To fix his serious Inclinations there,
Where solid Prudence the fit Choice commends,
And from the Mother Chastity descends.
But groundless Fears oblig'd him to desist,
And no bold Man will venture to be blest,
Till Heaven provides, the Family to grace,
Some daring Hero of the Regal Race.
But these are Subjects that surpass thy Rhimes.
Draw thou the Fops or Husbands of the Times;
Or if to charge the Fair thy Fancy moves,
Write *Popham*'s Life or Madam *Griffin*'s Loves.
One Labour too to *Ranelagh* is due,
Who with false Beauty does deface the true;
And may arrive with Diligence and Care
In time to rival *Darenwater*'s Heir.
On such as these thy Doggrel Numbers try.
And fresh Memoirs Lord *Edward* will supply.
But all whose Beauty and whose Vertue shine,
Should be protected from such Pens as thine:
From them, dear *Harry*, modestly abstain,
Nor ever more Immortal Charms profane.
More I could say, but Business must not wait;
And I to day must open a Debate.
If after all the Criticks tell us right,
Who say some other did those Rhimes indite,
And set thy Name to what thou didst not write;
Then pardon this Impertinence in me,
Who am thy most assured Friend *J. P.*

A Satyr upon the French *King. Writ after the Peace was concluded at* Reſwick, *Anno* 1697. *by a Non-ſwearing Parſon, and ſaid to be drop'd out of his Pocket at* Sam's *Coffee-Houſe.*

AND haſt thou left old *Jemmy* in the Lurch!
A Plague confound the Doctors of thy Church;
Then to abandon poor *Italian Molly*;
That I'ad the ſtirking of thy Bum with Holly.
Next to diſcard the virtuous Prince of *Wales*;
How ſuits this with the Honour of *Verſailles*?
Fourthly and laſtly, to renounce the *Turks*;
Why this is the Devil, the Devil and all his Works.
Were I thy Confeſſor, who am thy Martyr,
Doſt think that I'd allow thee any Quarter?
No—Thou ſhouldſt find what 'tis to be a Starter.
Lord! with what monſtrous Lies and ſenſeleſs Shams
Have we been cullied all along at *Sam*'s?
Who could have e'er believ'd, unleſs in ſpite,
Lewis le Grand would turn rank *Williamite*?
Thou that haſt look'd ſo fierce, and talk'd ſo big;
In thy old Age to dwindle to a *Whig*;
By Heaven, I ſee thou'rt in thy Heart a Prig.
I'd not be for a Millon in thy Jerkin,
'Fore *George* thy Soul's no bigger than a Gerkin,
Haſt thou for this ſpent ſo much ready *Rhino*?
Now what the Plague will become of *Jure Divino*?
A Change ſo monſtrous I cou'd ne'er have thought,
Tho *Patridg* all his Stars to vouch it brought;
'S life I'll not take thy Honour for a Groat.

Even

Even Oaths with thee are only things of Courſe,
Tho Z——, thou art a Monarch for a Horſe.
Of Kings diſtreſs'd thou art a fine Securer,
Thou mak'ſt me ſwear, that am a known *Non-Juror.*
But tho I ſwear thus, as I ſaid before,
Know, King, I'll place it all upon thy Score.
Were *Job* alive, and banter'd by ſuch Shufflers,
He'd out-rail *Oates*, and curſe both thee and *Boufflers.*
For thee I've loſt, if I can rightly ſcan 'em,
Two Livings worth full eightſcore Pounds *per Annum*,
Bonæ & legalis Angliæ Monetæ
But now I'm clearly routed by the Treaty.
Then Geeſe and Pigs my Table ne'er dip fail,
And Tithe-eggs merrily flew in like Hail,
My Barns with Corn, my Cellars cram'd with Ale.
The Dice are chang'd; for now, as I'm a Sinner,
The *Devil*, for me, knows where to buy a Dinner:
I might as ſoon, tho I were ne'er ſo willing,
Raiſe a whole Troop of an Horſe, as one Shilling.
My *Spouſe* alas, muſt ſtant in Silks no more;
Pray Heaven, for Suſtenance, ſhe turn not Whore:
And Daughter *Peggy* too, in time, I fear,
Will learn to take a Stone up in her Ear.
My Friends have baſely left me with my Place;
What's worſe, my very Pimples bilk my Face:
And frankly my Condition to diſcloſe,
I moſt reſent th' Ungratitude of my Noſe,
On which tho I have ſpent on Wine ſuch ſtore,
It now looks paler than my Tavern Score.
My double Chin's diſmantled, and my Coat is
Paſt its beſt days *in Verbo Sacerdotis.*
My Breeches too this Morning, to my wonder,
I found grown Shiſmaticks, and fal'n aſunder.
When firſt I came to Town with Houſhold Clog,
Rings, Watch, and ſo forth, fairly went for Prog.
The antient Fathers next, in whom I boaſted,
Were ſoon exchang'd for Primitive Boil'd and Roaſted;

Since 'tis no Sin of Books to be a Glutton,
I truck'd St. *Auſtin* for a Leg of Mutton;
Old *Jerom*'s Volumes next I made a Rape on,
And melted down that Father for a Capon.
When theſe were gone, my Bowels not to balk,
I treſpaſs'd moſt enormouſly in Chalk;
But long I had not quarter'd upon tick,
E'er Chriſtian Faith, I found, grew monſtrous ſick;
And now alas, when my ſtarv'd Entrails croke,
At *Partner How*'s I dine and ſup on Smoke:
In fine, the Government may do its Will,
But I'm afraid my Guts will *grumble* ſtill.
Dennis of *Sicily*, as Books relate, Sir,
When he was tumbled from the Regal State, Sir,
(Which by the by I hope will be your Fate, Sir)
And his good Subjects left him in the Lurch,
Turn'd Pedagogue, and *tyranniz'd* in Birch.
Tho thus the Spark was taken a peg lower,
Some feeble Signs of his old State he bore,
And reign'd o'er Boys, that govern'd Men before.
For thee I wiſh ſome Puniſhment that worſe is;
Since then thou'ſt ſpoil'd my Prayers, now hear my
(Curſes.

May thy Affairs (for ſo I wiſh by Heavens)
All the World o'er at Sixes lie and Sevens;
May *Conti* be impos'd on by the *Primate*,
And forc'd in haſte to leave the Nothern Climate;
May he rely upon their Faith and try it,
And have his Belly full of *Poliſh Dyet*;
May *Maintenon*, tho thou ſo long haſt kept her,
With Brand-venereal ſinge thy Royal Scepter;
May all the Poets that thy Fame have ſcatter'd,
Ungod thee now, and damn what once they flatter'd:
The Pope and thou be never Cater-Couſins,
And *Fiſtula*'s thy Arſe-hole ſeize by Dozens.
Thus far in Jeſt; but now to pin the Basket,
May'ſt thou to *England* come, of *Jove* I ask it,

Thy

Thy Wretched Fortune, *Lewis* there to prop,
I hope thou'lt in the *Fryars* take a Shop;
Turn puny Barber there, bleed louzy Carmen,
Cut Corns for Chimny-ſweepers and ſuch Vermin;
Be forc'd to trim (for ſuch I'm ſure thy Fate is)
Thy own poor *Hugonots*, and us *Non-Jurors* gratis.
May *Savoy* likewiſe with thee hither pack,
And carry a *Raree-ſhow* upon his Back.
May all this happen, as I've put my Pen to't,
And may all Chriſtian People ſay Amen to't.

On Madam Mohun *and Mr.* Congreve's *Sickneſs.*

ONE fatal Day Sympathetick Fire,
Seiz'd Him that writ, and Her that did inſpire.
Mohun the Muſes Theme, their Maſter *Congreve*,
Beauty and Wit had like to 've lain in one Grave.

Engrav'd on a Medal of the French *King's.*

SEcond to *Jove* alone, in whom unite
Unbounded Virtue with unbounded Might;
Whether to ſuccour Innocents oppreſt,
Or quell thoſe Monſters which the World infeſt.
In vain the *Titans* againſt Heaven combine,
In vain the embattl'd Squadrons paſs the *Rhine*,
There is the Eagle, but the Thunder's thine.

On Fortune, by the Duke of Buckingham.

FOrtune made up of Toys and Impudence,
That common Jade that has not common Senſe;
But fond of Buſineſs inſolently dares
Pretend to rule yet ſpoil the World's Affairs.
She fluttering up and down, her Favours throws
On the next Man, not minding what ſhe does,
Nor why nor whom ſhe helps or injures knows.
Sometimes ſhe ſmiles, then like a Fury raves,
And ſeldom truly loves but Fools and Knaves.
Let her love whom ſhe pleaſe, I ſcorn to woo her,
While ſhe ſtays with me I'll be civil to her.
But if ſhe offers once to move her Wings,
I'll throw her back all her vain Gewgaw things;
And arm'd with Virtue will more glorious ſtand,
Then if the Bitch ſtill bent at my Command:

I'll

I'll marry Honesty, tho ne'er so poor,
Rather than follow such a dull blind Whore.

On Madam Behn.

1.

THE Gods are not more blest than he,
Who fixing his glad Eyes on thee,
With thy bright Rayes his Senses cheers,
And drinks with ever-Thirsty Ears:
The charming Musick of thy Tongue
Does ever here and ever long,
That sees with more than human Grace,
Sweet Smiles adore thy Angel Face.

2.

But when with kinder Beams you shine,
And so appear much more Divine,
My feebled Sense and dazled Sight
No more support the glorious Light,
And the fierce torrent of Delight.
O then I feell my Life decay,
My ravish'd Soul then flies away;
Then Faintness does my Limbs surpize.
And Darkness swims before my Eyes.

3.

Then my Tongue fails, and from my Brow
The liquid Drops in Silence flow;
Then wandring Fire runs thro my Blood,
Then Cold binds up the languid Flood;
All pale and breathless then I lie,
I sigh, I tremble, and I die.

A Song on the Taxes, 1696.

GOOD Popole, what will you of all be bereft?
Will you never learn Wit while a Penny is left?
You are all like the Dog in the Fable betray'd
To let go the Subſtance and ſnatch at the Shade;
Your ſpecious Pretences, and foreign Expences,
We were for Religion, and waſt all our Chink,
'Tis nipt and 'tis clipt, 'tis lent and 'tis ſpent,
Till 'tis gone, 'tis gone to the Devil I think.

2.

We pay for our New-born, we pay for our Dead,
We pay if we're ſingle, we pay if we're wed;
To ſhow that our merciful Senate don't fail
To begin at the Head and tax down to the Tail.
We pay thro the Noſe by ſubjecting Foes,
Yet for all our Expences get nothing but Blows;
At home we are cheated, abroad we're defeated,
But the end on't, the end on't the Lord above knows.

3.

We parted with all our old Money, to ſhew
We fooliſhly hope for a Plenty of new;
But might have remember'd, when we came to the puſh
That a Bird in the Hand is worth two in the Buſh.
We now like poor Wretches are kept under Hatches
At Rack and at Manger like Beaſts in the Ark;
Since our Burgeſſes and Knights make us pay for our (Lights,
Why ſhould we, why ſhould we be kept in the dark?

Regu-

Regulus's *Death by* Carthage *two Ways.*

WHEN the bold *Carthaginian*
Fought with *Rome* for Dominion,
Little *Reg.* was ta'en in the Qurarel;
They led him up a Hill,
And ſore againſt his Will
They tumbled him down in a Barrrel.

2.

When the bold *Carthaginian*
Fought with *Rome* for Dominion,
Little *Reg.* was ta'en in the Strife;
When his Eye-lids they par'd,
God Lord how he ſtar'd,
And could not go to ſleep for his Life.

To King WIILLIAM.

IN Council wiſe, in War ſo great a Man,
What Age did e'er produce, or ever can?
Brutus himſelf this beſt of Kings would love,
The wiſe *Fabricius* would to Court remove;
And *Cato* too, whom *Caſar* could not tame,
Would now a Subject live with greater Fame.

Martial

Martial. Lib. 1. *Epig.* 58.

WOuld you know, if I ſhould change my Life,
What kind of Girl I'd chuſe to make my Wife;
I would not have her to be ſo fond to ſay
Yes at firſt daſh, nor dwell too long on Nay;
Theſe two Extremes I hate, then let her be
'Twixt both, nor too hard-hearted, nor too free.

Cure for Green Sickneſs, 1702.

AS fair *Olinda* beneath a ſhady Tree
Much Love I did profer to her, and ſhe the like (to me;
But when I kiſs'd her Lovely Lips, and preſs her to be kind, (are Wind.
She cry'd O no, but I remember, Womens words
I hug'd her till her Breath grew ſhort, then farther did intrude, (was rude.
She ſcratch'd and ſtruggl'd modeſtly, and told me I
I beg'd her pardon 20 times, and ſome Concern did feign,
But like a bold preſumptious Sinner did the ſame again.
At laſt I did by Dalliance raiſe the pretty Nymph's Deſire,
Our Inclinations equal were, and mutual was our Fire.
Then in the height of Joy ſhe cry'd, O I'm undone I fear, (my Dear.
O kill me, ſtick me; ſtick me, kill me; kill me quite

Fouud

Found on the Church-Door at Whitehall, *January* 30. 1696.

WHAT, faſt and pray
For the horrid Murder of the Day!
And at the ſame time drive the Son away,
The Royal Father and the Royal Son?
While by your Praying you their Rights do own.
Go ask your learned Biſhop and your Dean,
What theſe ſtrange Contradictions mean;
And ceaſe to faſt and pray and trouble Heaven,
Sins, whilſt unrepented, cannot be forgiven.

Epitaph on King WILLIAM, 1702.

WILLIAM the Third lies here, th' Almighty's Friend.
A Scourge to *France*, a Check t' Imperious *Rome*,
Who did our Rights and Liberties defend,
And reſcu'd *England* from its threatn'd Doom;
Heav'n ſnatch'd him from us whom our Hearts ca-reſs'd,
And now he's King in Heaven among the Bleſt,
Grief ſtops my Pen; Reader, pray weep the reſt.

On

On the Lord Lovelace's *coming to* Oxford *from* Gloceſter *Goal in* Decem. 1688.

1.

A Late Expedition to *Oxford* was made
By a Proteſtant Peer and his Brother o'th blade,
Who in Triumph his Lordſhip from *Gloceſter* convey'd, Which no body can deny.

2.

Had you ſeen all his Mirmidons when they came to us
Equipt in their thred-bare grey Coats and high Shoos.
You'd have ſworn not the Goal, but Hell was broke looſe, Which, *&c.*

3.

In rank and in file there rode many a Man,
Some march'd in the Rear and ſome in the Van,
And for want of their Hats they had Head-pieces on, Which, *&c.*

4.

Tho Arms were not plenty, yet armed they come,
With ſtout Oaken Plants and Crabtree Sticks ſome,
To cudgel the Pope and the bald Pate a *Rome*, Which, *&c.*

5.

Some had two able Legs, but never a Boot,
And on their Tits mounted they ſtood ſtoutly to't,
But for the Name of a Horſe they'd as good went on foot, Which, *&c.*

6.

In all theſe gay Troops, 'mongſt twenty ſcarce one
Had Halbert or Piſtol, Sword, Carabine or Gun;
A Sign they did mean no great harm ſhould be done, Which, *&c.*

7.

7.

One Horſe wore a Halter amongſt the reſt,
Nor had the dull Wight half the Senſe of his Beaſt,
And he of the two did deſerve the Rope beſt,
Which, *&c.*

8.

Here were many Gallants I warrant you that
Had Ribbons of Orange and Seamans Crevat,
The Defect of their Arms was made up in State,
Which, *&c.*

9.

Here *Mordant* and *G* —— on their pamper'd Steeds (prance,
D —— *Brab* ——, *G* —— next, and *J. Willis* advance,
Who phyz'd at the *Switzer* that cand him in *France*,
Which, *&c.*

10.

In this Cavalcade, for the Grace of the matter,
Lord *Lovelace* rod firſt, and the next follow'd after,
They gallop up Town firſt, and then down to Water,
Which *&c.*

11.

The Mayor and his Brethren in courteous Faſhion
Bid him welcome to Town in a fine pen'd Oration,
And thank'd him for taking ſuch Care of the Nation,
Which *&c.*

12.

His Honour the next day in Courtſhip exceeding,
Return'd a ſmart Speech to ſhew them his Breeding,
Which when 'tis in print will be well worth the reading,
Which, *&c.*

13.

Having thus far proceeded to ſecure the Town,
The Guards were ſtrait ſet, and the Bridges beat down,
And tho no great Courage, yet his Conduct was ſhown,
Which, *&c.*

14.

14.

Next Night's Alarm our Warriours ſurprize,
Drums beat, Trumpets ſound, and at Midnight all riſe
To fight the King's Army that came in diſguiſe,
Which, &c.

15.

The Cits were ſtrait armed, expert Men and able,
With Prongs and with Coal-ſtaffs march'd next whooping Rabble,

16.

In the midſt of the Mob two fat Draymen appear,
To guard Mr. Enſign a huge naſty Tar,
Who flouriſh'd a Blanket for Colours of War,
Which, &c.

17.

Since *England* was *England*, no People e'er ſcarce
So pleaſantly burleſq'd the angred God *Mars*.
Or of Affairs warlike e'er made ſuch a Farce,
Which, &c.

18.

At the foot of the Colours blith *Craudon* did go,
Who play'd a new Tune you very well know,
His Bagpipes ſqueak'd nothing but *Lero*, *Lero*,
Which, &c.

19.

And had the *Dear Joys* now but come in the nick,
I fancy they'd ſhown them a ſlippery Trick,
And march'd more nimbly without their Muſick,
Which no Body can deny.

A Song

TAlk *Strephon* no more of what's honeſt and juſt,
For Friendſhip is Int'reſt, and Love is but Luſt;
To the Purſe and no farther the one does extend,
And after Enjoyment your Love's at an end.
Then no longer maintain what your Actions deny,
Your oft-broken Vows your Aſſertions bely:
When I once ſee your Words with Patience agree,
I'll believe you the Man that you now ſeem to be.
That you once have deceiv'd me I do not complain,
But 'tis my own Fault if you cheat me again;
For none will the Fate of that Pilot deplore,
Who racks on that Shelf where he ſtranded before.

Another:

1.

IN a dark ſilent ſhady Grove
Fit for the Delights of Love,
As on *Corrinna*'s Breaſt I panting lay,
My right Hand playing with *& catera.*

2.

A thouſand Words and amorous Kiſſes
Prepar'd us both for more ſubſtantial Bliſſes;
And thus the haſty Moments ſlipt away,
Loſt in the Tranſport of *& catera.*

3.

3.

She bluſh'd to ſee her Innocence betray'd,
And the ſmall Oppoſition ſhe had made,
Yet hug'd me cloſe, and with a ſigh did ſay,
Once more, my Dear, once more, *& cætera.*

4.

But, O the power to pleaſe this Nymph was paſt,
Too violent a Flame can never laſt;
So we remitted to another Day
The Proſecution of *& cætera.*

On the Divorces by Parliament, 1701.

WOMAN, thou worſt of all Church-plagues, Farewel.
Bad at the beſt, but at the worſt a Hell;
Thou Truſs of Wormwood, bitter Teaſe of Life,
Thou Nurſery of Human Cares, a Wife;
Thou Apple-eating Traytor, who began
The wrath of Heaven, and miſeries of Man;
And haſt with never-failing Diligence
Improv'd the Curſe to Human Race e'er ſince.
Farewel Church-Juggle, that enſlav'd my Life,
But bleſs that Power that rid me of my Wife:
And now the Laws once more have ſet me free,
If Woman can again prevail with me,
My Fleſh and Bones ſhall make my Wedding Feaſt,
And none ſhall be invited as my Gueſt,
But my good Bride, the Devil and a Prieſt.

Some

Some Verſes found in the Ruins of the Privy Garden, which were carried to the Gentleman Uſher, written in a Scroll af Parchment.

WHEN a Knight of the North is lop'd in Ax-yard,
By a biting Peer's trick having play'd a wrong Card;
When at the Green Cloth a *Gray* does preſide,
And a Wolf in a Chain thro the City does ride;
When Chalk pays for Cheeſe, Gold dwindles to Wood,
And Banks rather let in, than keep out the Flood;
When *Grocers*-Hall fears to be ſent to the Counter,
And Faith Publick's ſo light that a Feather will mount her;
When the Coin ſcarcer grows as the Mints do increaſe,
And we're maul'd with a War without hope of a Peace;
When the Ocean's ſo Frenchifi'd few Ships do ride in't,
And is rul'd by a *Shovel* inſtead of a Trident;
When Juſtice is forc'd to abandon the Land,
Tho moſt People are ſeen with Scales in their Hand;
When a pack of brib'd Knaves does a Chappel diſgrace,
Who deſerve the ſame Fate with the Saint of the Place;
When *London*'s great Wit is ſhewn in a *C-ddon*,
And a Man with a Noſe does things that he ſhoud'nt;
Then *England*, I tell you, you are curſedly ſham'd,
It's too late to repent, ſin on and be damn'd.

The Life and Actions of that Valiant Hero Robert Blake *Esq; General of the Fleets of the Commonwealth of* England, *from the Year* 1649. *to* 1657. *when he died in* Plimouth Sound *much Lamented.*

An Hiſtorical Poem.

REnowned *Blake*, what Trumpet may be found,
That can thy matchleſs Praiſes duly ſound?
Or what Seraphick Pen, that can ſet forth,
In fitting Meaſures thy tranſcendent Worth?
And juſtly warble forth in ſaddeſt Strains,
Thy Death, and Loſs thereby the Land ſuſtains,
Is that *Sidneian* Spirit, with his Duſt,
Extinct? or for this mournful Subject muſt
Heroick *Spencer*, and that ſweet Divine
Dubartas, rais'd be from their reſting Shrine,
Thy ſignal unexampled Acts to ſing,
Of which the whole World doth already ring?
Which if in order we muſt needs recount,
Our mean unpoliſh'd Quill they far ſurmount,
That to thy Merit we ſhall in debt remain,
So great a Sum not able to attain:
Leaving a richer Pen the ſame to pay,
Whilſt in the common Stock our Mite we lay.
When firſt *Bellona* did fair *Albion* greet
With dreadful Larums in the open Street;
And when that high and *Roman*-like Diſpute
Of the Militia, did in Field recruit
Two Armies, 'twixt the late unhappy King
And Parliament, from whence, as from a Spring,

Ran

Ran Seas of Blood throughout this Iſle, which had
Drown'd all, but that *Jehovah* it forbad:
Commiſſions of Array are iſſu'd out,
Which do diſturb the trembling Land throughout.
Blake now ſtands up without Delay or Fear,
'Gainſt the Tyrannick Levies doth appear;
And with thoſe noble Patriots of the Weſt,
A Captain of ſtout Foot, himſelf addreſt
With their aſſociate Troops to march and face
The Royal Forces, who with nimble pace
Quitting the Field, to *Sherborne* do retreat,
That antient Caſtle, *Digby*'s ſtately Seat:
From thence are forc'd with tedious March to fly
To the *Cornubian* Mountains ſtrong and high;
And there divided, ſome away do poſt,
Through ſwelling *Severn* to the *Cambrian* Coaſt,
And fenced Hills of *Wales* for ſhelter, where
Th' old *Britains* by the *Romans* chaſed were.
So after many ſignal Proofs ſhewn forth
Of his Heroick Proweſs and true Worth,
At *Bodmyn*, *Briſtol*, and at *Lanſdown* Fight,
And at [1] *Bridgewater* (where he firſt ſaw Light)
Tho by juſt Providence and Heaven's Decree,
We were deny'd a Conqueſt yet to ſee;
And Royal *Charles* did ſubjugate the Weſt,
And two full Winters had the ſame poſſeſt,
He now arriveth to the Council great,
Thereof a Member, to conſult and treat
Of State-Concernments (where ſometimes did vote
His grave Progenitors, there to promote
The common Good) and ſo with great Applauſe
'Mongſt other Worthies, he that Publick Cauſe,
'Twixt Prince and People then in high Debate,
Is call'd with Dint of Sword to vindicate:
And ſpeedily on *Neptune*'s Chariot ſent,
Commander of a valiant Regiment,

[1] *Born there*, 1598.

Rais'd by ſtout *Popham* of illuſtrious Rank,
And timely landing on the Weſtern Bank.

I.

LYME to relieve, that old Maritime Seat
By faithful *Celey* kept with hazard great,
Near gaſping, as beleaguer'd ſtrongly by
A *Rheniſh* Prince's Army ſtrong and high,
Form'd of all Nations, who like ravenous Bears,
Thirſt after *Engliſh* Blood; whilſt he prepares
Himſelf for Sallies, and thro Help Divine
The bold Aſſailants ſlays like Herds of Swine:
Prince *Maurice* ſtill recruits, ſtill is repel'd
With Loſs of Thouſands, and at laſt compel'd
To quit the Leaguer with his Princely Train,
Not daring fiery *Lyme* to face again.

II.

HE having now paid to *Jehovah* High 1644.
His Vows and Thanks for this firſt Victory,
In Triumph hence doth march, bent to ſet free
The neighbouring Places that in Thraldom be,
(Aſſiſted by ſtout *Pye* from *Eſſex* ſent,
That Peer renown'd, in Arms ſo eminent)
To that ſtrong Caſtle founded by King *Ine*,
Of *Saxon* Race, ſeated as 'twere on *Rhine*,
Or rather *Eden* ſweet, a Land ſo bleſt,
Call'd vulgarly, The Garden of the *Weſt*.
And herein yet more happy, that brave *Blake*,
His firſt Breath in this fertile Soil did take;
'Gainſt this ſtrong Hold, call'd *Taunton*, that fair Town,
(By high-born *Stawell* kept) he ſitteth down,
Soon forcing the Beſieged to ſubmit
To his Conditions: They forthwith do quit
A Princely Gariſon, ſtor'd plenteouſly
With all Proviſions, here he worthily
Is now ordained Governour; but he,
As born to high Atchievements, will not be
Embas'd with Reſt and Sloth, but prudently
Foreſees approaching Storms; for ſuddenly

Great

Great Forces under *Wyndham* are drawn out,
This growing Gariſon to quell and rout:
Whilſt with few Men, but by him ſpirited,
And by his Fortitude and Wiſdom led,
With Sallies ſtrong, the potent Foe he plies,
That with great Loſs, and greater Shame he flies.

III.

YET here the Royal Party will not reſt,
But freſh Alarums do him ſtill infeſt:
On ſudden, lo, a formidable Hoſt,
Commanded by the Chieftains, and the moſt
Stout *Greenvil*, *Goring*, *Hopton*, breathing out
Nought elſe but Fire and Sword the Camp throughout.
Here might you hear the *Iriſh* Tories thunder
More hideous Threats than Cannon, that a ſunder
The Caſtle ſeem'd to rend: Lo like a Flood,
Great Multitudes have broke the Line, now Blood
Is like to dye fair *Tone*, or rather make
New Rivers in the Streets, all lies at ſtake;
Women and Children, nought but ghaſtly Death
Beholding, and half dead do gaſp for Breath.
Yet here great wonders wrought by thoſe *May*
Tauntonian Blades, the overflowing Foes 1645.
Are bravely check'd, and ſtopped at a Bay,
And forc'd to fight at Piſtol-ſhot by day
And night, from houſe to houſe, until the Foe
Repuls'd, ſuch Fury could not undergo.
Now are made good the words ſometimes he ſpake,
By Inches they their bloody way ſhould make;
And yet poor Souls, have loſt their way at laſt,
As into Darkneſs and Confuſion caſt.
And when that *Goring* ſent to him in ſcorn
A tatter'd Drum (beſt ſuiting their forlorn
Condition) for exchange of Pris'ners, he
Them kindly treats, and quickly ſets them free;
And like himſelf, or like that *Grecian* Prince,
The falling Foe with Kindneſs doth convince:

This one Exchange doth to the other add,
Returns the Nuncio with new Rayment clad.
Yea to their great Aſtoniſhment, upon
Their taking of a neighbouring Gariſon,
Inſulting proudly with great Threats and Jeers,
The Churches Bells he ringeth in their Ears,
And thereby quickly checks their Pride and Rage,
Of their enſuing Fall a ſad Preſage.
Redoubted *Welden*, lo, that Man of *Kent*,
With ſeaſonable Succour hither ſent,
From th' Hills appears: The haraſs'd Foe again
Doth raiſe the Siege, and fairly leaves his Slain
By thouſands to their Mother Earth, to feed
The hungry Worms, which look'd before indeed
For other Fleſh, whilſt Mercy with ſtrong Hands,
Out of the raging Fire pulls us as Brands.

IV.

THE Kingly Forces never reſt nor ceaſe
From their implacate Wrath, which doth increaſe,
Still hotly thirſting for the Blood of thoſe,
Who meerly in their own Defence aroſe.
Freſh Armies now are levied, to pull down
The haughty Courage of this ſturdy Town,
By a third Siege more dreadful than the reſt,
Which kindles Flames of Valour in the Breaſt:
Of this ſtout *Hector*, made for Dangers great,
Like that great *Greek* that did *Darius* beat.
Here *Goring* chief Commander vows to lay
His Bones, and not retreat or march away,
Till that proud Caſtle were reduc'd, juſt then
When *Naſeby* Battel wavering ſtood, and when
He ſtraitly ſummon'd was by Royal Call
To aid his King on that Day Vertical.
The gallant Governour well knowing all
Theſe Paſſages, together he doth call
His Captains, cheers his warlike Boys, who like
Lions fall on, and with Amazement ſtrike

The Royaliſts, whoſe ſtout Heart will not yield,
Till maſter'd by a ſtouter in the Field.
Here now that joyful Sound of *Naſeby*-fight
Was heard, like ſweeteſt Muſick for delight:
After ſad Thunder-cracks let *England* ſing
Still that appealing Victory, and bring
Freſh Laurels to adorn that glorious Field,
Whilſt to th' Almighty we due Praiſes yield.
Now Noble *Fairfax* doth victoriouſly
March to relieve the Weſtern Parts, that lie
Oppreſt; the ſame at once relieves, and meets
Another Conqueſt in brave *Taunton* Streets,
Atchiev'd by *Blake*, who ſolemn Thanks ordains
Unto the Higheſt, who for ever reigns.

V.

AND now to march forthwith he doth prepare
To *Dunſter*, that ſtrong towring Caſtle, where
The waſting Peſtilence of late did rage, *April* 1646
Which God was pleas'd on his approach t' aſſwage.
The Foes great obſtinacy did him move
To ſpring a Mine; the lofty Walls above
Mount in the Air, ſome dead, ſome living are
In thoſe great Heaps blown up, the Fruits of War;
At length dear *Blake* to thee they did reſign
This Caſtle, by Rendition now made thine.
Thro Heaven's fair Aſpect now, auſpicious Peace
Begins to ſpring, and flagrant Arms to ceaſe;
To that great Senate he from bloody Fights
Returns, there to aſſert the Peoples Rights:
And he that was a Warriour ſtout of late,
Doth now conſult of arduous things of State;
Well hoping in the end the Sword to ſee
Into a pruning Hook might turned be.

VI.

BUT lo, ſad Rumours from the *Britiſh* Main,
Our Fleet revolted is, which doth a Train 1649.
Of Troubles new, and great Combuſtions breed;
For our great Sins a juſt vindictive Meed:

Now this Brave Senator muſt once again
Harneſs himſelf, more Honour yet to gain,
For his great Merit elected General:
And as the firſt Fruits of this Publick Call,
Thoſe Princely Pirates from *Kingſale* doth rout,
Rupert and *Maurice* both, two Princes ſtout;
From thence he to th' *Herculean* Straits doth chaſe
The *German* Exiles, who from place to place
Purſu'd within th' *Hetrurian* Seas (which do
The World's Terreſtrial Globe divide in two)
Are forced with their winged Fleet to fly
Unto the *Caribean* Iſles, to lie
At Mercy of the Deep, and on that Coaſt
The greateſt part of thoſe great Ships, yea moſt
Of thoſe ſeduced Souls with *Maurice* ſink,
As Lead in mighty Waters (ſad to think!)

VII.

HE now for *Tagus* Banks do's ſteer hisFleet, 1650.
And with his thundring Squadrons *Lisbon* greet,
Which did the *Engliſh* ſo much wrong of late,
And for it muſt account unto the State.
Mean while thoſe rich *Braſilian* Ships arrive,
Which with nine others outward bound do ſtrive
Him to eſcape in vain, near all made Prize
By his ſucceſsful Fleet, who like a wiſe
As well as gallant Captain, by his Care
For this great Spoil a Convoy doth prepare.
With this mellifluous Trophy from *Braſil*,
Which with its Sweetneſs did all *England* fill,
In Triumph homewards he his Courſe doth bend,
Where Publick Service doth him ſtill attend.
Yea to his Praiſe this may recorded be,
That as the End of Wars is Peace, ſo he
(After full Reparation by them made
To th' *Engliſh*) did reſtore both Peace and Trade.

VIII.

A Famous Iſland, and of great Import
To *England*, ſtartled with the loud Report
Of his amazing Actions, trembling ſtands:
To this ſtrong Iſle begirt with Rocks and Sands
He ſails, and *Greenvil* ſummons (that ſtout Knight,
Then Chief Commander there) the State to right
By his Surrender, or he muſt be ſure
The fury of his valiant Arm endure.
Whilſt *Trump* then hovering with his Fleet, in vain
Solicits with vaſt Sums the ſame to gain;
At length upon *Blake*'s ſight he doth retreat,
Or rather fly: By this Commander great,
Now *Scilly* is reduced to the State,
And Joy of *Engliſh* Merchants, who of late
Could not for fear of this new *Dunkirk* Trade,
So rich and high by warlike Plundrings made.

IX.

IMpregnate *Dunkirk*, once our Friend, but now
Our Foe, if noble, will with Homage bow
To him, as 'twere once holding in his Hands
The Scales of *France* and *Spain* on either Sands:
As Umpire he decides and weighs the Town
Freely to *Spain*, for *England*'s great Renown.
Tho that *Ledean* Marqueſs did him treat,
And him careſs'd in vain with Preſents great;
Yet not without a rich and glorious Prize
As unto them, ſo to himſelf, whoſe wiſe
And gallant Conduct ſix ſtout Ships did ſeize,
No leſs than Princes ſtile we two of theſe;
Great *Neptune* with his triple Scepter dread,
Princeſs Maria eke with Crowned Head,
All captive led by this great Admiral,
Which did the conquer'd *French* ſo much appal.

X.

NOR can we *Jersey* Isle in Silence pass,
So near an Hostile Coast that seated was,
And by a mighty Monarch then protected,
From his black Storms, yet was by him subjected;
Which *France* beholding from her lofty Strand,
At such portentous Acts doth trembling stand,
And seeing *Holland* since in humble wise
Strike to our Flag, her Peace of *England* buys.

XI.

HE yet engag'd is in more dreadful Fights, 1652
Which all the World on every Coast affrights:
New Fires of War betwixt two Protestant
And Neighbour Nations kindled are, which want
Not *Rome's* Fomenters; which the *British*, *French*,
And the *Batavian* Seas could hardly quench:
That Thunder-striking, and *Dutch* Admiral,
Which *Scilly* late did court; that *Hannibal*,
With fair Pretexts, attempteth to surprize
Our Royal *Downs*, a Sore unto his Eyes.
Our watchful *Scipio*, now in the great *James*,
By him made greater, soon appears and tames
The *Belgick* Lion, with his roaring Whelps.
Tho three to one, the Lord of Hosts still helps
Such as on him in just Appeals depend,
And to that righteous Judg their Cause commend.

XII.

OUR new made Foe now beaten hence 1652.
we see;
Whose Fate pursues them humbled more to be,
The boundless Love of Trade, transports on post
These famous Merchants to th' *Orcadian* Coast,
To force our *Calædonian* Fishes there,
Of whose Bones, as they bruit, first founded were
The Walls of *Amsterdam*, that Magazine
On *Texel* Banks, which to their Fleet hath been.
He with his Eagle Fleet soon them pursues,
Their num'rous Men of War sinks and subdues,

The

The Buſſes takes; the one his Juſtice feels,
The other taſts his Mercy: hence he wheels
His winged Frigots, when our ancient Right
He had reſtor'd by his unconquer'd Might,
And ſo with Shoutings homeward ſails, where lo
More diſmal Actions he muſt undergo.

XIII.

AND ſhall we *Portland* name, a *Portland* Fight, *Febr.* 1652.
Where mortal Wound firſt ſeiz'd this noble Wight?
Yet to his Glory; where behold, the High
And Mighty States brought low, he gallantly
Triumphing ſails thro Seas of *Belgick* Blood,
Tho wounded, whilſt the Sun eclipſed ſtood;
Thro that black Storm, and that tempeſtuous Fight
Three Winters days (like a continual Night)
Which laſted, whilſt that he the Day to gain,
Doth in his griſly Wounds on Deck remain,
As in Triumphal Chair, would not retire
For his more ſpeedy Cure; but is on fire,
And thereby with new Courage doth inflame
His *Engliſh Trojans*, to their laſting Fame,
But terror of the Foe, who now o'erthrown
Poſt homewards, there this fatal Blow to moan.
But ſtay, my Muſe, here Noble *Monk* we muſt
And Gallant *Dean* ſalute with Honour juſt,
His brave Compeers, whoſe Gallantry ſhown here,
Poſterity in Leaves of Fame may hear.

XIV.

AND after ſome ſmall Interval of Reſt, *June* 1653
Scarce cur'd, he buckles for the laſt Conteſt
Againſt the *Dutch*, tho much impaired by
His Martial Hurts received formerly;
Inducing him to ſay, he was more fit
For ſome ſick Hoſpital than brave *De Wit*
And valiant *Trump* to fight: yet he again
With Mind above his Strength, and not in vain,

Takes

Takes *Neptune*'s Field, and on the *Flemiſh* Flood
Relieves Brave *Dean* and *Monk* engag'd in Blood;
Whoſe valiant Acts and high Atchievements then
In that ſharp Fight, deſerve a golden Pen.
The *Engliſh* Standard then by *Blake* diſplay'd
In Laureate *Eſſex*, finds the Foe diſmay'd.
Here now in Sight of both the Nations, you
Great Earthquakes on each Shore might ſadly view,
Made by thoſe horrid Thunders which did quell
Their Navy, where their chiefeſt [1] Pillar fell;
With whoſe dear Blood the greateſt Victory
Was gained by our Fleet, for that hereby
'Twixt antient Friends is wrought a laſting Peace,
For mutual Commerce, and their Joys encreaſe:
His former Wiſh he now fulfill'd doth ſee,
So often by him mention'd, that as he
The Tragick Prologue of this War hath ſeen,
So might a happy Period, which hath been
Accompliſh'd in his Eyes: Let *Spain* and *Rome*
Hence read with Grief and Rage their fatal Doom.

XV.

AND now we ſee the Seat of ghaſtly War *Decemb.* 1654
Remov'd from home to foreign Countries far,
Unto a wrathful Foe inveterate,
Whoſe Character in bloody Lines bear date
From Eighty eight; and ſo unwearied *Blake*
Plows up the Southern Seas, his way to make,
And in thoſe boiſtrous Floods to him well known
Before proud *Cadiz* Strand, as on his own,
One Winter full did ride, which *Drake* did never
Nor *Hawkins* or brave *Forbiſher* endeavour,
Nor yet the hardy *Dutch* (whoſe proper Seat
And Element is in the Waters great)
Did e'er aſſay, tho all the World abroad,
And both the *Indies*, be their common Road.

[1] *Old* Van Trump *kill'd.*

XVI.

PRoud *Malaga*, how was thy roaring Mouth 1655.
Muzled by him, the Terror of the South,
When thy ſtrong Mould was ſeiz'd, thy thundring
Speekt up, and all the Town affrighted runs? (Guns
Thy warlike Fleet, tho ſcaping Storms and Winds
Abroad, no Harbour in thy Harbour finds;
But are deſtroy'd all in thy ſmoking Bay,
Unto his fiery Engines made a Prey.

XVII.

HOW ſuddenly doth *Vigo* now bemoan
The like Diſaſter with a howling Tone?
When *Vulean*, *Mars*, and *Neptune* all conſpire
Her Merchants and her Men of War by Fire
And Sword to ſpoil: Whilſt he doth leave the Port
And Ships, all flaming in prodigious ſort.

XVIII.

YEA *Tunis*, that old punick City, quakes, 1655.
And at great diſtance ſtrong Alarum takes,
As tho the *Roman* Legions on their Shoar
Appear'd: The *Turks* are ſummon'd to reſtore
Our *Engliſh* Goods and Captives, but refuſe,
And therefore muſt expect no other News
Than Cannon Peals, whilſt he doth ſeize their Port,
And charge the Infidels up to their Fort.
Twelve ſtately Ships of War behold in Flames
Conſuming are, whereby he quickly tames
Their *Cham*-like Spirit by his unconquer'd Power,
Whilſt raging Fires the Veſſels do devour.
The poor *Mahometans* do trembling fly,
From their ſtrong Holds to Mountains that were nigh;
Whence like ſo many Fiends of blackeſt hue,
(With ſcaring horrid Faces) they might view,
In thoſe ſulphureous fiery Streams below,
A new *Gehenna*, to their greater woe.
A Day ſo dark, the *Ottomanian* fear'd
A fall, and th' horned Moon in Blood appear'd,

Tha-

That old Republick, and brave Virgin City,
Ne'er raviſh'd yet by warlike Foe, tho pity
So Romanized; that *Virago* ſtout,
Which at *Lepanto* Fight the *Turks* did rout;
Fair *Venice* now with Shouts doth gratulate
The *Engliſh African*, who now in State
From his late Conqueſt ſaileth by their Shoar,
Where loudeſt Trumpets ſound, where Cannons roar;
(Leading his ranſom'd ones, the Chriſtian Slaves,
From *Turkiſh* Yoke, reſcu'd as from their Graves)
As if Triumphant *Cæſar* were in Sight,
Returning now from the *Pharſalian* Fight.
He leaving theſe poor Caitiffs to lament
This doleful Loſs, for more Exploits is bent.

XIX.

BUT where was now the *Iberian* God, 1656
that ſhould
Protect thoſe Galleons huge, ſo fraught with Gold?
That the *Peruvian* Mines exhauſt were near,
The golden Age again ſeem'd to appear.
Was *Baal* journying then, or elſe aſleep,
So great a Treaſure could no better keep?
Or did that *Babyloniſh* Prince now hope
To be inſtall'd fifth Monarch by the Pope?
And build a new Eſcurial for ſo high
A Majeſty? Lo all triumphantly,
In Streams of *Spaniſh* Blood near *Cadiz* Sands,
Doth flow into thoſe ſtill victorious Hands
Of him, and Noble *Montague*, his dear
Collegue, now honour'd to convoy and ſteer
This Princely Prize, and Treaſure ſo immenſe
Bound for th' *Elyſian Thames*, deſign'd from thence
A preſent only for a Sovereign meet,
A Conqueror of Kings, whom now we greet;
A greater than that *Macedonian* Prince,
Or any Hero that hath e'er been ſince;
For he did moſtly barbarous Foes defeat,
This the moſt civil, warlike, truly great,

With

With greateſt joy uniting Nations three
By threefold Cord, not ever like to be
Diſſolv'd, ne're yet ſo firm in any Age,
One Law, one Faith, one Blood, which may preſage
Fair Halcion days; our Britiſh Annals may
Cromwell the Great well ſtile him from this day.
The Midland Seas, which many Years him knew,
And Tribute to him paid, bids now adieu
To this European *Ajax*; ne're again
The like to ſee, while Sun and Moon remain.

XX.

THE Iſlands falſly called Fortunate,
Do trembling gaze at their approaching Fate.
And where's a *Homer* now, that fully may
His laſt ſtupendious Act to life pourtray?
A Theme as Noble as the *Trojan* Story,
Which fill'd all Pens and Ages with its Glory.
He now againſt this Scarlet Whore of *Rome*,
As born to execute the written Doom,
And as inſpired (from all Fear exempt)
The grand Canarian Croſs he doth attempt,
Which had the Indian Mines ſome few days paſt
Near drain'd, and now poſſeſt thoſe Treaſures vaſt:
Twice eight great warlike Ships he doth aſſail,
And up unto the Caſtle Walls doth ſail,
All that great Fleet, thoſe mighty Galleons he
With golden *Argos* burneth (ſad to ſee)
In thoſe huge Bonfires made a Sacrifice
Unto the Bacchanalian God: Whoſe Eyes
Dim waxed to behold the Ocean wide
By thoſe *Ætnean* Fires almoſt dry'd,
To ſee ſuch Flames, and unheard Thunders hear,
That *Sancta Cruz*, and all the Iſle did fear.
On that black Day the World would be diſſolv'd,
And in another Chaos be involv'd.
The Dolphins by thoſe flaſhy clatterings ſcar'd,
From their own proper Region are debar'd,

And forc'd to fall into a watry Hell,
Their ſad Exile there to bewail and tell.
The frighted Foot, which from the lined Strand
Saw Seas of Blood, now will no longer ſtand,
But from thoſe fenced Walls and Bulwarks ſtrong,
To lofty *Teneriff* did run, among
The craggy Rocks and Caves themſelves to hide,
Such blaſting Storms not able to abide.
What ailed thee, great Mountain and proud Peek
That ſhelter for thy ſelf thou now didſt ſeek?
Who to thy forlorn Fugitives ſhould be
A Sanctuary, when they fled to thee.
Why didſt thou quake, sky-daring Mount, ſo high,
That into Heaven thou preſum'ſt to pry?
From the Creation, ſeeming to be fixt
Above the middle Region, and there mixt
Amongſt the Stars, from fiery Meteors free.
Or didſt thou fear, that now fulfill'd ſhould be
That ſacred Prophecy? That by the Power
Of Faith remov'd, the Seas ſhould thee devour?
Thoſe Indian Silver Mines, and Wealth ſo vaſt
For Spaniſh *Cræſus* hither ſent, are faſt
In durance kept, and like to periſh here,
Made uſeleſs to their Maſters, or in fear
Of Engliſh Frigots, that perhaps may ſeize
Thoſe golden Heaps, if they appear on Seas.

XXI.

HEnce fully fraught with Glory, now he ſteers
His courſe for *Sally* (where he ſoon appears)
That little *Egypt*, and moſt doleful Cell,
Which held ſome of our Engliſh *Iſrael*
In Bonds; he maketh there a Noble Peace,
And freely doth the Chriſtian Slaves releaſe:
Whence gone, he takes another glorious Spoil,
Still Providence on his Deſigns doth ſmile.

XXII.

A Little Army of Canarian Dons, 1657.
From th' *Indies* come, he taketh, now in bonds
Attending this great Victor, to perform
Their Obſequies to him in ſolemn Form;
Who, after thouſand Storms, to which enur'd
He was, and noble Wounds by him endur'd,
Of which he languiſh'd, now return'd in Peace
To Engliſh Port, did there alas deceaſe,
Yet gloriouſly, where he did ſacrifice
For us his deareſt Blood, Death's greateſt Prize;
When many hundreds he had ta'ne of late,
Now to a Royal Chappel brought in State,
For his Devotion ye'rſt to him well known,
Amongſt the Kings inter'd, and near to one,
That Prince of Peace, which join'd in Hymen's band
The two divided Houſes of our Land.
If now ſome Britiſh *Plutarch*, kindly preſt
With love of Vertue ſparkling in his Breaſt,
Should in Hiſtorick ſtile limm out this Brave
And Engliſh *Ariſtides*, and from Grave
Redeem his Memory; for his Renown,
This one thing more (his worthy Deeds to crown)
May added be, the Glory of them all,
That during thoſe long Wars, wherein the fall
Of thouſands he beheld, as many riſe
To Fortunes high, (true Valours Meed and Prize)
Yet he poſtponing with Heroick Zeal,
His private Intereſt to the publick Weal,
Himſelf would not advance by thoſe vaſt Spoils,
Still him attending from thoſe bloody Broils,
(Tho Millions ſeiz'd by his Conduct, ſo skil'd
In Arms and Counſel, the Engliſh Coffers fil'd)
Who with his Native portion well content,
For his dear Countrys good was gladly ſpent.
What Marble Pile, what Monument for thee,
Great Britain's Shield, *Spain*'s Scourge, now rais'd ſhall (be?
That

That may our Engliſh Heroes animate,
Thy matchleſs Worth (brave *Blake*) to emulate;
And to ſucceeding times eternize may
Thy Name, and thee entitle from this day
A Saint Devout, for Learning *Socrates*,
A *Cato* Juſt, for Valour *Hercules*.

AND thou Great *Oliver*, thy Sword gird on:
Ride forth and proſper, Truth's great Champion
Againſt that Romiſh Beaſt; *Jehovah* ſend
Such Leaders ſtill, thy high Deſigns t' attend:
That ſo that Glorious Work, advanc'd ſo far
Againſt proud *Babel*, by a Holy War,
Under thy Conduct may yet farther thrive,
And to perfection in the end arrive;
Yea crowned with this *Epinicion* be,
Great *Babylon* is fall'n, and that by Thee.

THE

THE

Mock Mourners.

A Satyr, By way of Elegy on King WILLIAM.

To the QUEEN.

MADAM,

YOUR Majesty has so often declar'd Your just Concern for the Nation's Loss, and your Value for the Memory of the late King: You have so publickly approv'd his Conduct, so visibly mov'd in the same Steps, and pursu'd the wise Measures of this Your Glorious Ancestor, *that it cannot be thought displeasing to Your Majesty, to reprehend those who make a Mock at the Sorrow of Your Majesty and Three Nations.*

Your Majesty was the first who told us he cou'd not be sufficiently lamented. *May those who are not of the same Mind find no Favour with Your Majesty, nor their Maker, till they repent that Sin against his Merit, and the Voice of their Native Country.*

Here are no Reflections upon Your Majesty's Houshold, *or* Council, *or* Courts of Justice, *or* either House of Parliament, *and consequently no Offence against Your Royal Proclamation. 'Twould be an Affront to your Majesty to imagine there were any under all those Heads of Your*

Government, cou'd deserve the Reproof of the following Satyr.

Your Majesty has an entire Possession of the Hearts of Your People, but their affection is still the deeper rooted by that generous Sorrow you have express'd for the Loss of him to whom they owe the full Possession of their Liberty under Your Government.

How they can be faithful Subjects to your Majesty that were not true Friends to such a King, is a Mystery out of humane Understanding; since the Hapiness we enjoy by Your Government proceeds from his defending us against those who wou'd not have had your Majesty to Reign over us.

'Twou'd be a Crime against Your Majesty, which deserv'd no Pardon, to suggest you shou'd be offended at that part of the Satyr *which points at our Immoralities: Your Majesty's Example, as well as Command, has encourag'd us all to* declare War *against Vice, and there we are sure of your Royal Protection.*

For the rest, if an extraordinary Concern for the Glorious Memory of the King has led the Author into any Excesses, he begs Your Majesty wou'd place it to the Account of that just Passion *every honest Man retains for his extraordinary Merit; believing that no Man can have an Indifferency for the Memory of* King William, *and at the same time have any Desire for the Welfare of his Native Country.*

While Your Majesty pursues the true Interest of England, *the Protestant Religion, and the Welfare of* Europe, *as he did, you will have the same Enemies that he had, the same to oppose You abroad, and reproach You at home; but You will thereby engage all your honest Subjects to adhere the firmer to their Duty, all Your Protestant Neighbours to depend upon your Protection, and God shall Crown Your Majesty and these Nations with His Special Favour and Benediction.* Amen.

THE

The Mock-Mourners.

SUCH has been this Ill-Natur'd Nation's Fate,
Always to ſee their Friends and Foes too late;
By Native Pride, and want of Temper led,
Never to value Merit till 'tis Dead:
And then Immortal Monuments they raiſe,
And damn their former Follies by their Praiſe;
With juſt Reproaches rail at their own Vice,
And mourn for thoſe they did before deſpiſe:
So they who *Moſes* Government deſi'd,
Sincerely ſorrow'd for him when he Di'd.
And ſo when *Britain*'s Genius fainting lay,
Summon'd by Death which Monarchs muſt obey;
Trembling, and Soul-leſs half the Nation ſtood,
Upbraided by ther own Ingratitude.
They, who with true-born Honeſty before,
Grudg'd him the Trophies he ſo juſtly wore,
Were, with his Fate, more than himſelf diſmay'd,
Not for their King, but for themſelves afraid.
He had their Rights and Liberties reſtor'd,
In Battel purchas'd, and by Peace ſecur'd:
And they with *Engliſh* Gratitude began
To feel the Favour, and deſpiſe the Man.
But when they ſaw that his Protection ceas'd,
And Death had their Deliverer poſſeſt;
How Thunderſtruck they ſtood! What cries they (rais'd!
They look'd like Men Diſtracted and Amaz'd:
Their Terror did their Conſcious Guilt explain,
And wiſh'd their injur'd Prince Alive again.

They dream't of Halters, Gibbets, and of Jails,
French Armies, Popery, and Prince of *Wales*,
Deſcents, Invaſions, Uproars in the State,
Mobs, Iriſh Maſſacres, and God knows what:
Imaginary Enemies appear'd,
And all they knew they Merited, they Fear'd.
'Tis ſtrange that Pride and Envy ſhould prevail,
To make Mens Senſe as well as Vertue fail:
That where they muſt depend they ſhould abuſe
And ſlight the Man they were afraid to loſe.
But *William* had not govern'd Fourteen Year,
To be an unconcern'd Spectator here:
His Works, like Providence, were all Compleat,
Which made a Harmony we wonder'd at.
The Legiſlative Power he ſet Free,
And led them ſtep by ſtep to Liberty,
'Twas not his Fault if they cou'd not Agree.
Impartial Juſtice He protected ſo,
The Laws did in their Native Channels flow,
From whence our ſure Eſtabliſhment begun,
And *William* laid the firſt Foundation Stone,
On which the ſtately Fabrick ſoon appear'd:
How cou'd they ſink when ſuch a Pilot ſteer'd?
He taught them due Defences to prepare,
And make their future Peace their preſent care:
By him directed, wiſely they decreed,
What Lines ſhou'd be expel'd, and what ſucceed;
That now he's Dead there's nothing to be done,
But to take up the Scepter he laid down.
The Circle of this Order is ſo round,
So Regular as nothing can confound:
In Truth and Juſtice all the Lines commence,
And Reaſon is the Vaſt Circumference;
William's the moving Centre of the Whole,
'T had elſe a Body been without a Soul:
Fenc'd with juſt Laws, impregnable it ſtands,
And will for ever laſt in *Honeſt Hands*;

For

For Truth and Juſtice are th' Immortal Springs,
Give Life to Conſtitutions and to Kings:
In either caſe, if one of theſe decay,
Theſe can no more command than thoſe obey.
Right is the only Fountain of Command,
The Rock on which Authority muſt ſtand.
And if Executive Power ſteps awry
On either hand, it ſplits on Tyranny.
Oppreſſion is a Plague on Mankind ſent,
To infect the Vitals of a Government.
Convulſions follow, and ſuch Vapours riſe,
The Conſtitution ſuffocates and dies.
Law is the Grand Specific to reſtore
And unobſtructed, never fails to cure:
All other Remedies compar'd to that,
Are Tampering and Quacking with the State.
The Conſtitution's like a vaſt Machine,
That's full of curious Workmanſhip within:
Where tho the Parts unweildy may appear,
It may be put in Motion with a Hair.
The Wheels are Officers and Magiſtrates,
By which the whole Contrivance operates:
Laws are the Weights and Springs which make it move,
Wound up by Kings as Managers above;
And if they'r ſcrew'd too high or down too low,
The Movement goes too faſt or elſe too ſlow.
The Legiſlators are the Engineers,
Who when 'tis out of Order make Repairs:
The People are the Owners, 'twas for them
The firſt Inventor drew the Antient Scheme.
'Tis for their Benefit it works, and they
The Charges of maintaining it defray:
And if their Governours unfaithful prove,
They, Engineers or Managers remove.
Unkind Contention ſometimes there appears
Between the Managers and Engineers:
Such ſtrife is always to' the Owners wrong,
And once it made the Work ſtand ſtill too long;

Till *William* came, and loos'd the Fatal Chain,
And set the Engineers to work again:
And having made the wondrous thing compleat,
To *Anne*'s unerring Hand he left the Helm of State.
Anne, like *Elisha*, when Just *William* went,
Receiv'd the Mantle of his Government:
And by Divine Concession does inherit
A Double Portion of his Ruling Spirit.
The Dying Hero, loaded with Renown,
Gave her the Nation's Blessing with the Crown,
From God, the People, and the Laws her own:
Told her that he had Orders from on High,
To lay aside the Government and Dye:
What he had Fought for, gave her up in Peace,
And chear'd her Royal Heart with Prospect of Success.
While he, who Death in all its Shapes had seen,
With full Composure, quiet and serene,
Passive and undisorder'd at his Fate,
Quitted the English Throne without Regret.
No Conscious Guilt disturb'd his Royal Breast,
Calm as the Region of Eternal Rest:
Before his Life went out, his Heaven came in,
For all was bright without and clear within.
The blest Rewards did to his sight appear,
The Passage easie, and the Prospect near:
His parting Eye the gladsom Regions spy'd,
Just so, before his Dear Maria *Dy'd.*
His High concern for *England* he expres't,
England, the Darling of his Royal Breast:
The Transports of his parting Soul he spent,
Her dis-united Parties to lament;
His Wishes then supplied his want of Power,
And Pray'd for them, for whom he Fought before.
Speak Envy, if you can, inform us what
Cou'd this unthankful Nation murmer at?
But Discontent was always our Disease,
For *English men* what Government can please?

We

We always had our Sons of *Belial* here,
Who knew no God nor Government to fear:
No wonder theſe diſlik'd his Gentle Sway,
Unwilling Homage to his Scepter pay,
And only did for want of Power, obey.
Some ſoft excuſe for them we might contrive,
Had he not been the Gentleſt Prince Alive;
Had he not born with an exalted Mind
All that was diſobliging and unkind.
Peaceful and Tender Thoughts his Mind poſſeſt,
And High Superior Love conceal'd the reſt:
Our Diſcontents wou'd oft his Pity move,
But all his Anger was ſuppreſt by Love.
That Heaven-born Paſſion had ſubdu'd his Soul,
Poſſeſt the greateſt part, and Rul'd the whole:
This made him ſtrive his People to poſſeſs,
Which he had done, had he oblig'd 'em leſs.
He knew that Titles are but empty things,
And Hearts of Subjects are the Strength of Kings:
Juſtice and Kindneſs were his conſtant care,
He ſcorn'd to govern Mankind by their Fear.
Their Univerſal Love he ſtrove to gain,
'Twas hard that we ſhould make him ſtrive in vain:
That he ſhould here our Engliſh Humours find,
And we, whom he had ſav'd, ſhou'd be unkind.
By all endearing ſtratagems he ſtrove,
To draw us by the ſecret ſprings of Love:
And when he could not cure our Diſcontent,
It always was below him to Reſent.
Nature was never ſeen in ſuch exceſs,
All Fury when Abroad, at Home all Peace:
In War all Fire and Blood, in Peace enclin'd
To all that's Sweet and Gentle, Soft and Kind.
Ingratitude for this muſt needs commence
In want of Honeſty, or want of Senſe.
When Kings to Luxury and Eaſe reſign'd,
Their Native Countries juſt Defence declin'd;

This

This High pretending Nation us'd to plead,
What they'd perform had they a King to lead;
What Wondrous Actions had by them been done,
When they had Martial Monarchs to lead on;
And if their Prince would but with *France* make War,
What Troops of Engliſh Heroes wou'd appear.
William the bottom of their Courage found,
Falſe like themſelves, meer emptineſs and ſound:
For call'd by Fate to fight for *Chriſtendom*,
They ſent their King abroad, and ſtay'd themſelves (at home;
Wiſely declin'd the Hazards of the War,
To nouriſh Faction and Diſorders here.
Wrapt in Luxurious plenty, they Debauch,
And load their Active Monarch with Reproach;
Backward in deeds, but of their Cenſures free,
And ſlight the Actions which they dare not ſee.
At home they bravely teach him to Command,
And judg of what they are afraid to mend:
Againſt the Hand that ſaves them they exclaim,
And curſe the Strangers, tho they fight for them,
Tho ſome who wou'd excuſe the matter ſay,
They did not grudg their Service, but their Pay.
Where are the Royal Bands that now advance,
To ſpread his dreadful Banners into *France*?
Britannia's Noble Sons her Intereſt fly,
And Foreign Heroes muſt their place ſupply,
Much for the Fame of our Nobility.
Poſterity will be aſham'd to hear,
Great Britain's Monarch did in Arms appear,
And ſcarce an Engliſh Nobleman was there.
Our Anceſtors had never conquer'd *France*,
(*For Kingdoms ſeldom are ſubdu'd by Chance*)
Had *Talbot*, *Vere*, and *Montacute* withheld
The Glory, for the Danger of the Field.
Had Engliſh Honeſty been kept alive,
The Antient Engliſh Glory would ſurvive;

But

But Gallantry and Courage will decline,
Where Pride and all Confederate Vices join.
Had we kept up the Fame of former Years,
Landen had been as Famous as *Poictiers*.
Ormond and *Essex* had not fought alone,
The only *English* Lords our Verse can own:
The Only Peers of mhom the World can say,
That they for Honour fought, and not for Pay.
A Regimented *Few* we had indeed,
Who serv'd for neither Pride nor Fame, but Bread:
Some Bully *L*——*s*, *Protection P*——*s*, and some
Went out because they dare not stay at home.
Loaded with Noxious Vices they appear,
A scandal to the Nation and the War;
Heroes in midnight scuffles with the Watch,
And Lewd enough an Army to Debauch.
Flesh'd with cold Murders, and from Justice fled,
Pursu'd by Blood in Drunken Quarrels shed:
In vain they strive with Bravery to appear,
For where there's Guilt, there always will be Fear.
These are the Pillars of the *English* Fame,
Such Peers as History must blush to name.
When future Records to the World relate
Marsaglia's Field, and Gallant *Schomberg*'s Fate:
W——*was Captive made*, it was severe,
Fate took the *Honest Man*, and left the *Peer*.
The World owes Fame for Ages long before,
To the Great Stile of *W*—— which he bore:
But when we come the Branches to compare,
'Tis a *Hero* Ancestor, a *Bully* Heir:
The Vertues the Posterity forsake,
And all their Gallant Blood is dwindl'd to a *Rake*.
More might be said, but *Satyr* stay thy Rhimes,
And mix not his Misfortune with his Crimes;
We need not rake the Ashes of the Dead,
There's living Characters enough to read.
How cou'd this Nation ever think of Peace?
Or how look up to Heaven for Success?

While

While lawleſs Vice in Fleets and Camps appear'd,
And Oaths were louder than their Canon heard:
No wonder Engliſh *Iſrael* has been ſaid
Before the French *Philiſtines* Fleet t' ha' fled;
While *T——-Embrac'd with Whores* appear'd,
And Vice it ſelf the Royal Navy Steer'd.
William oppos'd their Crimes with ſteddy hand,
By his Example firſt, and then Command;
Prompted the Laws their Vices to ſuppreſs,
For which no doubt the Guilty lov'd him leſs.
Ye Sons of Envy, Railers at the times,
Be bold like Engliſh-Men and own your Crimes:
For ſhame put on no Black, but let us ſee
Your Habits always, and your Tongues agree.
Envy ne'er bluſhes; Let it not be ſaid,
You Hate him Living, and you Mourn him Dead:
No Sorrow ſhow where you no Love profeſs,
There are no Hypocrites in Wickedneſs.
Great Bonfires make, and tell the World y'are glad
Y'have loſt the greateſt Bleſſing e'er you had.
So Mad-men ſing in Nakedneſs and Chains,
For when the Senſe is gone, the Song remains.
So thankleſs *Iſrael*, when they were ſet free,
Reproach'd the Author of their Liberty,
And wiſh'd themſelves in *Egypt* back again:
What pity 'twas they wiſh'd, or wiſh'd in vain?
Stop, Satyr, let *Britannia* now relate
Her *William*'s Character, and her own Fate;
Let her to him a grateful Trophy raiſe,
She beſt can ſigh his Loſs, that beſt could ſing his Praiſe.

BRITANNIA.

Of all my Sons by Tyranny bereft,
A Widow deſolate and Childleſs left,
By Violence and Injury oppreſt,
To Heaven I caſt my Eyes, and ſigh'd the reſt.

I

need but ſigh, for I was always heard,
And *William* on my welcome Shores appear'd.
With Wings of ſpeed to reſcue me he came,
And all my Sorrows vaniſh'd into Flame.
New Joys ſprung up, new Triumphs now abound,
And all my Virgin Daughters hear the ſound:
ternal Dances move upon my Plains,
And Youthful Blood ſprings in my antient Veins.
With open Arms I yielded my Embrace,
And *William* ſaw the Beauties of my Face.
He had before the knowledge of my Charms,
For he had my *Maria* in his Arms.
While he remain'd, I gave eternal Spring,
Made him my Son, my Darling, and my King;
While all the wondring World my Choice approve,
Congratulate his Fate, and juſtify my Love.
Of *Britiſh* Blood in *Belgian* Plains he liv'd,
My only Foreign Off-ſpring that ſurviv'd.
Batavian Climates nouriſh'd him a while,
Too great a Genius for ſo damp a Soil:
And freely then ſurrendred him to me,
For wiſe Men freely will the Fates obey.
Yet in my *William* they had equal Share,
And he defended them with equal Care.
They were the early Trophies of his Sword,
His Infant Hand their Liberty reſtor'd.
His Nurſe, that Belgick Lion, roar'd for Aid,
And planted early Lawrels on his Head.
His eaſie Victories amaz'd Mankind;
We wonder'd what the dreadful Youth deſign'd.
Fearleſs he fought his Country to ſet Free,
And with his Sword cut out their Liberty.
The Journals of his Actions always ſeem'd
So wonderful, as if the World had dream'd:
So ſwift, ſo full of Terror he went on,
He was a Conqueror before a Man.
The *Bourbon* Sword, tho' it was brighter far,
Yet drawn for Conqueſt, and oppreſſive War,

Had

Had all the Triumphs of the World engroſt,
But quickly all thoſe Triumphs to him loſt.
Juſtice to *William* early Trophies brought;
William *for Truth and Juſtice always fought.*
He was the very Myſtery of War,
He gain'd by't when he was not Conqueror.
And if his Enemies a Battel won,
He might be beaten, they wou'd be undone.
Antæus like from every Fall he roſe,
Strengthen'd with double Vigor to oppoſe;
Thoſe Actions Mankind judg'd Unfortunate,
Serv'd but as ſecret Steps to make him Great.
Then let them boaſt their Glory at *Landen*,
In vain the Embattl'd Squadrons crowded in,
Theirs was the Victory, the Conqueſt mine.
Of all the Heroes Ages paſt adore,
Back to the firſt Great Man, and long before;
Tho Virtue has ſometimes with Valour join'd,
The Barren World no Parallel can find.
If back to *Iſrael*'s Tents I ſhou'd retire,
And of the *Hebrew* Heroes there enquire,
I find no Hand did *Judah*'s Scepter wear,
Comes up to *William*'s Modern Character.
Namure's Gygantick Towers he o'erthrew;
David did leſs when he *Goliah* ſlew.
Here's no *Uriah*'s for Adultery ſlain,
Nor oaths forgot to faithful *Jonathan.*
And if to *Jeſſe*'s Grandſon we've recourſe,
William his Wiſdom had without his Whores.
Joſhua might ſtill ha' ſtaid on *Jordan*'s Shore,
Muſt he, as *William* did the *Boyne*, paſs o'er.
Almighty Power was forc'd to enterpoſe,
And frighted both the Water and his Foes:
But had my *William* been to paſs that Stream,
God needed not to part the Waves for him.
Not Forty Thouſand *Canaanites* cou'd ſtand,
In ſpight of Waves or *Canaanites* he'd land:

Such

Such Streams ne'er ſtemm'd his Tide of Victory;
No, not the Stream; no, nor the Enemy.
His Bombs and Cannon wou'd ha' made the Wall,
Without the Help of Jewiſh Rams-Horns, fall.
When his dear *Iſrael* from their Foes had fled,
Becauſe of ſtoln Spoils by *Achan* hid;
He'd ne'er, like *Joſhua*, on the Ground ha' laid,
He'd certainly ha' fought as well as pray'd.
The Sun would rather ha' been thought to ſtay,
Amaz'd to ſee how ſoon he'ad won the Day,
Than to give time the *Canaanites* to ſlay.
The greateſt Captains of the Ages paſt,
Debauch'd their Fame with Cruelty at laſt:
William did only Tyrants ſubdue;
Theſe conquer'd Kings, and then the People too:
The Subjects reap'd no Profit for their Pains,
And only chang'd their Maſters, not their Chains;
Their Victories did for themſelves appear,
And made their Peace as dreadful as the War:
But *William* fought Oppreſſion to deſtroy,
That Mankind might in Peace the World enjoy.
The *Pompeys*, *Cæſars*, *Scipio*'s, *Alexanders*,
Who croud the World with Fame, were great Com-
(manders.
Theſe too brought Blood and Ruin with their Arms,
But *William* always fought on other Terms.
Terror indeed might in his Front appear,
But Peace and Plenty follow'd in his Rear:
And if Oppreſſion forc'd him to contend,
Calmneſs was all his Temper, Peace his End:
He was the only Man we e'er ſaw fit
To regulate the World or conquer it.
Who can his Skill in Government gainſay,
He that can *England*'s brittle Scepter ſway,
Where Parties too much rule, and Kings obey?
He always reign'd by Gentleneſs and Love,
An Emblem of the Government above.

Vote

Vote me not Childleſs then in Chriſtendom,
I yet have Sons in my ſuſpended Womb:
And till juſt Fate ſuch due Proviſion makes,
A Daughter my Protection undertakes.
Crowns know no Sexes, and my Government
To either Kind admits a juſt Deſcent.
Queens have to me been always fortunate,
E'er ſince my *Engliſh Phœnix* rul'd the State;
Who made my People rich, my Country great.
Satyr be juſt, and when we laſh their Crimes,
Mingle ſome Tears for *William* with our Rhimes.
Tho Baſeneſs and Ingratitude appear,
Thank Heaven that we ha' weeping Millions here:
Then ſpeak our hearty Sorrows if you can,
Superior Grief in feeling Words explain:
Accents that wound, and all the Senſes numb,
Such Greif as never was for King before,
And ſuch as never, never ſhall be more.
See how Authority comes weeping on,
And view the Queen lamenting on his Throne.
With juſt Regret ſhe takes the Sword of State,
Not by her Choice directed, but his Fate;
Accepts the ſad Neceſſity with Tears,
And mournfully for Government prepares.
The Peoples Acclamations ſhe receives
With ſadn'd Joy, and a Content that grieves.
View next the ſad Aſſemblies that appear,
To tell their Grief for Him, and Joy for Her.
The firſt confounds the laſt with ſuch Exceſs,
They hardly can their noble Thoughts expreſs.
The Illuſtrious Troop addreſs her to condole,
And ſpeak ſuch Grief as wounds her to the Soul:
They lodg their Sorrows in the Royal Breaſt,
The Harbour where the Nation looks for Reſt.
Next theſe, the Repreſentatives ariſe,
With all the Nations Sorrow in their Eyes.

The Epithets they righteouſly apply
To the Reſtorer of their Liberty,
Are Tokens of their Senſe and Honeſty.
For as a Body we were always true,
But 'tis our Parties that our Peace undo:
Who can like them the Peoples Grief expreſs?
They ſhew her all the Tokens of Exceſs:
O'erwhelm'd with Sorrow, and ſuppreſt with Care,
They place the Nation's Refuge now in her:
Nothing but her Succeſſion cou'd abate
The Nation's Sorrow for their Monarch's Fate:
And nothing but his Fate cou'd their true Joy
For her Succeſſion leſſen or deſtroy.
The Civil Sword to her, as Heaven ſaw fit,
With general Satisfaction they commit:
How can it in a Hand like hers miſcarry?
But who ſhall for us weild the Military?
Who ſhall the jarring Generals unite;
Firſt teach them to agree, and then to fight?
Who ſhall renew'd Alliances contrive,
And keep the vaſt Confederacies alive?
Who ſhall the growing Gallick Force ſubdue?
'Twas more than all the World, but him, cou'd do.
Sighs for departed Friends are ſenſleſs things,
But 'tis not ſo when Nations mourn for Kings:
When wounded Kingdoms ſuch a Loſs complain,
As Nature never can repair again;
The Tyrant Grief, like Love, obeys no Laws,
But blindly views th' Effect, and not the Cauſe.
Dark are the Works of Sovereign Providence,
And often claſh with our contracted Senſe:
But if we might with Heaven's Decrees debate,
And of our Maker's Works expoſtulate;
Why ſhou'd he form a Mind ſupremely great,
And to his Charge commit the Reins of Fate,
And at one haſty Blow the Work defeat?
A Blow ſo ſudden, ſo ſevere and ſwift,
We had no time for Supplication left:

As if Almighty Power had been afraid,
Such Pray'rs wou'd by ſuch Multitudes be made;
Such *Moſes*'s wou'd to his Altars go,
To whom he never did, or wou'd ſay no;
He hardly cou'd know how to ſtrike the Blow.
For Prayer ſo much the Soveraign Power commands,
Ev'n God himſelf ſometimes as conquer'd ſtands,
And calls for Quarter at the Wreſtler's Hands.
How Strenuous then had been the Sacred Strife,
While all the kneeling World had beg'd his Life,
With all that Earneſtneſs of Zeal, and more
Than ever Nation begg'd for King before?
See how the neighbouring Lands his Fame improve,
And by their Sorows teſtify their Love;
Sprinkle his Memory with grateful Tears,
And hand his glory to ſucceeding Years.
With what Contempt will *Engliſh* Men appear,
When future Ages read his Character?
They'll never bear to hear in time to come,
How he was lov'd abroad, and ſcorn'd at home.
The World will ſcarce believe it cou'd be true,
And Vengeance muſt ſuch Inſolence purſue.
Our Nation will by all Men be abhor'd,
And *William*'s juſter Fame be ſo reſtor'd.
Poſterity, when Hiſtories relate
His Glorious Deeds, will ask, *What Giant's that?*
For common Vertues may Mens Fame advance,
But an immoderate Glory turns Romance.
Its real Merit does it ſelf undo,
Men talk it up ſo high, it can't be true:
So *William*'s Life, encreas'd by doubling Fame,
Will drown his Actions to preſerve his Name.
The Annals of his Conduct they'll reviſe,
As Legends of Impoſſibilities:
'Twill all a Life of Miracles appear,
Too great for Him to do, or them to hear.
And if ſome faithful Writer ſhou'd ſet down
With what uneaſineſs he wore the Crown; What

What thankleſs Devil had the Land poſſeſt;
This will be more prodigious than the reſt.
With Indignation 'twill their Minds inſpire,
And raiſe the Glory of his Actions higher.
The Records of their Fathers they'll Deface,
And bluſh to think they ſprung from ſuch a Race.
They'll be aſham'd their Anceſtors to own,
And ſtrive their Fathers Follies to attone.
New Monuments of Gratitude they'll raiſe,
And Crown his memory with Thanks and Praiſe.
Thou, Satyr, ſhalt the grateful Few rehearſe,
And ſolve the Nation's Credit in thy Verſe;
Embalm his Name with Characters of Praiſe,
His Fame's beyond the Power of Time to raiſe.
From him let future Monarchs learn to Rule,
And make his laſting Character their School.
For he who wou'd in time to come be Great,
Has nothing now to do but Imitate.
Let dying Parents when they come to bleſs,
Wiſh to their Children only his Succeſs.
Here their Inſtructions very well may end,
William's Example only recommend,
And leave the Youth his Hiſtory t' attend.
But we have here an Ignominious Croud,
That boaſt their Native Birth and Engliſh Blood,
Whoſe Breaſts with Envy and Contention burn,
And now rejoyce when all the Nations mourn:
Their aukward Triumphs openly they ſing;
Inſult the Aſhes of their injur'd King;
Rejoyce at the Diſaſters of his Crown,
And Drink the horſe's *Health that threw him down.*
Bluſh, Satyr, when ſuch Crimes we muſt reveal,
And draw a ſilent Curtain to conceal.
Actions ſo vile ſhall ne'er debauch our Song;
Let Heaven alone: tho Juſtice ſuffers long,
Her Leaden Wings, and Iron Hands, may ſhow
That ſhe is certain, tho ſhe may be ſlow.

His Foreign Birth was made the Fam'd Pretence,
Which gave our Home-born Engliſhmen Offence.
But Diſcontent's the antient Engliſh Faſhion,
The Univerſal Blemiſh of the Nation.
And 'tis a Queſtion, whether God cou'd make
That King whom every Engliſhman wou'd *like*?
Nor is it any Paradox to ſay,
William *had more of Engliſh blood than they*;
The *Royal Life* flow'd in his ſprightly Veins,
The ſame that in the *Noble Stock* remains;
The ſame which now his Glorious Scepter weilds,
To whom Three Nations juſt Obedience yields.
ANNE, the remaining Glory of our Iſle,
Well ſhe becomes the Royal Engliſh Stile:
In *William*'s Steps ſedately ſhe proceeds,
William's *a Pattern to Immortal Deeds.*
Preſerves his Memory with generous Care;
Forgetting him is Diſobliging her;
Where ſhall the murmuring Party then appear!
Where wou'd the Nation, but for her, ha' found
So ſafe a Cure for ſuch a ſudden Wound?
And cou'd ſhe but as well the Camp ſupply,
The World the ſooner wou'd their Grief lay by:
But there the Fatal Breach is made ſo wide,
That Loſs can never, never be ſupply'd.
Ye Men of Arms, and Engliſh Sons of War,
Now learn from him how you may Fight for her;
Your Grief for him expreſs upon her Foes,
For William *lov'd ſuch Funeral Tears as thoſe.*
'Tis *William*'s Glorious Scepter which ſhe bears,
Like *William* ſhe for Liberty appears.
She mounts to Honour by the Steps of Truth,
And his Example imitates in Both.
'Tis you muſt make her blooming Fame increaſe,
'Tis you muſt bring her Honour, Wealth and Peace:
And let it once more to the World be ſeen,
Nothing can make us Greater than a Queen.

The

The Whim, *Dedicated to two Kings, that of* Madrid *and that of St.* Germains.

MIDST pretty Tricks, and quaint Device
Of tiny Child when void of Vice;
(When Soul, that Particle Divine,
Does but like Farthing-Candle ſhine:
While Maid does hold the ſilly Taper
Enwrap'd in Lanthorn made of Paper,
Which too but juſt Diſcernment brings,
Nor ſhews the Difference of things.
So glimmers the young dawning Soul
Of Nature's pretty little Fool:
Therefore, as Caſſocks ſay, 'tis thought
Whate'er it does can be no fault)
I ſay, 'midſt Pleaſantries of Child,
Little Machines, and Actions wild;
Of Cards I've ſeen the Bauble take
A Superannuated Pack;
The Diamond's ſully'd, and the Spade
By often uſe now dirty made;
And only fit to entertain
Pretty Conceit of Infant Brain,
Which yet is ſcarce come into Skull,
Not half ſo much as Sawcer full.
When Card by Card the Oaf does take,
Father, look here what I can make!
And then to work he ſtrait does fall,
To frame ſome ſmall Eſcurial,
Some Minor *Pauls*, or tiny Coloſs,
(But O the diſmal Fate that follows)

First then he for Foundation lays
A Row of Kings, a Royal Race.
By them the Sex that's fair and tender,
Their Spouſes of the Feminine Gender.
(The Queen of Hearts the brighteſt ſhone)
And now the Edifice goes on:
The Mob with Clubs and Spades are laid,
Thoſe dy'd the others into Red:
But higheſt of all a Pack of Knaves,
The Babe too naturally heaves.
Juſt as in Fortune's Scale we ſee,
Rogues mounted to Supremacy.
There many Pams win all, each takes
The Coin, and ſweeps away the Stakes.
Well now the Structure riſes, and
In gay ſublimity does ſtand,
Emblem of Artificial Hand.
But Fates! When juſt at the Roof,
Behind comes a malicious Puff,
And down the Gugaw Pile does fall,
As future *Paul*'s e'er Dooms-Day ſhall.
E'en ſo (with ſmall Things great compare)
Lewis the Proud is nought but Air:
With thoſe that form'd his Grand Deſign,
So cloſe, ſo exquiſitely fine,
Richlieu the Leader, *Mazarine*,
Louvois and *Croiſſy*, and *Fourbin*.
None with the niceſt Sublety,
Could ought that was miſlaid decry,
Yet all their mighty Projects die.
'Twas, tho' a fine, yet airy Web,
The Torrent now begins to ebb,
And now the *Louvre*, and *Verſailes*,
Th' Eſcurial too, that *Spaniſh Paul*'s,
Shake at great *Eugene*'s Name and Sword,
Who's ſending 'em another Lord:

Who's

Who's like to puff that *Babel* down;
The little Boy that wears the Crown,
With his Grand Pa-Pa are puſhing on.
But ſee the *Spaniſh Phaeton*,
That dwells i'th' Regions of the Sun,
Has got his Leave of *Gallic* Sire,
To go and ſet the World on fire.
Well, drive on Coachman, and take care,
To ſet down, not bring back your Fare:
The Don Monſieur, the *Spaniſh* Beau,
When he comes near the fatal *Po*,
May curſe old Dad's *Allez vous*.

In *Germanos* ab alto ad *Veronam*, & ex imo in *Cremonam* Prodeuntes.

FUlmine Cæſareo *fretus Jovis Ales ab alto*
Intonuit, ſparſis nubibus ima petens;
Suetus humo Gallus miratur ab Æthere lapſum,
Cum, fruſtra invitis Alpibus, *Hoſtis adeſt.*
En quoque Cadmeam ſtupefacta Cremona *Catervam!*
Armatos tellus dum parit ipſa viros.
Crede mihi Italicis *langueſcent Lilia Campis*
Gallica, quando Hoſtes Terra Poluſque ferunt.

On the Deſcent of the Germans *from the* Alps *to* Verona, *and their Aſcent from the Aqueduct into* Cremona.

FROM parting Clouds, the *German* Eagle brings
Vindictive Thunder on Imperial Wings.
The *Gallick* Warriour from beneath deſcries
With wonder, while o'er *Alps* and Rocks he flies,
And levels at him from the neighb'ring Skies.
But ſee arm'd Numbers, riſing from Below!
Cremona trembles while the *Germans* flow,
From opening Cavern on th' aſtoniſh'd Foe.
Believe me, *France*, your Lilly faintly grows;
Nature ne'er fram'd it for th' *Italian* Snows;
'Twill never thrive, ſince Heaven and Earth oppoſe.

A Prologue deſign'd for Tamerlane, *but never ſpoke. Written by Dr.* G--th.

TO Day a mighty Hero comes to warm
Your curdling Blood, and bid you, *Britains*, arm.
To Valour much he owes, to Vertue more;
He fights to ſave, and conquers to reſtore.
He ſtrains no Text, nor makes Dragoons perſuade;
He likes Religion, but he hates the Trade.
Born for Mankind, they by his Labours live;
Their Property is his Prerogative.
His Sword deſtroys leſs than his Mercy ſaves,
And none, except his Paſſions, are his Slaves.

*

Such,

Such, *Britains*, is the Prince that you poſſeſs,
In Council greateſt, and in Camps no leſs:
Brave, but not Cruel; Wiſe without Deceit;
Born for an Age curs'd with a *Bajazet*.
But you, diſdaining to be too ſecure,
Ask his Protection, and yet grudg his Power.
With you a Monarch's Right is in diſpute;
Who gives Supplies, are only Abſolute.
Britain, for ſhame your factious Feuds decline,
Too long you've labour'd for the *Bourbon* Line:
Aſſert loſt Rights, an *Auſtrian* Prince alone
Is born to nod upon a *Spaniſh* Throne.
A Cauſe no leſs cou'd on Great *Eugene* call,
Steep Alpine Rocks require an *Hannibal*:
He ſhows you your loſt Honour to retrieve;
Our Troops will fight, when once the Senate give.
Quit your Cabals and Factions, and in ſpite
Of Whig and Tory in this Cauſe unite.
One Vote will then ſend *Anjou* back to *France*,
There let the Meteor end his airy Dance:
Elſe to the *Mantuan* Soil he may repair,
(E'en Abdicated Gods were *Latium*'s Care)
At worſt, he'll find ſome *Corniſh* Borough here.

To the French *King*.

SEE, thou Diſturber of the World's Repoſe,
Your rotting Brother warns you of your Cloſe.
Your *Britiſh* Friend too moulders in his Tomb,
And waſted Armies call you to your Doom.
What Shoals of *Gallic* Ghoſts from *Eugene*'s Sword,
(*Eugene*, by whom our dying Hope's reſtor'd)
Fled thro th' *Italian* Air, and curs'd their Lord?

But

But you must go, the Leveller of Kings
Draws nigh *Versailes*, and the late Summons brings;
While Worms, unkinder than your *Maintenon*,
Wait for that Head swell'd with a double Crown;
Impatiently expect the destin'd Skull
Of Schemes and Thrones, and injur'd Treaties full.
Methinks I see 'em revel in his Brain,
Where midnight Projects of dire Conclaves reign;
Mazes of Mischiefs to involve the Earth
In Blood and Woe, which thence derive their Birth.
Methinks I see 'em skirmish for *Le Grand*,
Each Royal Vein's by eager Reptiles drain'd,
Confus'dly roving, like his Soldiers Flight
Thro' their *Cremona* in the *German* Night.
But O! This Scene creates a Sacred Awe,
Makes the Muse tremble, while she strives to draw
Our Nature levell'd to that dreaded Law.
But if that Grand Destroyer would make haste,
And spight of *Fagon*, make him breath his last,
The World from thence would find a time to breath,
That's only hop'd for from that Stroke of Death.
Nations would thank him for that grateful Blow,
And rescu'd Armies with their Standards bow:
The *British*, *Belgic*, *Neapolitan*,
The *German*, *Spaniard*, and the *Mantuan*.
Cou'd we but see him safe within his Tomb,
And *France* in Mourning for their Monarch's Doom,
The Sight would please beyond the Pomp of *Rome*:
While Groves of Cypress, and the Baneful Yew
Europe would send, its Sentiments to shew,
And heap 'em on him for a Grand Adieu.

On King WILLIAM.

HOW long muſt the Reſtorer of our State,
That Royal Engine of deſigning Fate,
Toil, the Concerns of Heaven to compleat?
In whoſe cloſe Breaſt their Councils brood ſecure,
And *Europe*'s Welfare waits the mighty Hour;
Where *Lewis* Ruin yet in *Embryo* lies,
And whence kind Peace intends her ſacred Riſe.
Th' alluring Dictates of ſoft Eaſe he ſlights,
With *Jove* in Flame and Thunder he delights.
The Dooms of Nations He and Fate diſpoſe,
The One decrees but what the Other does.
His Arms the Briny Empire late maintain'd,
And *Britiſh* Waves with *French* Diſhonour ſtain'd.
'Tis true, yet Conqueſt holds the queſtion'd Ball,
As loth to let the mighty Laurel fall;
Yet certain to adorn the *Engliſh* Brow,
Proceeds in Blood before ſhe does beſtow,
Like Heaven and Fate in great Donations ſlow.
This won, then *NASSAU*, re-addorn your Crown,
Can you forgo *MARIA* for Renown?
So keen for Fame? A while the World delay,
After a Pauſe in *Albion*'s Arms, convey
Your Sword as far as the Retreat of Day.
With *Britiſh* Shields affright the Eaſtern Moon,
And rob the *Indians* of their God the Sun.
Methinks I ſee already on the Loom
Revolving Years of the Third *Edward* come.
I ſee the Martial'd *Britains* in a Line,
In *Engliſh* Helmets quaff the conquer'd *Seine*,
While *William*'s Health goes round in tributary (Wine.

I ſee his Pow'r thro the won Realm diffuſe,
Now *Gallia* yields, and *Boileau* damns his Muſe.
He now on *Lewis* pleads an Irony,
To you, *NASSAU*, the transfer'd Praiſes fly.
No trivial Statue ſhall thy Fame ſuffice,
We'll raiſe *Coloſſi* to th' endanger'd Skies,
And ſhew the Gods how *Naſſau*'s Vertues riſe:
Beyond where'er the *Roman* Eagles flew,
A Pitch the lingring *Cæſars* never knew.
Bleſs'd be the day when the long forming Years
Diſclos'd the Hero to the wond'ring Spheres;
When firſt the Ocean knew its Infant Lord,
The *Albion* Genius ſhook, the *Belgic* Lions roar'd.
Europe took notice of the mighty Throw,
And Rev'rend Nature did with Homage bow.
So fares the World when a *NASSAU* appears,
NASSAU! the nobleſt Favour of the Stars.
Nor a leſs Triumph ſignaliz'd the Time
When firſt *MARIA* grac'd the *Engliſh* Clime.
Fair at her Birth the Royal Beauty ſhone;
As when the Preſident of Light, the Sun,
With Infant Luſtre, and with new-born Ray,
Had ſhook off Chaos, and began the Day.
The Conſcious Planets join'd the mighty Pair,
Decreed by Fate the parted Globe to ſhare.
Wiſely the Gods, for Virtues like their own,
Preventing Cenſure did provide a Throne;
The Juſtice equal, and the Plea's the ſame,
As they their Altars, theſe their Scepters claim.
Yet what a Loſs of Power had each ſuſtain'd,
Had diſtant *MARY* from her *WILLIAM* reign'd?
Leſs had their Grandeur, leſs their Empire grown,
He'd wanted th' *Engliſh*, ſhe the *Gallic* Crown.
So two fair Planets that adorn the Sphere,
With a leſs Splendor, if apart, appear:
But when their dazling Glories kindly join,
With fiercer Vigour, greater State they ſhine.

Nor

Nor can their native Bounds their Rays contain,
But o'er the ſubject World with mingl'd Beams they reign.

The Ghoſt of K. C----- II. Written about the Year 1692.

AS in a Dream our thinking Monarch lay,
E'er Night gave place to the approaching Day,
A Ghaſtly Phantom at his Pillow reer'd,
And with wide Mouth, broad Eyes, thin Cheeks ap-
(pear'd;
Which in a Flaſh of Lightning crown'd with Smoke,
Thus his *Bat——an* Succeſſor beſpoke.
Hail my bleſt Nephew, whom the Fates ordain
To fill the Meaſure of the St——*rts* Reign;
That all the Ills by our whole Race deſign'd,
In thee their full Accompliſhment might find:
'Tis thou that art decreed this Point to clear,
Which we have labour'd for theſe fourſcore Year:
Leſt then thou fail'ſt in this high Enterprize,
I'm come to ſteel thee with my beſt Advice.
Firſt caſt all idle Thoughts of Heaven away,
Thoſe pious Clogs to Arbitrary Sway,
Which ſerve to ſink a Subject to a Slave,
But muſt not check the Actions of the Brave.
Kings are free Agents, and their Wills are Laws,
Which they may break or keep as they ſee cauſe,
And claim a Share in the Almighty Power
Which Heaven aſſumes, to nouriſh or devour.
And when thy Fear of God abates its Force,
Thy Gratitude to Man will fail of courſe:

And

And theſe muſt be ſubdu'd e'er thou obtain
The pleaſing Fruits of Arbitrary Reign.
Yet ſtill the Church muſt be thy chiefeſt Care,
For Kings (you know) their nurſing Fathers are;
That Set of Blockheads, and the Monarch's Tools,
To keep the Knaves in awe, and banter Fools.
Keep them but under, Spaniel-like, and tame,
They'l be of uſe to point thee out thy Game;
Make 'em believe thou'rt theirs, but truſt them not
More than to ſerve thy Luſt, or hunt a Plot.
If thy dull Father had theſe Meaſures ta'en,
Thy Attempt to th' *Engliſh* Throne had been in vain.
Next, let thy Miniſters conſiſt of thoſe
Who either are thy own or *England*'s Foes:
Take them of Men impeach'd or former Crimes,
Or elſe obnoxious to the preſent Times.
Such as thy Father rais'd, and him betray'd,
Muſt be the Objects of thy Favour made;
Or that oppos'd thy coming to the Throne,
Take theſe into thy Boſom, they're thy own:
While ſuch as have thy Int'reſt truly ſerv'd,
May thank their own Eſtates they are not ſtarv'd.
Avoid the Wiſe and Honeſt all you can,
For Monarchy will bear no virtuous Man.
In all Employs, be careful to ſelect
Thoſe that will give from thoſe that do expect:
Mankind's alike, Diſtinction's hard to make;
The Mony then muſt guide you whom to take.
Another piece of Kingly Craft occurs,
Which is to manage right Inteſtine Stirs.
Of this I will but one ſhort Inſtance give,
To ſhew you how this Nail of State to drive.
A Race of Men, unknown in former Story,
Had ſplit this Kingdom into Whig and Tory;
Both Factions grew in Country and in Court,
And both to me did mutually reſort;
To whom I gave a ſubalternate Power
T' enable them each other to devour.

This

This Artifice of State, had I liv'd on,
Would in ſhort time have fix'd the Imperial Throne:
But when I fell, that Abdicated Gooſe,
Thy Father, left the Game at faſt and looſe;
And vent'ring to pluck off the Mask too ſoon,
United them, and was himſelf undone.
This Game revive again, purſue it cloſe,
And thou the Fate of *England* may'ſt diſpoſe.
Laſtly, to crown the Work, keep fair and even
With the Enchanted Chappel of St. *Stephen*;
That Politick Ware-houſe, whence a King may draw
Fit Tools to overturn both Right and Law.
Fail not to bait the Trap, theſe Gulls to pleaſe
With Hopes of Penſions, Gifts and Offices:
Keep there the Poiſon ſtrong, ſupply the Spring
With freſh Corruptions, and be ever King.
More might be ſaid, but I am call'd away
By a ſhrill Voice which uſhers in the Day;
Speak quickly, if thou'aſt any thing to ſay.

The Penſive Prince, not given to Replies,
Upon his bed a while revolving lies;
Then ſtarting up, to's Cabinet he went,
And ſhew'd the Ghoſt his Scheme of Government:
Which whe he'ad ſeen, away the Goblin ſpun,
Frighted to ſee himſelf ſo much out-done.

The Mourners: Found in the Streets.

1702.

IN Sable Weeds your Beaux and Bells appear,
And cloud the coming Beauties of the Year.
Mourn on, you fooliſh faſhionable things,
Mourn for your own Misfortunes, not the King's;
Mourn for the mighty Maſs of Coin miſ-ſpent,
That prodigally given, and idly ſpent;
Mourn your Tapeſtry and Statutes too,
And *Windſor* gutted, to adorn your *Loo*;
Mourn for the Miter long from *Scotland* gone,
And much more mourn your Union coming on;
Mourn for a ten Years War, and diſmal Weather,
And Taxes, ſtrung like Necklaces together,
On Salt, Malt, Paper, Syder, Lights and Leather.
Much for the Civil Liſt need not be ſaid,
They truly mourn who're fifteen Months unpaid.
Well then, my Friends, ſince things you ſee are ſo,
Let's e'en mourn on, 'twould leſſen much our Wo,
Had *Sorrel* ſtumbled thirteen Years ago.

The Counterpart.

YE *Engliſh* Nations, put your Mourning on;
Mourn not the King's Misfortune, but your own.
For Realms of Light and of Eternal Day
He lately chang'd his temporary Sway,
And left you blundering in the tractleſs Way.

He

He was the Star by which all *Europe* ſteer'd,
The Compaſs ſhew'd us how its Councils veer'd;
When e'er you are on raging Billows toſt,
Think of the skilful Pilot you have loſt;
Think on the Dangers he did for you prove,
The Storms and Thunder of Almighty *Jove*:
How midſt fork'd Lightning, Show'rs of Shot and Blood,
Divinely bold our Mighty *William* ſtood,
Not for his own, but for our Country's Good;
Our Native Land was not his only Care,
Nations far diſtant did his Bounty ſhare;
The *Rhine*, the *Tiber*, *Ganges*, with their Streams,
Do mourn in Conſort with our groaning *Thames*.

On Sir John Fenwick.

1.

HERE lie the Relicks of a martyr'd Knight,
Whoſe Loyalty unſpotted as the Light,
Seal'd with his Blood his injur'd So——gn's Right.

2.

The State his Head did from his Body ſever,
Becauſe when living 'twas his chief Endeavour
To ſet the Nation and its Head together.

3.

He boldly fell, girt ronnd with weeping Soldiers,
Imploring Heaven for the good o' the Beholders,
So to cut *H——d*'s Head from *England*'s Shoulders.

An Alluſion to the 7th *Epode of* Horace, 1690.
Quo, quo Sceleſti ruitis, &c.

1.

WHither, ye impious *Britons*, do ye run,
As if already not enough undone?
Your Sea has oft run Purple to the Shore,
And *Flanders* is manur'd with *Engliſh* Gore;
Yet ſtill you arm, and ſtill prepare to fight
Againſt your K—, his Country, and his Right.

2.

If you muſt arm, unite the *Britiſh* Powers,
Deſtroy your Rival *Holland*'s lofty Towers,
And be her Ruin as ſhe has been yours.
Holland deſerv'd to be this Nations's Curſe
Bad as a Foe, but as a Friend much worſe:
See the *Batavians* with a grinning Pride
Your preſent Ills and future Hopes deride.

3.

And well they may, for they can only boaſt,
Becauſe your Credit, Wealth, and Traffick's loſt;
Theirs is the Gain, and they may triumph moſt.
Pleas'd with a ſelfiſh, dull, malicious Joy,
To ſee your ſelves none but your ſelves deſtroy;
'Tis obvious, but infatuated you
Still court your Ruin, and contrive it too.

4.

Tell me, is't Madneſs this, or Hopes of Gain,
Or do the Sons the Fathers Crimes ſuſtain?
Why are you pale and ſpeechleſs? Why appears
This Trembling? and why flow theſe guilty Tears?

Since

Since there's a Cauſe, a monſtrous Cauſe indeed,
You fain wou'd hide, too horrid to be hid.

5.

Yes, *Britons*, yes, you groan beneath the Weight
Of *Charles* the Martyrs undeſerved Fate;
Too well you know his unrepented Fall
Entails this Curſe, and will confound you all.

On S-----l.

ILluſtrious Steed, who ſhould the Zodiack grace,
To thee the Lion and the Bull give place:
Bleſt be the Dam that fed thee, bleſt the Earth,
Which firſt receiv'd thee, and firſt gave thee Birth.
Did wrong'd *Hibernia* to revenge her Slain
Produce thee, or murdered *Fenwick* ſtrain,
Or barbarouſly maſſacred *Glencoes* Claim.
Whence e'er thou art, be thou for ever bleſt,
And ſpend the Remnant of thy Days in reſt;
No ſervile Uſe thy Noble Limbs profane,
No Weight thy Back, no Curb thy Mouth reſtrain;
No more be thou, no more Mankind a Slave,
But both enjoy that Liberty you gave.

A Song, 1696.

1.

LAST Year in the Spring, the Life of the King
Was intended by Aſſaſſination;
But now they'll pull down the Life of the Kingdom
By a curſed Capitation.

2.

France and *En—d* combin'd, and were plainly join'd
Thus ſingly his Death to procure;
But *En—d* alone does to all the World own,
That none but her ſelf ſhall undo her.

3.

When a Nation ſubmits to be govern'd by Chits,
If you look for wiſe Acts you're miſtaken;
Since the P———t-Houſe is rul'd by a Mouſe
Who the Devil can ſave his Bacon?

4.

New Projects they advance, to ſerve as in *France*;
But can *France* have more equal, Sir?
If Affairs muſt be done, I think 'tis all one
Into what Lion's Paws we fall, Sir.

5.

O *J—s*, were thy Party as wiſe as they're hearty,
And thou thy ſelf fit to be truſted;
What a bleſſed Occaſion is this Capitation
For Matters to be adjuſted?

6.

But ſince thou art he whom we took thee to be,
Neither Age nor Experience has mended;
Let us look but once more to ſome foreign Shore
For a Prince that never offended.

The

The Houſe of NASSAU.
A Pindarick Ode.

I.

GOddeſs of Numbers, and of Thoughts ſublime!
Celeſtial Muſe! whoſe charming Song
Can fix Heroick Acts, that glide along
Down the vaſt Sea of periſhing Time,
And all the gilded Images can ſtay,
Till Time's vaſt Sea it ſelf be roll'd away:
O now aſſiſt with conſecrated Strains!
Let Art and Nature join to raiſe
A living Monument of Praiſe
O'er *William*'s Great Remains.
While *Thames* majeſtically ſad, and ſlow,
Seems by that Reverend Dome to flow,
Which new-inter'd his Sacred Urn contains.
If thou, O Muſe, wou'dſt e'er Immortal be,
This Song bequeaths thee Immortality;
For *William*'s Praiſe can ne'er expire,
Tho Nature's Self at laſt muſt die,
And all this fair erected Sky
Muſt ſink, with Earth and Sea, and melt away in Fire.

II.

Begin——the Spring of Vertue trace,
That, from afar deſcending, flow'd
Thro the rich Veins of all the Godlike Race,
And fair Renown on all the Godlike Race beſtow'd!
This Antient Scource of Noble Blood
Thro thee, *Germania*, wandring wide,
Like thy own *Rhine*'s enriching Tide,
In num'rous Branches long diffus'd its Flood.

Rhine, ſcarce more antient, never grac'd thee more,
Tho mantling Vines his comely Head ſurround,
And all along his Sunny Shore
Eternal Plenty's found.

III.

From Heaven it ſelf th' Illuſtrious Line began;
Ten Ages in Deſcent it ran,
In each Deſcent encreas'd with Honours new.
Never did Heaven's Supreme inſpire
In mortal Breaſts a nobler Fire,
Nor his own Image livelier drew.
Of pure Ætherial Flame their Souls he made;
And as beneath his forming Hand they grew,
He bleſs'd the Maſter-work, and ſaid,
Go forth, my honour'd Champions, go
To vindicate my Cauſe below!
Awful in Pow'r, defend for Me
Religion, Juſtice, Liberty,
And at Aſpiring Tyranny
My Delegated Thunder throw!
For this the Great *Naſſovian* Name I raiſe,
And ſtill this Character Divine
Diſtinguiſh'd thro the Race ſhall ſhine,
Zeal for their Country's Good, and Thirſt of Virtuous Praiſe.

IV.

Now look, *Britannia*, look and ſee
Thro the clear Glaſs of Hiſtory,
From whom thy mighty Sov'reign came,
And take a large Review of far-extended Fame.
See, Crouds of Heroes riſe to Sight!
*ADOLPHUS**, with Imperial Splendor gay.
Brave *PHILIBERT*, unmatch'd in Fight,
Who led the *German* Eagle to his Prey;
Thro *Lombardy* he mark'd his conquer'd Way,
And made proud *Rome* and *Naples* own his unreſiſted Might.

* Adolphus *the Emperor, of the Houſe of* Naſſau.

His

His gallant * Nephew next appears,
And on his Brows the Wreaths of Conqueſt wears;
Tho ſtreaming Wounds the martial Figure ſtain,
For thee, Great † *Charles* in Battel ſlain,
Slain in all a Soldier's Pride,
He fell triumphant by thy ſide,
And falling fought, and fighting dy'd.
And lay, a manly Corps, extended on the Plain.

V.

See next, Majeſtically Great,
The Founder of the *Belgick* State!
The Sun of Glory, which ſo bright
Beam'd on all the Darling Line,
Did from its golden Urn of Light
On *WILLIAM*'s Head redoubled ſhine.
His youthful Looks diffus'd an Awe;
Charles, who had try'd the Race before,
And knew great Merits to explore,
When he his riſing Vertue ſaw,
He put in Friendſhip's Noble Claim;
To his Imperial Court the Hero brought,
And there by early Honours ſought
Alliance with his future Fame.
O generous Sympathy, that binds
In Chains unſeen the Braveſt Minds!
O Love to worthy Deeds in all great Souls the ſame!

VI.

But Time at laſt brought forth th'amazing Day,
When *Charles*, reſolv'd to diſingage
From Empire's Toils his weary Age,
Gave with each Hand a Crown away.
Philip, his haughty Son, afraid
Of *William*'s Vertues, baſely choſe
His Father's Favorite to depoſe;
His Tyrant Reign requir'd far other Aid, (roſe;
And *Alva*'s fiery Duke, his Scourge of Vengeance

* Reuè *of* Naſſau. † Charles 5*th*.

With Flames of Inquiſition roſe from Hell,
Of Slaughter proud, and inſolent in Blood.
What Hand can paint the Scenes of tragic Woes?
What Tongue, ſad *Belgia*, can thy Story tell,
When with her lifted Ax proud Murder ſtood,
And thy Brave Sons in Crouds unnumber'd fell?
The Sun, with Horror of the Sight,
Withdraws his ſickly Beams, and ſhrouds
His muffl'd Face in ſullen Clouds, (Light.
And on the Scaffolds faintly ſheds a pale malignant

VII.

Thus *Belgia*'s Liberty expiring lay,
And almoſt gaſp'd her gen'rous Life away,
Till *ORANGE* hears her moving Cries;
He hears, and marching * from afar,
Brings to her Aid the ſprightly War.
At his approach, reviv'd with freſh Supplies
Of gather'd Strength, ſhe on her Murd'rers flies.
But Heaven, at firſt, reſolv'd to try
By Proofs adverſe his Conſtancy.
Four Armies loſt, † two Gallant Brothers ſlain,
Will he the deſperate War maintain?
Tho rolling Tempeſts darken all the Sky,
And Thunder breaks around his Head,
Will he again the faithleſs Sea explore,
And oft driv'n back, ſtill quit the Shore?
He will——his Soul, averſe to Dread,
Unweary'd ſtill the Spight of Fortune braves,
Superior, and || *Serene amidſt the Stormy Waves.*

VIII.

Such was the Man, ſo vaſt his Mind!
The ſteddy Inſtrument of Fate
To fix the Baſis of a riſing State.
My Muſe with Horror views the Scene behind,
And fain would draw a Shade, and fain
Wou'd hide his deſtin'd End, nor tell

* *He was then in* Germany. † *The Counts* Lodowick *and* Henry. || Sævis tranquillus in undis, *The Prince his Motto.*

How

How he——the dreaded Foe of *Spain*,
More fear'd than thouſands on the Plain,
By the vile Hand of a bold Ruffian fell.
No more——th' ungrateful Proſpect let us leave!
And in his room, behold ariſe,
Bright as th' Immortal Twins that grace the Skies,
A Noble * Pair his Abſence to retrieve!
In theſe the Hero's Soul ſurvives,
And *William* doubly in his Offſpring lives.

IX.

MAURICE, for Martial Greatneſs, far
His Father's Glorious Fame exceeds;
HENRY alone can match his Brother's deeds;
Both were, like *Scipio*'s Sons, the Thunderbolts of War.
None e'er than *Maurice* better knew
Camps, Sieges, Battels to ordain;
None e'er than *Henry* fiercer did purſue
The flying Foe, or earlier Conqueſts gain.
For ſcarce Sixteen revolving Years he told,
When eager for the Fight, and Bold,
Enflam'd by Glory's ſprightly Charms,
His Brother brought him to the Field;
Taught his young Hand the Truncheon well to wield,
And practis'd him betimes to Arms.

X.

Let *Flandrian Newport* tell of Wonders wrought
Before her Walls, that memorable Day,
When the Victorious Youths in Concert fought,
And matchleſs Valour did diſplay!
How, e'er the Battel join'd, they ſtrove
With emulous Honour, and with mutual Love;
How *Maurice*, touch'd with tender Care
Of *Henry*'s Safety, beg'd him to remove;
Henry refus'd his blooming youth to ſpare,
But with his much-lov'd *Maurice* vow'd to prove
Th' Extremes of War, and equal Dangers ſhare.

---

* Maurice *and* Henry.

O generous Strife! and worthy ſuch a Pair!
How dear did *Albert* this Contention pay!
Witneſs the Floods of ſtreaming Gore,
Witneſs the trampl'd Heaps that choak'd the Plain,
And ſtop'd the Victors in their way.
Witneſs the neighb'ring Sea, and ſandy Shore,
Drunk with the Purple Life of twice three Thouſand (ſlain.

XI.

Fortune that on her Wheel capricious ſtands,
And waves her painted Wings, Inconſtant, Proud,
Hook-wink'd, and ſhaking from her Hands
Promiſcuous Gifts among the Croud;
Reſtleſs of Place, and ſtill prepar'd to Flight,
Was conſtant here, and ſeem'd reſtor'd to Sight.
Won by their Merit, and reſolv'd to bleſs
The happy Brothers with a long Succeſs——
Maurice, the firſt reſign'd to Fate.
The Youngeſt had a longer Date,
And liv'd the Space appointed to compleat
The great Republick, rais'd ſo high before;
Finiſh'd by him, the ſtately Fabrick bore
Its lofty Top aſpiring to the Sky:
In vain the Winds and Rains around it beat,
In vain below, the Waves tempeſtuous roar,
They daſh themſelves, and break, and backward fly,
Diſpers'd and murm'ring at its Feet.
Inſulting *Spain* the fruitleſs Strife gives o'er,
And claims Dominion there no more.
Then *Henry*, ripe for Immortality,
His Flight to Heaven eternal ſprings,
And o'er his quiet Grave Peace ſpreads her downy (Wings.

XII.

His Son, a ſecond *WILLIAM*, fills his Place,
And climbs to Manhood with ſo ſwift a Pace,
As if he knew he had not long to ſtay:
Such young *Marcellus* was, the hopeful Grace
Of antient *Rome*, but quickly ſnatch'd away.

Breda

Breda beheld th' advent'rous Boy,
His tender limbs in ſhining Armour dreſs'd,
Where with his Father the hot Siege he preſs'd.
His Father ſaw with pleaſing Joy (preſs'd.
His own reflected Worth, and youthful Charms ex-
But when his Country breath'd from War's Alarms,
His martial Virtues lay obſcure;
Nor cou'd a Warriour, form'd for Arms,
Th' inglorious Reſt endure;
But ſicken'd ſoon, and ſudden dy'd,
And left in Tears his pregnant Bride,
His Bride, the Daughter of *Britannia*'s King;
Nor ſaw th' auſpicious Pledge of Nuptial Love,
Which from that happy Marriage was to
ſpring; (above.
But with his Great Foretathers gain'd a bliſsful Seat

XIII.

Here pauſe, my Muſe! and wind up higher
The Strings of thy Pindarick Lyre!
Then with bold Strains the lofty Song purſue;
And bid *Britannia* once again review
The numerous Worthies of the Line,
See, like Immortals, how they ſhine!
Each Life a Hiſtory alone!
And laſt, to crown the great Deſign.
Look forward, and behold them all in One!
Look, but ſpare the fruitleſs Tears------
'Tis thy own *William* next appears.
Advance Cæleſtial Form! Let *Britain* ſee
Th' accompliſh'd Glory of thy Race in Thee!

XIV.

So when ſome ſplendid Triumph was to come
In long Proceſſion thro the Streets of *Rome*,
The Crowd beheld with vaſt Surprize
The glittering Train in awful Order move
To the bright Temple of *Feretrian Jove*,
And Trophies born along imploy'd their daz'ldEyes:

But

But when the laurel'd Emperor, mounted high
Above the reſt, appear'd to ſight,
In his proud Car of Victory
Shining with Rays exceſſive bright,
He put the long preceding Pomp to Flight.
Their Wonder cou'd no higher riſe,
With Joy they throng his Chariot Wheels, and rend
(with Shouts the Skies.

XV.

To thee, Great Prince! to thy extenſive Mind,
Not by thy Country's narrow Bounds confin'd,
The Fates an ample Scene afford;
And injur'd Nations claim the Succour of thy Sword.
No Reſpite to thy Toils is giv'n,
Till thou aſcend thy native Heav'n:
One *Hydra*-Head cut off, ſtill more abound,
And Twins ſprout up to fill the Wound.
So endleſs is the Task that Heroes find
To tame the Monſter Vice, and to reform Mankind.
For this *Alcides* heretofore,
And mighty *Theſeus* travel'd o'er
Vaſt Tracts of Sea and Land, and ſlew
Wild Beaſts, and Serpents gorg'd with Human
(Prey;
From ſtony Dens fierce lurking Robbers drew,
And bid the cheerful Traveller paſs on his peaceful
(Way.
Yet tho the toilſom Work they long purſue,
To rid the World's wild pathleſs Field;
Still pois'nous Weeds, and Thorns in Cluſters
(grew,
And large unwholeſom Corps did yield,
To exerciſe their Hands with Labours ever new.

XVI.

Thou, like *Alcides*, early didſt begin,
And, ev'n a Child, didſt Laurels win.
Two ſnaky Plagues around his Cradle twin'd,

Sent

Sent by the jealous Wife of *Jove*,
In ſpeckl'd Wreaths of Death they ſtrove
The mighty Babe to bind.
And twiſted Faction in thy Infancy
Darted her forky Tongue at Thee.
But as *Jove*'s Offspring ſlew his hiſſing Foes;
So thou, deſcended from a Line
Of Patriots no leſs Divine,
Didſt quench the brutal Rage of thoſe
Who durſt thy dawning Worth oppoſe.
The Viper Spight, cruſh'd by thy Vertue, ſhed
Its yellow Juice, and at thy Feet lay dead.
Thus, like the Sun, did thy great Genius riſe,
With Clouds around his ſacred Head,
Yet ſoon diſpell'd the dropping Miſts, and gilded all
(the Skies.

XVII.

Great *Julius*, who with generous Anger view'd
The Statue of Brave *Philip*'s braver Son,
And wept to think what ſuch a Youth ſubdu'd,
While more in Age himſelf had yet ſo little done,
Had wept much more, if he had liv'd to ſee
The mighty Deeds atchiev'd by Thee;
To ſee Thee at a beardleſs Age,
Stand arm'd againſt th' Invader's Rage,
And bravely fighting for thy Country's Liberty;
While he inglorious Laurels ſought,
And not to ſave his Country fought.
While He——O Stain upon the Greateſt Name
That e'er before was known to Fame!——
When *Rome*, his awful Mother, did demand
The Sword from his unruly Hand,
The Sword ſhe gave before,
Enrag'd, he ſpurn'd at her Command,
Hur'ld at her Breaſt the impious Steel, and bath'd it
(in her Gore.

XVIII.

XVIII.

Far other Battels thou haſt won,
Thy Standard ſtill the Publick Good:
Laviſh of thine to ſave thy People's Blood:
And when the hardy Task of War was done,
With what a vaſt well-temper'd Mind
(A Mind unknown to *Rome*'s ambitious Son)
Thy pow'rful Armies were reſign'd?
This Vict'ry o'er thy ſelf was more
Than all thy Conqueſts gain'd before.
'Twas more than *Philip*'s Son could do,
When for new Worlds the Madman cry'd;
Nor in his own wild Breaſt had ſpy'd
Tow'rs of Ambition, Hills of boundleſs Pride,
Too great for Armies to ſubdue.

XIX.

O ſavage Luſt of Arbitrary Sway!
Inſatiate Fury which in Man we find,
In barbarous Man, to prey upon his Kind,
And make the World, enſlav'd, his vicious Will (obey!
How has this Friend, Ambition, long defac'd
Heav'ns Works, and laid the vaſt Creation waſte!
Ask Silver *Rhine*, with ſpringing Ruſhes crown'd,
As to the Sea his waters flow,
Where are the numerous Cities now
That once he ſaw his honour'd Banks around?
Scarce are their ſilent Ruins found;
But in th' enſuing Age
Trampl'd into common Ground,
Will hide the horrid Monuments of *Gaul*'s deſtroying (Rage.
All *Europe* too had ſhar'd this wretched Fate,
And mourn'd her heavy Woes too late,
Had not *Britannia*'s Chief withſtood
The threaten'd Deluge, and repell'd
To its forſaken Banks th' unwilling Flood, (held.
And in his Hand the Scales of balanc'd Kingdoms

Well

Well was this mighty Truſt repos'd in Thee,
Whoſe faithful Soul from private Int'reſts [free,
(Int'reſts, which vulgar Princes know)
O'er all its Paſſions ſate exalted high,
As *Ten'riff*'s Top enjoys a purer Sky,
And ſees the moving Clouds at diſtance fly below.

XX.

Whoe'er thy warlike Annals reads,
Beholds reviv'd our valiant *Edward*'s Deeds.
* Great *Edward* and his Glorious Son
Will own themſelves in Thee outdone,
Tho *Crecy*'s deſperate Fight eternal Honours won.
Tho the Fifth *Henry* too does claim
A ſhining Place among *Britannia*'s Kings,
And *Agencourt* has rais'd his Lofty Name;
Yet the loud Voice of Ever-living Fame
Of Thee more numerous Triumphs ſings.
But tho no Chief contends with Thee
In all the long Records of Hiſtory,
Thy own Great Deeds together ſtrive
Which ſhall the faireſt Light derive
On thy Immortal Memory.
Whether *Seneffe*'s amazing Field
To celebrated *Mons* ſhall yield?
Or both give place to more amazing *Boyn*?
Or if *Namure*'s prodigious Siege muſt all the reſt out-
(ſhine?

XXI.

While in *Hibernia*'s Fields the labouring Swain
Shall paſs the Plough o'er Skulls of Warriors ſlain,
And turn up Bones, and broken Spears,
Amaz'd he'll ſhew his Fellows of the Plain
The Reliques of victorious Years,
And tell how ſwift thy Arms that Kingdom did regain.

---

* Edward III. *and the Black Prince:*

Flandria,

Flandria, a longer Witneſs to thy Glory,
With Wonder too repeats thy Story;
How oft the Foes thy lifted Sword have ſeen
In the hot Battel, when it bled
At all its open Veins, and oft have fled
As if their evil Genius thou hadſt been.
How when the blooming Spring began t' appear,
And with new Life reſtor'd the Year,
Confederate Princes us'd to cry,
Call *Britain*'s King—the ſprightly Trumpet ſound,
And ſpread the joyful Summons round!
Call *Britain*'s King, and Victory!
So when the Flow'r of *Greece* to Battel led
In Beauty's Cauſe, juſt Vengeance ſwore
Upon the foul Adult'rer's Head,
That from her Royal Lord the raviſh'd *Helen* bore,
The *Grecian* Chiefs of mighty Fame
Impatient for the Son of *Thetis* wait:
At laſt the Son of *Thetis* came;
Troy ſhook her nodding Tow'rs, and mourn'd the impending Fate

XXII.

O ſacred Peace! Goddeſs ſerene!
Adorn'd with Robes of ſpotleſs White,
Fairer than Silver Floods of Light!
How ſhort has thy mild Empire been!
When pregnant Time brought forth this new-born Age,
At firſt we ſaw thee gently ſmile
On the young Birth, and thy ſweet Voice a while
Sung a ſoft Charm to martial Rage.
But ſoon the Lion wak'd again, (Mane.
And ſtretch'd his opening Claws, and ſhook his griſly
Soon was the Year of Triumphs paſt,
And *Janus*, uſhering in a New,
With backward Look did pompous Scenes review;
But his Fore-Face with Frowns was overcaſt;
He ſaw the gath'ring Storms of War,
And bid his Prieſts aloud his Iron Gates unbar.

XXIII.

XXIII.

But Heav'n its Hero can no longer ſpare,
To mix in our tumultuous Broils below;
Yet ſuffer'd his fore-ſeeing Care
Thoſe Bolts of Vengeance to prepare,
Which other Hands ſhall throw;
That Glory to a mighty Queen remains,
To triumph o'er th' extinguiſh'd Foe.
* *She ſhall ſupply the Thunderer's Place,*
As *Pallas* from th' Ætherial Plains
Warr'd on the Giants impious Race,
And laid their huge demoliſh'd Works in ſmoaky (Ruins low.
Then *Anne*'s ſhall rival Great *Eliza*'s Reign,
And *William*'s Genius with a grateful Smile
Look down, and bleſs this happy Iſle,
And Peace reſtor'd ſhall wear her Olive Crown (again.

---

* Vicem gerit illa Tonantis, *The Motto on her Majeſty's Coronation Medals.*

Reformation of *Manners*,

A SATYR.

The PREFACE.

NO *Man is qualified to reprove other Mens Faults, but he that has none of his own*, ſay ſome People, who are loth to be told of their Errors, *and 'tis on this Account only, that the World has the Trouble of a* Preface.

If that be true, the Author freely acknowledges he is the moſt unqualified Man in the World to reprove.

That no Man is qualified to reprove other Mens Crimes, who allows himſelf in the Practice of the ſame, is very readily granted, and is the very Subſtance and Foundation of the following Satyr: *And on that ſcore, the Author has as good a Title to Animadverſion as another, ſince no Man can charge him with any of the Vices he has reprov'd.*

But inſtead of Self-defence, he is rather willing to look back on the beſt Actions of his Life, with the Temper of a Penitent, and he wiſhes all Men wou'd do the like; 'tis the only way to make the Satyr *Impertinent.*

For Penitence would all his Verſe diſarm,
The *Satyr*'s anſwered if the Men reform.

But the Fact is not true neither: 'Tis a pretty way for Men to get rid of the Impertinence of Admonition. If none but faultleſs Men muſt reprove others, the Lord ha' Mercy upon

upon all our Magistrates; and all our Clergy are undignified and suspended at a Blow.

Nor does the Satyr *assault private Infirmity, or pursue Personal Vices; but is bent at those, who pretending to suppress Vice, or being vested with Authority for that purpose, yet make themselves the shame of their Country, encouraging Wickedness by that very Authority they have to suppress it. He professeth himself sorry, either that Freedom of Speech is so dangerous in this Age, or that he is too much a Coward; otherwise, some had heard of their Crimes, who think themselves above the Power of Punishment.*

'Tis hard that Vice should have so much shelter from Civil Power, that Reproof shou'd lead the Party to suppress the Poet rather than the Crime.

And yet his Friends give him over for lost, for an Account of what he has ventur'd to say, to whose Importunity he thinks himself oblig'd to answer with Juvenal,

> Difficile est Satyram non scribere. Nam quis Iniquæ
> Tam Patiens Urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se?

If any Man is injur'd by the Characters, he is content they should carry their Resentment to what Extremity they please; but if Truth may be on his side, the only way to make him do them Justice is to reform; And he promises to give Testimony to their Repentance, as an Amand Honourable, *in a manner as publick as possible.*

Reformation of *Manners*,

A SATYR.

HOW long may Heaven be banter'd by a Nation,
With broken Vows, and Shams of Reformation,
And yet forbear to ſhow its Indignation?
Tell me, ye Sages, who the Conſcience guide,
And Eccleſiaſtick Oracles divide,
Where do the Bounds of Sovereign Patience end,
How long may People undeſtroy'd offend?
What Limits has Almighty Power prepar'd,
When Mercy ſhall be deaf and Juſtice heard?
If there's a Being Immortal and Immenſe,
Who does Rewards and Puniſhments diſpenſe,
Why is he Paſſive when his Power's defy'd,
And his Eternal Government's deny'd?
Tell us why he that ſits above the Sky,
Unreins no Vengeance, lets Thunders no fly,
When Villains proſper, and ſucceſsful Vice,
Shall human Power controul, and Heavenly Power diſpiſe?
If 'tis becauſe the Sins of ſuch a Nation
Are yet too ſmall to conquer his Compaſſion,
Then tell us to what height Mankind may ſin,
Before Celeſtical Fury muſt begin?
How their extended Crimes may reach ſo high,
Vengeance muſt follow and of courſe deſtroy;
And by the common Chain of Providence,
Deſtruction come like Cauſe and Conſequence.
Then ſearch the dark *Arcana* of the Skies,
And *if ye can*, unfold theſe Myſteries:

His

His clashing Providences reconcile
The partial Frown, and the unequal Smile.
Tell us why some have been destroy'd betimes,
While *Albion*'s glittering Shores grow black with (Crimes?
Why some for early Errors are undone,
Some *longer still, and longer* still sin on?
England with all her blackening Guilt is spar'd,
And *Sodom*'s lesser Crimes receiv'd a swift Reward:
And yet all this be reconcil'd to both,
Impartial Justice, and unerring Truth.
Why *Ostia* stands, and no revenging Hand
Has yet dismist her from the burden'd Land:
No Plague, no sulphurous Shower her *exit* makes,
And turns her Silver *Thames* to *Stygian* Lakes,
Who so uninhabitable Banks might flow
With Streams as black as her that made 'em so:
And as a Monument to future Times,
Should send forth Vapours nauseous as her Crimes.
Tell us why *Carthage* fell a Prey to *Rome*,
And mourn the Fate of bright *Byzantium*;
Why antient *Troy*'s embrac'd by Destiny,
And *Rome*, Immortal *Rome*, to Fate gives way,
Yet *Ostia* stands, more impious far than they?
Where are the Golden Gates of *Palestine*,
Where high Superior Glory us'd to shine?
The mighty City Millions dwelt within,
Where Heaven's Epitome was to be seen.
God's Habitation, sacred to his Name,
Magnificent beyond the Voice of Fame:
Those lofty Pinnacles which once were seen,
Bright like the Majesty that dwelt within.
In which Seraphick Glory cou'd reside,
Too great for human Vision to abide;
Whose glittering Fabrick, *God* the Architect,
The Sun's less Glorious Light, did once reject.
These all ha' felt the Iron hands of Fate,
And Heaven's dear Darling City's desolate.

No more the ſacred Place commands our Awe,
But all become a Curſe, a *Golgotha*.
The Reverend Pile can ſcarce its Ruins ſhow,
Forſook by him whoſe Glory made it ſo.
Yet *Oſtia* ſtands, her impious Towers defy
The threatning Comets of the blazing Sky,
Foreboding Signs of Ruin ſhe deſpiſes,
And all her teaching Saviour's Sacrifices;
The Jews are Fools, *Jeruſalem*'s out-done,
We crucify the Father, they the Son.
Within her Reprobate Gates there are allow'd
Worſe Jews than thoſe who crucified their God:
They kill'd a Man, for they ſuppos'd him ſo;
Theſe boldly ſacrifice the God they know
His Incarnation, Miracles deny,
And vilely Banter his Divinity;
Their old Impoſtor, *Socinus*, prefer,
And the long Voyage of Heaven without a Pilot ſteer.
Yet *Oſtia* boaſts of her Regeneration,
And tells us wondrous Tales of Reformation;
How againſt Vice ſhe has been ſo ſevere,
That none *but Men of Quality* may ſwear:
How publick Lewdneſs is expell'd the Nation,
That *Private Whoring* may be more in faſhion:
How Pariſh Magiſtrates, like pious Elves,
Let none be Drunk a Sundays, *but themſelves*:
And Hackney Coach-men durſt not ply the Street
In Sermon-time, *till they had paid the State.*
Theſe, *Oſtia*, are the Shams of Reformation,
With which thou mock'ſt thy Maker, and the Nation;
While in thy Streets unpuniſh'd there remain
Crimes which have yet inſulted Heaven in vain,
Crimes which our Satyr bluſhes to review,
And Sins thy Siſter *Sodom* never knew:
Superiour Lewdneſs crowns thy Magiſtrates,
And Vice grown grey uſurps the Reverend Seats;
Eternal Blaſphemies, and Oaths abound,
And Bribes among thy Senators are found,

Old

Old Venerable *Jeph*, with trembling Air,
Antient in Sin, and Father of the Chair,
Forſook by Vices he had lov'd ſo long,
Can now be vicious only with his Tongue;
Yet talks of antient Lewdneſs with delight,
And loves to be the Juſtice of the Night:
On Baudy Tales with pleaſure he reflects,
And leudly ſmiles at Vices he corrects.
The feeble tottering Magiſtrate appears
Willing to Wickedneſs, in ſpite of Years;
Struggles his Age and Weakneſs to reſiſt,
And fain wou'd ſin, but Nature won't aſſiſt.
L——l, the *Pandor* of thy Judgement-Seat,
Has neither Manners, Honeſty, nor Wit;
Inſtead of which, he's plenteouſly ſupply'd
With nonſence, Noiſe, Impertinence, and Pride;
Polite his Language, and his flowing Stile
Scorns to ſuppoſe Good Manners worth his while;
With Principles from Education ſtor'd,
The Drudgery of Decency abhor'd;
The *City-Mouth*, with Eloquence endu'd.
To mountebank the liſtning Multitude,
Sometimes he tunes his Tongue to ſoft Harangues,
To banter Common Halls, and flatter Kings:
And all with but an odd indifferent Grace,
With Jingle on his Tongue, and Coxcomb in his Face;
Definitive in Law, without Appeal,
But always ſerves the Hand who pays him well:
He trades in Juſtice, and the Souls of Men,
And proſtitutes them equally to Gain:
He has his publick Book of Rates to ſhow,
Where every Rogue the Price of Life may know:
And this one Maxim always goes before,
He never hangs the Rich, nor ſaves the Poor.
God-like he nods upon the Bench of State,
His ſmiles are Life, and if he Frowns 'tis Fate:
Boldly invading Heaven's Prerogative;
For with his Breath he kills, or ſaves alive.

Fraternities of Villains he maintains,
Protects their Robberies, and shares the Gains,
Who thieve with Toleration as a Trade,
And then restore according as their paid;
With awkward scornful Phyz, and vile Grimace,
The genuine Talents of an ugly Face;
With haughty Tone insults the Wretch that dies,
And sports with his approaching Miseries.
F——e, for so sometimes unrighteous Fate
Erects a Mad-man for a Magistrate,
Equipt with Leudness, Oaths, and Impudence,
Supplies with Vices his defect of Sense;
Abandon'd to ill Manners, he retains
His want of Grace as well as want of Brains.
Before the Boy wore off, the Rake began,
The Bully then commenc'd, and then the Man.
Yet Nature seems in this to do him wrong,
To give no Courage with a saucy Tongue;
From whence this constant Disadvantage flows,
He always gives the Words, and takes the Blows;
Tho often can'd, he's uninstructed by't;
But still he shews the Scoundrel with the Knight,
Still scurrilous, and still afraid to fight.
His Dialect's a *Modern Billinsgate*,
Which suits *the Hosier*, not the Magistrate;
The same he from behind the Counter brought,
And yet he practis'd worse than he was taught;
Early debauch'd, in Satan's Steps he mov'd,
And all Mechanick Vices he improv'd:
At first he did his Sovereign's Rights invade,
And rais'd his Fortune by clandestine Trade;
Stealing the Customs, did his Profits bring,
And 'twas his Calling to defraud his King:
This is the Man that helps to Rule the State,
The City's New-reforming Magistrate;
To execute the Justice of the Law,
And keep less Villains than himself in awe;

Take

Take Mony of the Rich, and hang the Poor,
And laſh the Strumpet he debauch'd before.
So for ſmall Crimes poor Thieves Deſtruction find,
And leave the Rogues of Quality behind.
Search all the Chriſtian Climes from Pole to Pole,
And match for Sheriffs *S——ple* and *C——le*;
Equal in Character and Dignity,
This fam'd for Juſtce, that for Modeſty;
By Merit choſen for the Chair of State,
This fit for *Bridewell*, that for *Billinſgate*;
That richly clad to grace the Gaudy Day,
For which his Father's Creditors muſt pay;
This from the fluxing Bagnio juſt diſmiſt,
Rides out to make himſelf the City Jeſt.
From ſome *laſcivious Diſh-Clout* to the Chair,
To puniſh Lewdneſs and Diſorders there;
The Brute he rides on wou'd his Crimes deteſt,
For that's the Animal, and this the Beaſt:
And yet ſome Reformation he began;
For Magiſtrates ne'er bear the Sword in vain.
Expenſive ſinning always he declin'd,
To *frugal Whoring* totally reſign'd:
His Avarice his Appetite oppreſt,
Baſe like the Man, and brutiſh like the Luſt:
Conciſe in Sinning, Nature's Call ſupply'd,
And in one Act two Vices gratified.
Never was Oyſter, Beggar, Cinder Whore
So much careſs'd by Magiſtrate before:
They that are nice and ſqueamiſh in their Luſt,
'Tis a ſign the Vice is low, and wants a Guſt;
But he that's perfect in the Extreme of Vice,
Scorns to excite his Appetite by Price.
'Twas in his Reign we to Reform began,
And ſet the Devil up to mend the Man.
More might be ſaid, but Satyr ſtay thy Rimes,
And mix not his Misfortunes with his Crimes.
C——n, ſuperbly Wiſe and Grave of Life,
Cou'd every one reform, except his Wife:

Paſſive

Paſſive in Vice, he pimps to his own Fate,
To ſhew himſelf a Loyal Magiſtrate.
'Tis doubtful who debauch'd the City more,
The Maker of the Maſque, or of the Whore.
Nor his Religion leſs a Maſquerade;
He always drove a ſtrange myſterious Trade:
With decent Zeal, to Church he'll gravely come,
To praiſe that God which he denies at home.
Socinian T——d's his dear Ghoſtly Prieſt,
And taught him all Religion to digeſt;
Took prudent Care he ſhou'd not much profeſs,
And he was ne'er addicted to Exceſs.
And yet he *Covets* without Rule or End,
Will ſell his Wife, his Maſter, or his Friend;
To boundleſs Avarice a conſtant Slave,
Unſatisfy'd as Death, and greedy as the Grave.
Now, Satyr, let us view the numerous Fry,
That muſt ſucceeding Magiſtrates ſupply,
And ſearch if future Years are like to be
Much better taught, or better rul'd than we.
The Senators of Hoſpital Deſcent,
The upper Houſe of *Oſtia*'s Parliament,
Who from Deſtruction ſhould their City ſave,
But are as wicked as they ſhou'd be grave:
With Citizens *in Petto*, who at need,
As theſe do thoſe, ſo thoſe muſt theſe ſucceed.
D——b, the Modern *Judas* of the Age,
Has often try'd in vain to mount the Stage:
Profuſe in Gifts and Bribes to God and Man,
To ride the City-Horſe, and wear the Chain.
His Vices, *Oſtia*, thou haſt made thy own;
In chuſing him, thou writ'ſt thy own Lampoon:
Fancy the haughty Wretch in Chair of State,
At once the City's Shame and Magiſtrate;
At Table ſet, at his right Hand a Whore,
Ugly as thoſe which he had kept before.
He to do Juſtice, and reform our Lives,
And *She* receive the Homage of our Wives.

Now,

Now, Satyr, give another Wretch his Due,
Who's choſen to reform the City too;
Hate him, ye Friends to Honeſty and Senſe,
Hate him in injur'd Beauty's juſt Defence:
A Knighted Booby inſolent and baſe,
"*Whom Man no Manners gave, nor God no Grace.*
The Scorn of Women, and the Shame of Men,
Matcht at Threeſcore to innocent Fifteen;
Hag-rid with jealous Whimſies let us know,
He thinks he's Cuckold, *'cauſe he ſhould be ſo:*
His vertuous Wife expoſes to the Town,
And fears her Crimes becauſe he knows his own.
Here, Satyr, let them juſt Reproach abide,
Who ſell their Daughters to oblige their Pride.
The Ch——er——n begins the doleful Jeſt,
As a *Memento Mori* to the reſt;
Who fond to raiſe his Generation by't,
And ſee his Daughter buckl'd to a Knight,
The Innocent unwarily betray'd,
And to the Raſcal join'd the hapleſs Maid;
The Purchaſe is too much below the Coſt,
For while the Lady's gain'd, the Woman's loſt.
What ſhall we ſay to common Vices now,
When Magiſtrates the worſt of Crimes allow?
Oſtia, if e'er thou wilt reform thy Gates,
'T muſt be another Set of Magiſtrates:
In Practice juſt, and in Profeſſion ſound;
But God knows where the Men are to be found.
In all thy numerous Streets 'tis hard to tell,
Where the few Men of Faith and Honour dwell:
Poor and deſpis'd, ſo ſeldom they appear,
The *Cynick*'s Lanthorn would be uſeful here.
No City in the ſpacious Univerſe,
Boaſts of Religion more, or minds it leſs;
Of Reformation talks, and Government,
Backt with an Hundred Acts of Parliament:
Thoſe uſeleſs Scare-Crows of neglected Laws,
That miſs the Effect becauſe they miſs the Cauſe:

Thy

Thy Magiſtrates, who ſhould reform the Town,
Puniſh the poor Mens Faults, but hide their own.
Suppreſs the Players Booths in *Smithfield-Fair*,
But leave the *Cloyſters*, for their Wives are there,
Where all the Scenes of Lewdneſs do appear.
Satyr, the Arts and Myſteries forbear,
Too black for thee to write, or us to hear;
No Man, but he that is as vile as they,
Can all the Tricks and Cheats of Trade ſurvey.
Some in clandeſtine Companies combine,
Erect new Stocks to trade beyond the Line:
With Air and empty Names beguile the Town,
And raiſe new Credits firſt, then cry 'em down:
Divide the *empty nothing* into Shares,
To ſet the Town together by the Ears.
The Sham Projectors and the Brokers join,
And both the Cully Merchant undermine;
Firſt he muſt be drawn in, and then betray'd,
And they demoliſh the Machine they made:
So conjuring Chymiſts, who with a Charm and Spell,
Some wondrous Liquid wondrouſly exhale;
But when the gaping Mob their Mony pay,
The Charm's diſſolv'd, the Vapour flies away:
The wondring Bubbles ſtand amaz'd to ſee
Their Mony mountebank'd to *Mercury*.
Some fit out Ships, and double Fraights enſure,
And burn the Ships to make the Voyage ſecure:
Promiſcuous Plunders thro the World commit,
And *with the Mony* buy their ſafe Retreat.
Others ſeek out to *Africk*'s Torrid Zone,
And ſearch the burning Shores of *Serralone*;
There in inſufferable Heats *they fry*,
And run vaſt Riſques to ſee the Gold, *and die*:
The harmleſs Natives baſely they trepan,
And barter Baubles for the Souls of Men:
The Wretches they to Chriſtian Climes bring o'er,
To ſerve worſe Heathens than they did before.

The

The Cruelties they ſuffer there are ſuch,
Amboyna's nothing, they've outdone the *Dutch*.
Cortez, *Pizarro*, *Guzman*, *Penaloe*,
Who drank the Blood and Gold of *Mexico*,
Who thirteen Millions of Souls deſtroy'd,
And left one Third of God's Creation void;
By Birth for Nature's Butchery deſign'd,
Compar'd to theſe are merciful and kind;
Death cou'd *their* cruelleſt Deſigns fulfil,
Blood quench'd *their* Thirſt, and it ſuffic'd to kill:
But theſe the tender *Coup de Grace* deny,
And make Men beg in vain for leave to die;
To more than *Spaniſh* Cruelty inclin'd,
Torment the Body and debauch the Mind:
The lingring Life of Slavery preſerve,
And vilely teach them both to ſin and ſerve.
In vain they talk to them of Shades below,
They fear no Hell, *but where ſuch Chriſtians go*;
Of *Jeſus Chriſt* they very often hear,
Often as his blaſpheming Servants ſwear;
They hear and wonder what ſtrange Gods they be,
Can bear with Patience ſuch Indignity.
They look for Famines, Plagues, Diſeaſe, and Death,
Blaſts from above, and Earthquakes from beneath:
But when they ſee regardleſs Heaven looks on,
They curſe our Gods, or think that we have none.
Thus Thouſands to Religion are brought o'er,
And made worſe Devils than they were before.
Satyr, the Men of *Drugs* and *Simples* ſpare,
'Tis hard to ſearch the latent Vices there;
Their *Theologicks* too they may defend,
They can't deceive, who never do pretend.
As to Religion, generally they ſhow
As much as their Profeſſion will allow:
But count them all Confederates of Hell,
Till *B*——they with one Conſent expel.
B———, our Satyr ſtartles at his Name,
The College Scandal, and the City's Shame:

Not

Not satisfy'd his Maker to deny,
Provokes him with Lampoon and Blasphemy;
And with unprecedented Insolence,
Banters a God, and scoffs at Providence.
No Nation in the World, but ours, would bear
To hear a Wretch blaspheme the Gods they fear:
His Flesh long since their Altars had adorn'd,
And with his Blood appeas'd the Powers he scorn'd.
But see the Badg of our Reforming Town,
Some cry Religion up, some cry it down:
Some worship God, and some a God defy,
With equal Boldness, equal Liberty.
The silent Laws decline the just Debate,
Made dumb by the *more silent Magistrate*;
And both together small Distinction put (not:
'Twixt him that owns a God, and him that owns him
The Modern Crime 'tis thought no being had,
They knew no Atheist when our Laws were made.
'Tis hard the Laws more Freedom should allow
With God above, than Magistrates below.
B——unpunish'd, may Heaven and Earth defy,
Dethrone Almighty Power, Almighty Truth deny;
Burlesque the Sacred, High, *Unutter'd Name*,
And impious War with *Jove* himself proclaim.
While Justice unconcern'd looks calmly on,
And *B*——boasts the Conquest he has won;
Insults the Christian Name, and laughs to see
Religion bully'd by Philosophy.
B——with far less hazard may blaspheme,
Than thou may'st, *Satyr*, trace thy Noble Theme:
The Search of Vice more hazard represents
From Laws, from Councils, and from P——
Thou may'st be wicked, and less Danger know,
Than by informing others they are so:
Thou canst no P——r, no Counsellor expose,
Or dress a vicious M——r in his proper Clothes;
But all the Bombs and Canon of the Law,
Are soon drawn out to keep thy Pen in awe:

By

By Laws *poſt-Facto* thou may'ſt ſoon be ſlain,
And *Innuendo's* ſhall thy Guilt explain.
Thou may'ſt lampoon, and no Man will reſent,
Lampoon but Heaven, and not the P——:
Our Truſtys and our Welbelov'ds forbear;
Thou'rt free to banter Heaven, and all that's there;
The boldeſt Flights thou'rt welcome to beſtow
O'th' Gods above, but not the Gods below.
B—— may banter Heaven, and *A*——*l* Death,
And *T*——*d* poiſon Souls with his infected Breath:
No Civil Government reſents the Wrong,
But all are touch'd and angry at thy Song.
Thy Friends without the help of Propheſy,
Read Goals and Gibbets in thy Deſtiny;
But *Courage ſprings from Truth*, let it appear,
Nothing but Guilt can be the Cauſe of Fear.
Satyr go on, thy keeneſt Shafts let fly,
Truth can be no Offence to Honeſty:
The Guilty only are concern'd, and *they*
Lampoon themſelves, when e'er they cenſure thee.

PART II.

THE City's view'd, now Satyr turn thine Eye,
The Country's Vices, and the Court's ſurvey:
And from the Impartial Scrutiny ſet down,
How much they're both more vicious than the Town.
How does our Ten Years War with Vice advance?
About as much as it hath done with France.
Ride with the Judge, and view the wrangling Bar,
And ſee how leud our *Juſtice-Merchants* are:
How *Clito* comes from inſtigating Whore,
Pleads for the Man he cuckol'd juſt before;

See how he cants, and acts the Ghoſtly Father,
And brings the Goſpel and the Law together:
To make his pious Frauds be well receiv'd,
He quotes that Scripture which he ne'er believ'd.
Fluent in Language, indigent in Senſe,
Supplies his Want of Law with Impudence.
See how he rides the Circuit with the Judg,
To Law and Lewdneſs a devoted Drudg.
A Brace of Female Clients meet him there,
To help debauch the *Sizes* and the *Fair*:
By day he plies the Bar with all his might,
And Revels in St. *Ed*——'s Streets at Night:
The Scandal of the Law, his own Lampoon,
Is Lawyer, Merchant, Bully, and Buffoon;
In drunken Quarrels eager to engage,
Till Brother Juſtice lodg'd him in the Cage:
A thing the Learned thought could never be,
Had not the Juſtice been as drunk as he.
He pleads of late at *Hymen*'s Nuptial Bar,
And bright *Aurelia* is Defendant there.
He courts the Nymph to wed, and make a Wife,
And ſwears *by G*——he will reform his Life.
The ſolemn Part he might ha' well forbore;
For ſhe alas! has been, *has been a Whore*:
The pious Dame the ſober Saint puts on,
And *Clito*'s in the way to be undone.
Caſco's debauch'd, 'tis his Paternal Vice;
For Wickedneſs deſcends to Families:
The tainted Blood the Seeds of Vice convey,
And plants new Crimes before the old decay.
Thro all Degrees of Vice the Father run,
But ſees himſelf out-ſin'd by either Son;
Whoring and *Inceſt* he has underſtood,
And they ſubjoin Adultery and Blood.
This does the Orphan's Cauſe devoutly plead,
Secures her Mony and her Maidenhead:
And then perſuades her to defend the Crime,
Evade the Guilt, and banter off the Shame.

Taught

Taught by the ſubtil Counſellor, ſhe ſhows
More Nice Diſtinctions than *Ignatius* knows:
In Matrimony finds a Learned Flaw,
A Wife in Honour, and a Wife in Law.
" *Choice is the Subſtance of the Contract made,*
" *And Mutual Love the only Knot that's ty'd:*
" *To theſe the Laws of Nations muſt ſubmit,*
" *And where they fail, the Contract's incompleat.*
" *So that if Love and Choice were not before,*
" *The laſt may be the Wife, the firſt the Whore.*
Thus ſhe ſecurely Sins with eager Guſt,
And ſatisfies her Conſcience and her Luſt:
Nor does her Zeal and Piety omit,
But to the Whore ſhe joins the Jeſuit;
With conſtant Zeal frequent the Houſe of Prayer,
To heal her Proſtituted Conſcience there;
Without Remorſe, adjourns with full Content,
From his Laſcivious Arms to th' Sacrament.
The Brother leſs afraid of Sin than Shame.
Doubles his Guilt, to ſave his tottering Fame:
'Twas too much Riſque for any Man to run,
To ſave that Credit which before was gone:
The innocent lies unreveng'd in Death,
He ſtop'd the growing Scandal in her Breath;
Till Time ſhall lay the horrid Murder bare;
No Bribes can Cruſh the Writs of Error there.
Nor is the Bench leſs tainted than the Bar;
How hard's that Plague to Cure that's ſpread ſo far!
'Twill all preſcrib'd Authorities reject,
While they're moſt guilty, who ſhould firſt correct.
Contagious Vice Infects the Judgment-Seats,
And Vertue from Authority Retreats:
How ſhould ſhe ſuch Society endure?
Where ſhe's contemn'd ſhe cannot be Secure.
Milo's a Juſtice, they that made him ſo
Should anſwer for th' oppreſſive Wrongs he'll do;
His Lands almoſt to *Oſſia*'s Walls Extend;
And of his heap'd up Thouſands there's no end.

If Magiſtrates, as in the Text 'tis clear,
Ought to be ſuch as Avarice abhor,
This may be known of the Almighty's Mind,
That *Milo*'s not the Man the Text deſign'd.
Satyr, be bold, and fear not to expoſe
The vileſt Magiſtrate the Nation knows;
Let *Furius* Read his Naked Character,
Bluſh not to Write what he ſhould bluſh to hear;
But let them Bluſh, who in a Chriſtian State
Made ſuch a Devil be a Magiſtrate.
In *Britain*'s Eaſtern Provinces he Reigns,
And ſerves the Devil with Exceſſive Pains:
The Nation's Shame, and Honeſt Mens Surprize,
With Drunkard in his Face, and Madman in his Eyes.
The Sacred Bench of Juſtice he Profanes,
With a polluted Tongue and bloody Hands:
His Intellects are always in a Storm,
He Frights the People whom he ſhould Reform.
Antipathies may ſome Diſeaſes Cure,
But Vertue can no Contraries endure.
All Reformation ſtops when Vice Commands,
Corrupted Heads can ne'r have upright Hands.
Shameleſs its Claſs of Juſtices he'll Swear,
And Plants the Vices he ſhould Puniſh there.
His Mouth's a Sink of Oaths and Blaſphemies,
And Curſings are his kind Civilities;
His Fervent Prayers to Heaven he Hourly ſends,
But 'tis to Damn himſelf and all his Friends;
He Raves in Vice, and ſtorms that he's Confin'd,
And ſtudies to be worſe than all Mankind.
Extremes of Wickedneſs are his Delight,
And's pleas'd to hear that he's diſtinguiſh'd by't;
Exotick ways of Sinning he Improves,
We Curſe and Hate, he Curſes where he Loves;
So ſtrangely Retrograde to all Mankind,
If croſs'd he Dams himſelf, if pleas'd his Friend.
This is the Man that helps to Bleſs the Nation,
And Bully Mankind into Reformation;

The

The true Coercive Power of the Law,
Which drive the People which it cannot draw:
The Nation's Scandal, *England*'s true Lampoon,
A Drunken, Whoring, Juſticing Buffoon.
With what ſtupendious Impudence can he
Puniſh a poor Man's Immorality?
How ſhould a Vicious Magiſtrate aſſent
To mend our Manners or our Government?
How ſhall new Laws for Reformation paſs,
If Vice the Legiſlation ſhould poſſeſs?
To ſee old *S*——*y* Blaſphemy decry,
And *S*——*e* vote to puniſh Bribery;
Lying exploded by a Perjur'd Knight,
And Whoring puniſh'd by a *Sodomite*:
That he the Peoples Freedom ſhould defend,
Who had the King and People too Trepann'd.
Soldiers Seek Peace, Drunkards prohibit Wine,
And Fops and Beaux our Politicks refine:
Theſe are Abſurdities too groſs to hide,
Which Wiſe Men wonder at, and Fools deride.
When from the Helm *Socinian H*——*t* flies,
And all the reſt his Tenants Stigmatize
And none remain that *Jeſus Chriſt* denies,
Juda Expell'd, Lewd, Lying *C*——— ſent home,
And Men of Honeſty put in their room.
Blaſpheming *B*———*s* to his Fen-Ditches ſent,
To Bully Juſtice with a Parliament,
Then we ſhall have a Chriſtian Government,
Then ſhall the wiſh'd for Reformation riſe,
And Vice to Vertue fall a Sacrifice.
And with the nauſeous Rabble that retire,
Turn out that Bawdy, Saucy Poet *P*——*r*,
A Vintner's Boy the Wretch was firſt preferr'd,
To wait at Vice's Gates, and Pimp for Bread;
To hold the Candle, and ſometimes the Door,
Let in the Drunkard, and let out the Whore:
But, as to Villains it has often chanc'd,
Was for his Wit and Wickedneſs advanc'd.

Let no Man think his new Behaviour ſtrange,
No Metamorphoſis can Nature change;
Effects are Chain'd to Cauſes, generally
The Raſcal born will like a Raſcal die.
His Prince's Favours follow'd him in vain,
They chang'd the Circumſtance, but not the Man.
While out of Pocket, and his Spirits low,
He'd beg, write Panegyricks, cringe and bow;
But when good Penſions had his Labours Crown'd,
His Panegyricks into Satyrs turn'd,
And with a true Mechanick Spirit curſt,
Abus'd his Royal Benefactor firſt.
O what aſſiduous Pains does *P*—— take,
To let great *D*—— ſee he could miſtake!
Diſſembling Nature falſe Deſcription gave,
Shew'd him the Poet, and conceal'd the Knave.
To——*d*, if ſuch a Wretch is worth our Scorn,
Shall Vice's blackeſt Catalogue adorn;
His hated Character, let this ſupply,
Too Vile even for our Univerſity.
Now Satyr, to one Character be juſt,
M——*n*'s the only Pattern and the firſt:
A Title which has more of Honour in't,
Than all his ancient Glories of Deſcent.
Moſt Men their Neighbours Vices will diſown,
But he's the Man that firſt Reforms his own.
Let thoſe alone reproach his want of Senſe,
Who with his Crimes have had his Penitence.
'Tis want of Senſe makes Men when they do wrong,
Adjourn their promis'd Penitence too long:
Nor let them call him Coward, becauſe he fears
To pull both God and Man about his Ears.
Amongſt the worſt of Cowards let him be Nam'd,
Who having Sinn'd *'s afraid to be aſham'd*:
And to miſtaken Courage he's betray'd,
Who having Sinn'd *'s aſham'd to be afraid.*
Thy Valour *M*——, does our Praiſe prevent,
For thou haſt had the Courage to Repent:

Nor

Nor ſhall his firſt Miſtakes our Cenſure find,
What Heaven forgets let no Man call to Mind.
Satyr, make ſearch thro' all this ſober Age,
To bring one Seaſon'd Drunkard on the Stage;
Sir *Stephen* nor Sir *Thomas* won't ſuffice,
Nor ſix and twenty *Kentiſh* Juſtices:
Your *E——x* Prieſthood hardly can ſupply,
Tho' they're enough to drink the Nation dry?
Tho' Parſon *B——d* has been ſteep'd in Wine,
And ſunk the Royal Tankard on the *Rhine*.
He's not the Man that's fit to raiſe a Breed,
Should *P——k*, *P——l*, or *R——n* ſucceed;
Or match the Size of matchleſs *Rocheſter*,
And make one long Debauch of Thirteen Year;
It muſt be ſomething can Mankind out-do,
Some high Exceſs that's wonderful and new.
Nor will Mechanick Sots our Satyr ſute,
'Tis Quality muſt grace the Attribute.
Theſe like the lofty Cedars to the Shrub,
Drink *Maudlin-Colledge* down, and *Royſton-Club*.
Such Petty Drinking's a Mechanick Evil,
But he's a Drunkard that out-drinks the Devil:
If ſuch cannot in Court or Church appear,
Let's view the Camp, you'll quickly find 'em there.
Brave *T——n*, who revell'd Day and Night,
And always kept himſelf too Drunk to fight;
And *O——d* in a Sea of Sulphur ſtrove
To let the *Spaniards* ſee the Vice we love.
Yet theſe are puny Sinners, if you'll look
The dreadful Roll in Fate's Authentick Book.
The Monument of *Bacchus* ſtill remains,
Where *Engliſh* Bones lie heap'd in *Iriſh* Plains:
Triumphant Death upon our Army trod,
And revell'd at *Dundalk* in *Engliſh* Blood.
Let no Man wonder at the dreadful Blow,
For Heaven has ſeldom been Inſulted ſo.
In vain brave *Schomberg* mourn'd the Troops that fell,
While he made Vows to Heaven and they to Hell.

Our Satyr trembles to review those Times,
And hardly finds out Words to name their Crimes;
In every Tent the horrid *Juncto's* fate,
To brave their Maker and despise their Fate;
The Work was done, Drunkenness was gone before,
Life was suspended, *Death could do no more.*
Five Regimented Heroes there appear,
Captains of Thousands, mighty Men of War,
Glutted with Wine, and drunk with Hellish Rage,
For want of other Foes they Heaven engage.
Sulphur and ill-extracted Fumes agree,
To make each Drop push on their Destiny.
Th' Infernal Draughts *in Blasphemies rebound*,
And openly the Devil's Health goes round:
Nor can our Verse their latent Crimes conceal,
How they shook Hands *to meet next day in Hell*;
Death Pledg'd them, Fate the dreadful Compact read,
Concurring Justice spoke, and four or five lay dead.
When Men their Makers Vengeance once defy,
'Tis a certain Sign that their Destruction's nigh.
'Tis vain to single out Examples here,
Drunkenness will be soon the Nation's Character.
The grand Contagion's spreading over all,
'Tis Epidemick now, and National.
Since then the Sages all Reproofs despise,
Let's quit the People and Lampoon the Vice.
Drunkenness is so the Error of the Time,
The Youth begin to ask if 'tis a Crime:
Wonder to see the grave Patricians come,
From City Courts of Conscience reeling home;
And think 'tis hard they shou'd no Licence make,
To give the Freedom which their Fathers take.
The Seat of Judgment's so debauch'd with Wine,
Justice seems rather to be Drunk than Blind:
Lets fall the Sword, and her unequal Scale
Make Right go down, and Injury prevail.
A Vice, 'tis thought, the Devil at first design'd
Not to allure, but to affront Mankind;

A Pleaſure Nature hardly can explain,
Sutes none of God Almighty's Brutes but Man.
An Act ſo Nauſeous, that had Heaven enjoyn'd
The Practice, as a Duty on Mankind,
They'd ſhun the Bliſs which came ſo foul away,
And forfeit Heaven rather than once Obey.
A double Crime, by which one Act w'undo
At once the Gentleman and Chriſtian too:
For which no better Antidote is known,
Than t'have one Drunkard to another ſhown.
The Mother Conduit of Expatiate Sin,
Where all the Seeds of Wickedneſs begin;
The Introduction to Eternal Strife,
And Prologue to the Tragedy of Life;
A fooliſh Vice, does needleſs Crimes reveal,
And only tells the Truth it ſhould conceal.
'Tis ſtrange how Men of Senſe ſhould be ſubdu'd
By Vices ſo unnatural and rude;
Which gorge the Stomach to divert the Head,
And to make Mankind Merry, make them Mad:
Deſtroys the Vitals, and diſtracts the Brain,
And rudely moves the Tongne to talk in vain;
Diſmiſſes Reaſon, ſtupifies the Senſe,
And wondring Nature's left in ſtrange ſuſpence;
The Soul's benumm'd; and ceaſes to inform,
And all the Sea of Natur's in a Storm;
The dead unactive Organ feels the Shock,
And willing Death attends the fatal Stroke.
And is this all for which Mankind endure
Diſtimpers paſt the Power of Art to Cure?
For which our Youth Old Age Anticipate,
And with Luxurious Drafts ſuppreſs their Vital Heat?
Tell us ye Learned Doctors of the Vice,
Wherein the high Myſterious Pleaſure lies?
The great ſublime Enjoyment's laid ſo deep,
'Tis known in Dream, and underſtood in Sleep.
The Graduates of the *Science* firſt Commence,
And gain Perfection when they loſe their Senſe:

Titles they give, which call their Vice to Mind;
But Sot's the Common Name for all the Kind:
Nature's Fanaticks, who their Senſe Employ,
The Principles of Nature to deſtroy.
A Drunkard is a Creature God ne'er made,
The Species Man, the Nature Retrograde,
From all the Sons of Paradice they ſeem
To differ in the moſt acute Extream;
Thoſe covet Knowledge, labour to be wiſe,
Theſe ſtupifie the Senſe and put out Reaſon's Eyes.
For Health and Youth *thoſe* all their Arts employ,
Theſe ſtrive their Youth and Vigour to deſtroy;
Thoſe Damn themſelves to heap an ill-got Store,
Theſe liquidate their Wealth, and covet to be Poor.
Satyr, Examine now with heedful Care,
What the rich Trophies of the Bottle are,
The mighty Conqueſts which her Champions boaſt,
The Prizes which they gain, and Price they coſt.
The Enſigns of her Order ſoon diſplace
Nature's moſt early Beauties from the Face:
Paleneſs at firſt ſucceeds, and languid Air,
And bloated Yellows ſuperſede the Fair;
The Flaming Eyes betray the Nitrous Flood,
Which quench the Spirits, and Inflame the Blood,
Diſperſe the Roſie Beauties of the Face,
And fiery Blotches triumph in the place;
The tottering Head and trembling Hand appears,
And all the Marks of Age, *without the Years*;
Diſtorted Limbs groſs and unweildy move,
And hardly can purſue the Vice they love.
A *Bacchanalian* Scarlet dyes the Skin,
A ſign what ſulphurous Streams ariſe within
The Fleſh Emboſs'd with Ulcers, and the Brain
Oppreſs'd with Fumes and Vapour, ſhews in vain
What once *before the Fire* it did contain.
Strange Power of Wine, whoſe Vehicle the ſame
At once can both Extinguiſh and Inflame:

Keen

Keen as the Lightning does the Sword Conſume,
And leaves the untouch'd Scabbard in its room.
Nature burnt up with Fiery Vapour dies,
And Wine a little while Mock Life ſupplies:
Gouts and old Aches, Life's ſhort Hours divide,
At once the Drunkard's Puniſhment and Pride:
Who having all his Youthful Powers ſubdu'd,
Enjoys Old Age and Pain before he ſhould,
Till Nature quite Exhauſted quits the Wretch,
And leaves more Will than Power to Debauch.
With Helliſh Pleaſure paſt Exceſs he views,
And fain would drink, but Nature muſt refuſe:
Thus drench'd in Artificial Flame he lies,
Drunk in Deſire, forgets himſelf and Dies.
In the next Regions he expects the ſame;
And Hell's no Change, for here he liv'd in Flame.

Satyr, *to Church*; Viſit the Houſe of Prayer,
And ſee the wretched Reformation there;
Unveil the Mask, and ſearch the Sacred Sham;
For Rogues of all Religions are the ſame.

The ſeveral Tribes their numerous Titles view,
And fear no Cenſure where the Fact is true.
They all ſhall have thee for their conſtant Friend,
Who more than common Sanctity pretend;
Provided they'll take care the World may ſee
Their Practices and their Pretence agree.
But count them with the *worſt of Hypocrites*,
Whom Zeal divides, and Wickedneſs unites,
Who in Profeſſion only are preciſe,
Diſſent in Doctrine, and conform in Vice.

They who from the Eſtabliſh'd Church divide,
Muſt do it out of Piety or Pride;
And their Sincerity is quickly try'd.
For always they that ſtand before the firſt,
Will be the beſt of Chriſtians, *or the worſt*,
But ſhun their Secret Counſels, O *my Soul!*
Whoſe Intereſt can their Conſciences controul;

Thoſe

Thoſe *Ambo-Dexters* in Religion, who
Can any thing diſpute, yet any thing can do:
Thoſe Chriſtian-Mountebanks, that in diſguiſe
Can reconcile Impoſſibilities:
Alternately conform, and yet diſſent,
And ſin with both Hands, but with one repent.
The Man of Conſcience all Mankind will love,
The Knaves themſelves his Honeſty approve:
He only to Religion can pretend,
The reſt do for the Name alone contend.
The Verity of true Religion's known
By no Deſcription better than its own:
Of Truth and Wiſdom it informs the Mind.
And nobly ſtrives to Civilize Mankind;
With Potent Vice maintains Eternal Strife,
Corrects the Manners, and Reforms the Life.
Tell us, *Ye Learned Magi* of the Schools,
Who Poſe Mankind with Eccleſiaſtick Rules,
What ſtrange Amphibious Things are they that can
Religion without Honeſty maintain,
Who own a God, pretended Homage pay,
But neither His, nor Human Laws obey?
Bluſh *England*, hide thy Hypocritick Face,
Who has no Honeſty, can have no Grace.
In vain we Argue from Abſurdities,
Religion Bury'd juſt when Vertue Dies:
Vertue's the Light by which Religion's known,
If this be wanting, Heaven will that diſown.
We grant it Merits no Divine Regard,
And Heaven is all from Bounty, not Reward:
And God muſt his own Nature contradict,
Reverſe the World, its Government neglect,
Ceaſe to be Juſt, Eternal Law Repeal,
Be weak in Power, and mutable in Will,
If Vice and Vertue equal Fate ſhould know,
And *that unbleſs'd*, or *this unpuniſh'd* go.
In vain we ſtrive Religion to diſguiſe,
And ſmother it with Ambiguities:

Intereſt

Intereſt and Prieſt —— may perhaps Invent
Strange Myſteries, by way of Supplement:
School-men may deep, perplexing Doubts diſcoſe,
And ſubtil Notions on the World impoſe;
Till by their Ignorance they are betray'd,
And loſt in Deſarts which themſelves ha' made.
Zealots may Cant, and Dreamers may Divine,
And formal Fops to Pageantry incline.
And all with ſpecious Gravity pretend
The ſpurious Metaphyſicks to defend.
Religion's no divided Myſtick Name,
For True Religion always is the ſame;
Naked and Plain her Sacred Truths appear,
From Pious Frauds, and dark Ænigma's clear:
The meaneſt Senſe may all the Parts diſcern,
What Nature teaches, all Mankind may learn:
E'en what's Reveal'd is no untrodden Path,
'Tis known by Rule, and underſtood by Faith;
The Negatives and Poſitives agree,
Illuſtrated by Truth and Honeſty.
And yet if all Religion was in vain,
Did no Rewards or Puniſhments contain,
Vertue's ſo ſuited to our Happineſs,
That none but Fools could be in love with Vice.
Vertue's a Native Rectitude of Mind,
Vice the Degeneracy of Human Kind:
Vertue is Wiſdom Solid and Divine,
Vice is all Fool without, and Knave within:
Virtue is Honour Circumſcrib'd by Grace,
Vice is made up of every thing that's Baſe:
Vertue has ſecret Charms which all Men love,
And thoſe that do not chooſe her, yet approve:
Vice like ill Pictures which offend the Eye,
Make thoſe that made them their own Works deny:
Vertue's the Health and Vigour of the Soul,
Vice is the foul Diſeaſe infects the whole:
Vertue's the Friend of Life, the Soul of Health,
The Poor Man's Comfort, and the Rich Man's Wealth:

Vice

Vice is a Thief, a Traytor in the Mind;
Aſſaſſinates the Vitals of Mankind;
The Poiſon of his high Proſperity;
And only Miſery of Poverty.

To States and Governments they both extend,
Vertue's their Life and Being, *Vice* their End:
Vertue Eſtabliſhes, and *Vice* Deſtroys,
And all the Ends of Government unties:
Vertue's an *Engliſh* King and Parliament,
Vice is a *Czar of* Muſcow *Government*:
Vertue ſets Bounds to Kings, and limits Crowns;
Vice knows no Law, and all Reſtraint diſowns:
Vertue preſcribes all Government by Rules;
Vice makes Kings Tyrants, and their Subjects Fools:
Vertue ſeeks Peace, and Property maintains;
Vice binds the Captive World in Hoſtile Chains:
Vertue's a Beauteous Building form'd on high,
Vice is Confuſion and Deformity.

In vain we ſtrive theſe two to reconcile,
Vain and Impoſſible the unequal Toil:
Antipothies in Nature may agree,
Darkneſs and Light, Diſcord and Harmony;
The diſtant Poles in ſpite of Space may Kiſs,
Water Capitulate, and Fire make Peace:
But Good and Evil never can agree,
Eternal Diſcord's there, Eternal Contrariety.

In vain the Name of Vertue they put on,
Who Preach up Piety, and Practiſe none.
Satyr, reſume the Search of Secret Vice,
Conceal'd beneath Religion's fair Diſguiſe.

Solid's a Parſon Orthodox and Grave,
Learning and Language more than moſt Men have;
A fluent Tongue, a well-digeſted Stile,
His Angel Voice his Hearers Hours Beguile;
Charm'd them with Godlineſs, and while he ſpake,
We lov'd the Doctrine for the Teacher's Sake.
Strictly to all Preſcription he conforms,
To Canons, Rubrick, Diſcipline, and Forms;

Preaches

Preaches, Diſputes, with Diligence and Zeal,
Labours the Church's latent Wounds to heal.
'Twould be uncharitable to ſuggeſt,
Where this is found we ſhould not find the reſt:
Yet *Solid*'s Frail and Falſe, to ſay no more,
Dotes on a Bottle, and what's worſe a *W*———
Two Baſtard Sons he Educates Abroad,
And breeds them to the Function of the Word.
In this the Zealous Church-man he puts on,
And Dedicates his Labour to the Gown.
P——, for ſo His Grace the Duke thought fit,
Has in the Wild of *Suſſex* made his Seat:
His want of Manners we could here excuſe,
For in his Day 'twas out of Pulpit-uſe;
Railing was then the Duty of the Day,
Their Sabbath-work was but to Scold and Pray.
But when tranſplanted to a Country Town,
'Twas hop'd he'd lay his Fiery Talent down:
At leaſt we thought he'd ſo much Caution uſe,
As not his Noble Patron to Abuſe.
But 'tis in vain to Cultivate Mankind,
When Pride has once poſſeſſion of his Mind.
Not all his Grace's Favours could prevail
To calm that Tongue that was ſo us'd to Rail.
Promiſcuous Gall his Learned Mouth defil'd,
And Hypochondraick Spleen his Preaching ſpoil'd;
His undiſtinguiſh d Cenſure he beſtows,
Not by Deſert, but as Ill-Nature flows.
The Learned ſay the Cauſes are from hence,
An Ebb of Manners, and a Flux of Senſe;
Dilated Pride, the Frenzy of the Brain,
Exhal'd the Spirits and diſturb'd the Man;
And ſo the kindeſt thing that can be ſaid,
Is not to ſay he's Mutinous, but Mad:
For leſs could *ne'er* his Antick Whims Explain,
He thought his Belly pregnant as his Brain;
Fancy'd himſelf with Child, and durſt believe,
That he by Inſpiration could Conceive;

An if the Hetrogeneous Birth goes on,
He hopes to bring his Mother-Church a Son:
Tho' ſome Folks think the Doctor ought to doubt,
Not how't got in, *but how it will get out.*
Hark, Satyr, now bring *Boanerges* down,
A Fighting Prieſt, a Bully of the Gown:
In double Office he can ſerve the Lord,
To fight his Battels, and to Preach his Word;
And double Praiſe is to his Merit due,
He thumps the Pulpit and the People too.
Then ſearch my *L*—— of *L*— Dioceſs,
And ſee what R——— the Care of Souls poſſeſs;
Beſeech his L——— but to name the Prieſt,
Went ſober from his Viſitation-Feaſt.
Tell him of ſixteen Eccleſiaſtick Guides,
On whom no Spirit but that of Wine abides;
Who in Contiguous Pariſhes remain,
And Preach the Goſpel once a Week in vain:
But in their Practices unpreach it all,
And Sacrifice to *Bacchus* and to *Baal.*
Tell him a Vicious Prieſthood muſt imply
A careleſs or defective Prelacy.
But ſtill be circumſpect and ſpace the Gown,
The Mitre's full as Sacred as the Crown;
The Churches Sea is always in a Storm,
Leave them at *Latter Lammas* to Reform.
If in their Gulph of Vice thou ſhould'ſt appear,
Thou'lt certainly be Loſt and Shipwrack'd there:
Nor meddle with their Convocation Feuds,
The Church's F——, the Clergy's Interludes;
Their Church-Diſtinctions too let us lay by,
As who are *low Church R*—— and who are *high.*
Enquire not who their Paſſive Doctrine broke,
Who Swore at Random, or who Ly'd by Book:
But ſince their Frailties come ſo very faſt,
'Tis plain they ſhould not be believ'd in haſte.
Satyr, for Reaſons we ha' told before,
With gentle Strokes the *Men of Poſts* paſs o'er;

Nor

Nor within Gun-ſhot of St. *Stephen*'s come,
Unleſs thou'rt well prepar'd for Martyrdom;
Not that there's any want of Subject there,
But the more Crimes we have the leſs we'll hear.
And what haſt thou to do with S—— P——?
Let them Sin on and tempt the Fatal Hour.
'Tis vain to Preach up dull Morality,
Where too much Crime and too much Power agree;
The hardn'd Guilt undocible appears,
They'll Exerciſe their Hands, but not their Ears.
Let their own Crimes be Puniſhment enough,
And let them want the favour of Reproof.
Let the Court Ladies be as Lewd as Fair,
Let Wealth and Wickedneſs be *M*—— Care;
Let *D*—— drench his Wit with his Eſtate,
And *O*—— Sin in ſpite of Age and Fate;
On the wrong ſide of Eighty let him Whore,
He always was, and will be Lewd and Poor.
Let *D*—— be Proud, and *O*—— Gay,
Laviſh of vaſt Eſtates, and ſcorn to Pay:
The Antient D—— has Sin'd *to's Hearts Content*,
And, but he ſcorns to ſtoop, would now repent;
Would Heaven abate but that one darling Sin,
He'd be a Chriſtian and a P—— again.
Let poor *Corrinna* mourn her Maidenhead,
And her loſt D—— gone out to fight for Bread.
Be he Embark'd for *P*—— or *S*——
She Prays he never may return again,
For fear ſhe always ſhould reſiſt in vain.
Satyr, forbear the Bluſhing Sex t'expoſe,
For all their Vice from Imitation flows;
And 'twould be but a very dull Pretence,
To miſs the Cauſe, and blame the Conſequence:
But let us make Mankind aſham'd to Sin;
Good Nature'l make the Women all come in.
This one Requeſt ſhall thy Rebukes Expreſs,
Only to *talk a little, little leſs.*

Now view the Beaus at *Will's*, the Men of Wit,
By Nature Nice, and for Diſcerning fit:
The finiſh'd Fops, the Men of Wig and Snuff,
Knights of the famous Oyſter-Barrel Muff.
Here meets the *Dyet* of Imperial Wit,
And of their weighty Matters wiſely Treat;
Send Deputies to *Tunbridge* and the *Bath.* (Path.
To guide yond Country Beaus in Wit's unerring
Prigſon from Nurſe and Hanging-Sleeves got free,
A little ſmatch of Modern Blaſphemy;
A Powder'd-wig, a Sword, a Page, a Chair,
Learns to take Snuff, drinks Chocolate, and Swear.
Nature ſeems thus far to have led him on,
And no Man thinks he was a Fop too ſoon;
But 'twas the Devil ſurely drew him in,
Againſt the Light of Nature thus to ſin:
That he who was a Coxcomb ſo compleat,
Should now put in his wretched Claim for Wit.
Such ſober ſteps Men to their Ruin take,
A Fop, a Beau, a Wit, and then a Rake.
Fate has the ſcoundrel Party halv'd in two,
The VVits are ſhabby, and the Fops are Beau;
The Reaſon's plain, the Money went before,
And ſo the Wits are Rakiſh 'cauſe they're Poor.
Indulgent Heaven for Decency thought fit,
That ſome ſhould have the Money, and ſome the Wit.
Fools are a Rent-Charge left on Providence,
And have Equivolents inſtead of Sence;
To whom he's bound a larger Lot to Carve,
Or elſe they'd ſeem to ha'been Born to ſtarve.
Such with their double Dole ſhould be content,
And not pretend to Gifts that Heaven ne'er ſent:
For 'twould reflect upon the Power Supream,
If all His Mercies ran in one contracted ſtream:
The Men of Wit would by their Wealth be known,
Some would have all the Good, and ſome ha' none.
The uſeleſs Fools would in the World remain,
As Inſtances that Heaven cou'd work in vain.

Dull

Dull *Flettumacy* has his Heart's Delight,
Gets up i'th' Morning to lie down at Night;
His Talk's a *Maſs* of weighty Emptineſs,
None more of Buſineſs prates, or knows it leſs;
A painted Lump of Idleneſs and Sloth,
And in the Arms of *Bacchus* ſpends his Youth:
The waiting *Minutes* tend on him in vain,
Miſpent the paſt, unvalued thoſe remain.
Time lies as uſeleſs, unregarded by,
Needleſs to him that's only born to die;
And yet this undiſcerning thing has Pride,
And hugs the Fop that wiſer Men deride.
Pride's a moſt uſeful Virtue in a a Fool,
The humble Coxcomb's always made a Tool;
Conceit's a Blockhead's only Happineſs,
He'd hang himſelf if he could uſe his Eyes.
If Fools could their own Ignorance diſcern,
They'd be no longer Fools.
From whence ſome wiſe Philoſophers ha' ſaid,
Fools may ſometimes be ſullen, but can't be mad.
'Tis too much thinking which diſtracts the Brain,
Crouds it with Vapours which diſſolve in vain;
The fluttering wind of undigeſted Thought
Keeps mock Idea's in, and true ones out:
Theſe guide the undirected Wretch along,
With giddy Head and inconſiſtent Tongue.
But *Flettumacy*'s ſafe, he's none of them,
Bedlam can never lay her Claim to him;
Nature ſecur'd his unincumbred Scull,
For *Flettumacy* never thinks at all:
Supinely ſleeps in *Diadora*'s Arms,
Doz'd with the *Magick* of her Craft and Charms;
The ſubtil Dame brought up in Vice's School,
Can love the Cully, tho' ſhe hates the Fool:
Wiſely her juſt Contempt of him conceals,
And hides the Follies he himſelf reveals.
'Tis plain the Self-denying Jilt's i'th' Right,
She wants his Money, *and he wants her Wit.*

Satyr, the Men of *Rhime* and *Jingle* ſhun,
Haſt thou not Rhim'd thy ſelf till thou'rt undone?
On Rakiſh Poets let us not reflect,
They only are what all Mankind expect.
Yet 'tis not Poets have debauch'd the Times,
'Tis we that have ſo damn'd their ſober Rhimes:
The Tribe's good Natur'd, and deſire to pleaſe,
And when you ſnarl at thoſe, preſent you theſe;
The World has loſt its antient Taſt of Wit,
And Vice comes in to raiſe the Appetite;
For Wit has lately got the ſtart of Senſe,
And ſerves it ſelf as well with Impudence.
Let him whoſe Fate it is to write for Bread,
Keep this one Maxim always in his Head:
If in this Age he would expect to pleaſe,
He muſt not cure, but nouriſh their Diſeaſe.
Dull Moral things will never paſs for Wit,
Some years ago they might, but now'ts too late.
Virtue's the faint Green-ſickneſs of the Times,
'Tis luſcious Vice gives Spirit to all our Rhimes.
In vain the ſober thing inſpir'd with Wit,
Writes Hymns and Hiſtories from Sacred Writ;
But let him *Blaſphemy* and *Bawdy* write,
The *Pious* and the *Modeſt* both will buy't.
The bluſhing Virgin pleas'd, and loves to look,
And plants the Poem next her Prayer Book.
W———*ly* with Pen and Poverty beſet,
And *Bl*———*re* vers'd in Phyſick as in Wit,
Tho' this of *Jeſus*, that of *Job* may ſing,
One Bawdy Play will twice their *Profits* bring:
And had not both careſt the flatter'd Crown,
This had no Knighthood ſeen, nor that no Gown.
Had Vice no power the Fancy to bewitch,
Dryden had hang'd himſelf as well as *Creech*:
Durfey had ſtarv'd, and half the Poets fled,
In foreign parts to pawn their Wits for Bread.
'Tis Wine or Lewdneſs all our Theams ſupplies,
Gives Poets power to write, and power to pleaſe:

Let

Let this deſcribe the Nation's Character,
One Man read *Milton*, forty *Rocheſter*,
This loſt his Taſt, *they ſay*, when h'loſt his Sight;
Milton had Thought, but *Rocheſter* had Wit.
The Caſe is plain, the Temper of the Time,
One wrote *the Lewd*, and t'other *the Sublime*.
And ſhould *Apollo* now deſcend to write
In Virtue's praiſe, 'twould never paſs for Wit.
The *Bookſeller* perhaps would ſay *'Twas well:*
But, *'Twould not hit the Times, 'twould never Sell*;
Unleſs a Spice of Lewdneſs cou'd *appear*,
The ſprightly part wou'd ſtill be wanting there.
The Faſhionable World would never read,
Nor the Unfaſhionable *Poet* get his Bread.
'Tis *Love and Honour* muſt enrich our Verſe,
The Modern terms, *our Whoring to rehearſe*.
The ſprightly part attends the *God of Wine*,
The Drunken Stile muſt blaze in every Line.
Theſe are the *Modern Qualities* muſt do,
To make the *Poem* and the *Poet* too.
Dear Satyr, if thou wilt Reform the *Town*,
Thou'lt certainly be beggar'd and undone:
'Tis at thy *Peril*, if thou wilt proceed
To cry down Vice, Mankind will never read.

CONCLUSION.

WHat ſtrange *Mechanick Thoughts* of God and [Man!
Muſt this unſteady Nation entertain,
To think *Almighty Science* can be blind,
Wiſdom it ſelf be banter'd by *Mankind*;
Eternal *Providence* be mock'd with Lyes,
With Out-ſides and Improbabilities,

With Laws thoſe *Rodomonta's* of the State,
Long Proclamations, and the Lord knows what;
Societies ill Manners to ſuppreſs,
and new ſham Wares with Immoralities:
While they themſelves to common Crimes betray'd,
Can break the very Laws themſelves ha' made.
With *Jehu's* Zeal they furiouſly Reform,
And raiſe falſe Clouds which end without a Storm;
But with a looſe to Vice ſecurely ſee
The Subject puniſh'd, and themſelves go free.
For ſhame your *Reformation-Clubs* give o'er,
And jeſt with Men, and jeſt with Heaven no more:
But if you would avenging Powers appeaſe,
Avert the Indignation of the Skies;
Impending Ruin avoid, and calm the Fates;
Ye Hypocrites, reform your *Magiſtrates*.

Your Queſt of *Vice* at *Church* and *Court* begin,
There lie the *Seeds* of high expatiate *Sin*;
'Tis they can check the *Vices* of the Town,
When e'er they pleaſe but *to ſuppreſs their own*:
Our *Modes of Vice* from their Examples came,
And their Examples only muſt reclaim.
In vain you ſtrive ill Manners to ſuppreſs,
By the Superlatives of Wickedneſs:
Ask but how well the Drunken Plow-man looks,
Set by the ſwearing Juſtice in the Stocks;
And poor Street-Whores in *Bridewel* Feel their Fate,
While *Harlot M——n* rides in a Coach of State.
The mercenary Scouts in every Street,
Bring all *that have no Money* to your Feet;
And if you laſh a Strumpet of the Town,
She only ſmarts *for want of Half a Crown*:
Your Annual Liſts of Criminals appear,
But no Sir *Harry* or Sir *Charles* is there.
Your Proclamations Rank and File appear,
To bug-bear *Vice*, and put *Mankind* in fear:
Theſe are the Squibs and Crakers of the Law,
Which hiſs and make a Bounce and then withdraw.

Law

Law like the *Thunder* of Immortal *Jove*,
Rings Peals of *Terror* from the Powers above;
But when the pointed Lightnings diſappear,
The Cloud diſſolves, and all's ſerene and clear.
Law only aids Men to conceal their Crimes,
But 'tis Example muſt Reform the Times:
Force and Authorities are all in vain,
Unleſs you can perſwade, *you'll ne'er conſtrain*;
And all perſwaſive Power expires of Courſe,
Till back'd with good Example; to enforce.
The *Magiſtrates* muſt *Blaſphemy* forbear,
Be faultleſs firſt themſelves, and then ſevere;
Impartial Juſtice equally Diſpenſe,
And fear no *Man*, nor fear no *Man's Offence*;
Then may our Juſtices, and not before,
When they reprove the Rich, correct the Poor.
The *Men* of *Honour* muſt from *Vice* diſſent,
Before the *Rakes* and *Bullies* will repent;
Vertue muſt be the Faſhion of the Town,
Before the *Beaus* and *Ladies* put it on;
Wit muſt no more be Bawdy and Prophane,
Or Wit to Virtue's reconcil'd in vain.
The Clergy muſt be ſober, grave and wiſe,
Or elſe in vain *they Cant of Paradiſe*:
Our Reformation never can prevail,
While Precepts govern and *Examples fail.*
Were but the Ladies virtuous as they're fair,
The Beaus would bluſh as often as they ſwear;
Vice would grow antiquated in the *Town*,
Wou'd all our *Men of Mode* but cry it *down*:
For Sin's a Slave to Cuſtom, and will'd to die,
Whenever Habits ſuffer a Decay;
And therefore all our Reformation here,
Muſt work uwon our Shame and *not our Fear.*
If once the *Mode of Virtue* would begin,
The Poor will quickly be *aſham'd to ſin.*
Faſhion is ſuch a ſtrange bewitching Charm,
For fear of being laugh'd at, they'll Reform;

And yet Posterity will blush to hear,
Royal Examples ha' been useless here;
The only *Just Exception* to our Rule,
Virtue's not Learnt in this Imperial School.
In vain *Maria*'s Character we read,
So few within her *Path of Virtue* tread.
In vain her Royal Sister recommends
Virtue to the Test of all her Friends,
Back'd with her own Example and Commands,
Our Church Establish'd, and our Trade Restor'd,
Our Friends protected, and our Peace secur'd:
France humbl'd, and our Fleets insulting *Spain*,
These are the Triumphs of *a Female Reign*;
At Home her milder Influence she imparts,
Queen of our Vows, and monarch of our Hearts.
If change of *Sexes* thus will change our *Scenes*,
Grant Heaven we always may be Rul'd by Queens.

The Play-House: A Satyr. By T. G. Gent.

NEar to the *Rose* where *Punks* in numbers flock,
To pick up Cullies to increase the Stock;
A lofty Fabrick does the sight invade,
And stretches round the Place a pompous Shade;
Where sudden *Shouts* the Neighbourhood surprize,
And *Thund'ring Claps*, and dreadful *Hissings* rise.
Here Thrifty *R*——— hires Monarchs by the Day,
And keeps his *Mercenary Kings* in *Pay*,
With deep-mouthd Actors fills the *Vacant Scenes*,
And drains the Town for *Goddesses* and *Queens*:
Here the lewd *Punks* with *Crowns* and *Sceptres* grac'd,
Teaches her Eyes a more *Majestick Cast*;

And hungry Monarchs with a numerous Train
Of ſuppliant Slaves, like *Sancho*, Starve and Reign.
But enter in, my *Muſe*, the Stage ſurvey,
And all its Pomp and Pagentry diſplay;
Trap-Doors and Pit-falls, from th'unfaithful Ground,
And Magick Walls, encompaſs it around:
On either ſide maim'd Temples fill our Eyes,
And intermixt with Brothel-Houſes riſe;
Disjointed Palaces in order ſtand,
And Groves obedient to the mover's Hand,
O'erſhade the Stage, and flouriſh at Command.
A Stamp makes broken Towns and Trees entire:
So when *Amphion* ſtruck the Vocal Lire,
He ſaw the Spacious Circuit all around, [crown'd.
With crowding Woods, and Neighbouring Cities
But next the Tyring-Room ſurvey and ſee,
Falſe Titles, and promiſcuous Quality,
Confus'dly ſwarm from Heroes, and from Queens,
To thoſe that ſwing in Clouds and fill Machines.
Their various Characters they choſe with Art,
The frowning Bully fits the Tyrant's part:
Swoln Cheeks, and Swaggering Belly makes a Hoſt,
Pale meager Looks, and hollow Voice, a Ghoſt;
From careful Brows, and heavy down-caſt Eyes,
Dull Cits, and thick-ſcull'd Aldermen ariſe:
The Comick Tone, inſpir'd by *F——r*, draws
At every Word loud Laughter and Applauſe:
The Mincing Dame continues as before,
Her Character's unchang'd, and Acts a Whore.
Above the reſt, the Prince with mighty Stalks,
Magnificent in Purple Buskins walks:
The Royal Robe his Haughty Shoulders grace,
Profuſe of *Spangles* and of *Copper-Lace*:
Officious Raſcals to his mighty Thigh,
Guiltleſs of Blood, th' unpointed Weapon tye;
Then the Gay Glittering Diadem put on,
Pondrous with Braſs, and ſtar'd with Briſtol ſtone.

His Royal Conſort next conſults her Glaſs,
And out of twenty *Boxes* culls a *Face*.
The Whit'ning firſt her Ghaſtly Looks beſmears,
All Pale and Wan th' unfiniſh'd Form appears;
Till on her Cheeks the bluſhing Purple glows,
And a falſe *Virgin Modeſty* beſtows;
Her ruddy Lips the Deep Vermilion dyes;
Length to her Brows the Pencil's touch ſupplies,
And with black bending Arches ſhades her Eyes.
Well pleas'd at length the Picture ſhe beholds,
And ſpots it o'er with Artificial *Molds*;
Her Countenance compleat, the Beaux ſhe warms
With looks not hers, and ſpight of Nature, charms.
Thus artfully their Perſons they diſguiſe,
Till the laſt flouriſh bids the Curtain riſe.
The Prince then enters on the Stage in State;
Behind, a Guard of Candle-Snuffers wait:
There ſwoln with Empire, terrible and fierce,
He ſhakes the Dome, and tears his Lungs with Verſe:
His Subjects tremble, the ſubmiſſive Pit,
Wrapt up in Silence and Attention, ſit;
Till freed at length, he lays aſide the Weight
Of Publick Buſineſs and Affairs of State;
Forgets his Pomp, dead to Ambitious Fires,
And to ſome peaceful *Brandy-Shop* retires;
Where in full Gills his anxious thoughts he drowns,
And quaffs away the Care that waits on Crowns.
The Princeſs next her pointed Charms diſplays,
Where every look the Pencil's Art betrays.
The Callow Squire at diſtance feeds his Eyes,
And ſilently for *Paint* and *Patches* dies:
But if the Youth behind the Scenes retreat
He ſees the blended Colours melt with heat,
And all the trickiing *Beauty* run in Sweat.
The borrow'd Viſage he admires no more,
And nauſeates every Charm he lov'd before:
So the ſame Spear, for double force renown'd,
Apply'd the Remedy that gave the Wound.

In

In tedious Liſts 'twere endleſs to engage,
And draw at length the Rabble of the Stage,
Where one for twenty Years has given Alarms,
And call'd contending *Monarchs* to their Arms,
Another fills a more important poſt,
And riſes every other Night a Ghoſt.
Thro' the cleft Stage his meager Face he rears,
Then ſtalks along, groans thrice and diſappears;
Others with *Swords* and *Shields*, the *Soldiers* Pride,
More than a thouſand times have chang'd their ſide,
And in a thouſand fatal *Battels* dy'd.
Thus ſeveral Perſons, ſeveral Parts perform;
Pale Lovers whine, and bluſtring Heroes ſtorm.
The ſtern exaſperated *Tyrants* rage,
Till the kind *Bowl* of *Poiſon* clears the *Stage*.
Then Honours Vaniſh, and Diſtinctions ceaſe;
Then with Reluctance haughty Queens undreſs.
Heroes no more their fading Laurels boaſt,
And mighty Kings in private Men are loſt.
He whom ſuch Titles ſwell'd, ſuch Power made proud,
To whom whole Realms, and vanquiſh'd Nations bow'd,
Throws off the gaudy Plume, the Purple Train,
And is in *Statu quo* himſelf again.

The

The Dream, to Sir Charles Duncomb.

ON my hard Fate as late I pondring lay,
Spent and bow'd down beneath the Toils of Day,
By weary Nature to repoſe conſtrain'd,
I ſlept at laſt, and thus in ſleep complain'd.
Ah Wretch! To this unhappy Clime confin'd,
Loſt to my Friends, and cut from Human kind;
A Clime where gentle *Zephyrs* never blow,
Where frozen Gods keep Court in Ice and Snow.
The rigid Winters here come early on,
With *Auguſt* brought, and ſcarce with *April* gone.
In other places Nature looks but bare,
Some marks of *Spring* continue all the year;
But every Winter ſtript her naked here.
The miry Globe Impriſons Man and Beaſt,
And there muſt come a Drowth to be releas'd.
No Converſe does the tedious Hours beguile,
But Love and Friendſhip fly this barbarous Soil.
None here for ought but *Mammon* will repair,
And Life has no ceſſation from its Care.
Even Honeſty it ſelf is baniſh'd hence,
And Ignorance ſets up for Innocence.
The Natives are ſuch *Brutes*, ſo homely bred,
They're of a piece with that on which they tread;
Strangers to Virtue, to all Liberal Arts;
Their Oxen and their Swine have all their Hearts,
Creatures of equal Intellectual Parts.
Among each other endleſs Fewds they ſow,
And *Malice* lays Manure to make 'em grow.
In Courts and Senates let them ſtrive and jar,
Wrangle in Cities, clamour at the Bar.

But

But this is ſtrange ev'n in this abject Life,
Where Matter fails, to find an equal Strife.
No mutual Truſt between 'em e'er preſide,;
And Knav'ry follows, when 'tis Intereſt guides.
Thus Slander, Strife, and Spight triumphant reign
Among theſe clumſy Blockheads of the Plain.
How vain are all the Tales the Antients told
Of ſelf-teeming Globe, and of an Age of Gold?
Of flowery Shades were Peace ſupinely reigns?
Of faultleſs Nymphs, and of the faithful Swains?
'Tis all Idea---- but my Fancy wrought,
The idle Rovings of a wandring Thought.
E'en *Cowley*, who a Rural Life had long
Ador'd, and made it Deathleſs in his Song;
When to the Fields he for that bleſſing came,
Found all his boaſted Innocence a Name;
And *Chertſea* ſtands (to contradict his Rhimes)
Blam'd in his Proſe to all ſucceeding times.
What Path can here derided Virtue take?
What Muſick can the ſighing *Muſes* make?
Without Converſe they loſe their Force and Fire,
And Reaſon back does to its Spring retire.
The long remove from *Mirth*, from *Wit* and *Arts*,
Sets us beneath our very natural Parts.
If we're not riſing, we go down the Hill,
For Knowledge knows no mean of ſtanding ſtill.
The brightn'd Armour glitters to the Sun,
But only uſing keeps the Poliſh on.
Thus doom'd to Dulneſs, here I buried lie;
O low, obſcure, inglorious Deſtiny!
My Youth has vainly, idly took its flight,
Unknown to Profit, Learning and Delight.
Depriv'd of all that can improve or pleaſe,
I live in Deſarts, yet depriv'd of Eaſe:
Whilſt envious Fortune here my Head employs
In barren Labour, and eternal Noiſe.
Depriv'd of *London*, then too little priz'd,
Before I knew the Bleſſing I deſpis'd.

For

For Towns like Tallys, Man for Man does fit,
And Wit does keeneſt whet it ſelf on Wit.
Oh Noble City! but too late I mourn
My Fortune, baniſh'd never to return.
I would not have it thought, my Wiſh intends
Great Matters---- No, free from ambitious Ends:
Only a Human Fate my Hope invites,
And Innocence, in which my Soul delights.
None better cou'd than I contented live,
With little, or from little, more would give.
But here I live not in this *Brutal* Den
Baniſh'd from Town, from Manners, and from Men.
'Twas here methought a Glorious Form appear'd,
Yet Awful, as a Goddeſs long rever'd.
Her Monumental Tower the Skies out-brav'd,
And on her Front was fair *Auguſta* grav'd.
And why, ſaid ſhe, doſt thou thus ſighing lie?
Why all deſpondence, yet relief ſo nigh?
He that does ſet ſo many Captives free,
He will, he muſt, he ſhall deliver thee.
So bright a Form, Words of ſuch pleaſing ſound,
Oppreſs with Pleaſure, and with Joy confound.
The Glorious Shape perceiv'd my deep Amaze,
I would have ſpoke, but I could only gaze.
Know'ſt thou not me? what Country is there found,
What Nation where my Name is not renown'd?
Let Vulgar Names, ſaid ſhe, reſign to Fate,
I can already boaſt of more than mortal Date:
This Privilege the *Britiſh* Glory gives,
I'm only then to die, when nothing lives.
Quite from the riſing to the ſetting Sun,
As vaſt a Round as his my Fame has run.
Let it be either Traffick, Peace or War,
What City ſends her Naval Tow'rs ſo far?
Who o'er the Ocean ſo triumphant rides?
What Shores are water'd with ſuch wealthy tides?
Beneath my Feet my *Thames* for ever flows,
And for my Profit never takes repoſe.

But

But shifting *Tides* to *Sea*, from *Sea* to *Land*,
Do our own Stores, and all the World's command:
While on her Billows to my Hand she brings
The Noblest, Richest, and Remotest things.
Tho round my Walls you scarce perceive a Vine,
Yet half the Vintage of the Year is mine,
And every *Lombard* Shop an *Indian* Mine.
What other Town do's there so nobly stand
For Soil, for Health, for Pleasure and Command?
What City does beside so Lordly rise?
And sit so near a Neighbour to the Skies?
Who less fears War? And when a War does cease,
Who Richlier does adorn the Arts of Peace?
What Shoals of People pour thro' every Street!
In passing on, what Myriads must you meet!
How gay, how richly clad, where'er you come!
What gallant Youths, and Beauties in their Bloom!
Not brighter shines by night the Milky Way,
Than in my Streets the Charming *Sex* by Day.
Who sooner can then I such *Sums* produce,
For self-Magnificence, or Publick Use?
Who can her Hand, for Wealth, extend so far,
And with such ready *Loans* defray a War?
Loans that to *Lewis* gave such loud Alarms,
He lik'd the Sound, worse than the Clank of Arms.
He saw in War the *Nerves* of War increase,
He saw, advis'd, and streight consents to Peace.
But herein most I pride; this Wealth, these Powers
No *Mercenary Troops* defend, no *Towers*
Rise up in my Defence, my *Safety's* found
Within my self; no Ditches here surround
My Walls; my *Thames* flows freely in her Bed,
To no forc'd Channels like a Captive led.
Freedom in all, in every part appears,
Choice gives the sway in all succeeding Years.
Amongst our selves we raise the Good, the Wise,
Virtue and Labour makes the Chosen rise.

Kings

Kings of ſome Empires want our Wealth, our Power;
A *Duncomb* lends a *Million* in an Hour.
Our Wealth the *Spaniſh Indias* does uphold,
And from our Iron *Mines* we ſend them Gold.
Yet Kings receive but what the People give;
They make him Rich, and yet in plenty live.
They name the Sum, and we foreſtal the Day;
Others leſs quick to take, than we to pay.
Auguſta this great Bleſſing gives, that ſhe
makes all her Sons not only Rich, but Free.
Thou know'ſt me now, believe what I impart,
I've nam'd the *Man* ſhall raiſe thy drooping Heart.
Stay then no longer thus lamenting here,
But hope a milder Heav'n and kinder Air,
The riſing of thy better Stars are near.
Once were thy Shades e'en with his Preſence bleſt,
When thee, e'en thee, he ſingl'd from the reſt;
And kindly ſmiling on thy Rural Lays,
Crown'd them at once both with Reward and Praiſe.
'Tis he I mean, does our Captives free
From more than an *Ægyptian* Slavery:
'Tis he that ſhall at laſt provide for thee.
'Tis he that everlaſting Honour gains
By Nobly ſtriking off my Debtors Chains.
Husbands he to their Wives again does give,
He heard their dying Cries, and bids 'em live.
So mighty *Paul* and *Silas*, when they were
Impriſon'd, pray'd, and found the Angel there:
The Shackles broke, the Doors all open flew;
But *Duncomb*'s Angel ſtoops not to ſo few.
At every Priſon, at every Jayl does call,
And, like an Act of Grace, he manumits them all.
'Twas here ſhe paus'd, ſmiling with ſuch a Grace,
No Furrow ſeen, no wrinkle in her Face.
The Awful Dread which firſt my Senſes ſtrook,
Diſſolv'd to Pleaſure by her Charming Look.
Let Cheating Prieſts uſe little Arts to fright,
But why ſhould Poets their falſe *Fictions* write?

Clad

Clad in a *Stygian* Veſt, with ſcatter'd Locks,
The raving Prieſteſs Heav'nly Power invokes.
Black Fumes ariſe, and from the trembling Ground,
Sad Murmurs breaking thro the Temple, ſound:
And Flames from the unkindled Altars riſe,
As rais'd by Magick Songs, with horrid Cries.
Such the Contrivances by Prieſts of old,
When Pious Stories to the Crowd they told.
Thus Hell and Horrour to the Gods they join,
And make them Terrible, to be Divine.
Poets no more let Verſe and Truth diſpute,
Nor Human Crimes to Deities impute.
Let Tyrants chooſe to govern Men by fear,
The Gods are gentle, but Mankind ſevere.
Not ſo *Auguſta:*
For ſhe, the Glorious Genius of our Iſle,
Soften'd her Godhead with a Human *Smile.*
I found the Heav'nly *Viſion* gave Conſent;
So poor a *Bard* might give his Paſſion vent.
Encourag'd thus, I gently rais'd my *Voice:*
Say, Goddeſs, how our *Sh'riff* became the Choice
Of crowding *Throngs,* who echoing his Name,
Did him there *Darling* Magiſtrate proclaim.
Say, Goddeſs, how does he become your *Theme,*
That Name ſo lately injur'd in Extreme?
An Envious Race I know his Ruine ſought,
Declare the mighty Change was wrought.
Th' Effect muſt ſpring from ſome ſtupendous Cauſe,
Where fair *Auguſta* gives ſuch vaſt Applauſe.
As ſtormy Nights and dark Eclipſes may
Set greater value on ſucceeding Day:
So Malice raging without rule or form,
Exalted him, and rais'd him by the *Storm.*
Eaſy, and Rich, in Innocence ſecure,
He would not bend with little Arts, procure
Succeſs to Projects hatch'd againſt the *State,*
Nor help th' *Exchequer* Cheat, but met his Fate,
Braving the Faction, and their utmoſt Hate.

Un-

Unſeaſonable Virtue out of time,
Was *Duncomb*'s Fault, and that his only Crime.
He knowing well the narrow ſelf-Deſign,
Shunning baſe Profit, did his Place reſign.
But this the bold Projectors could not bear;
He muſt be guilty, that themſelves may ſhare,
With double Joy, the Vengeance and the Prize,
Two thirds their Avarice could ſcarce ſuffice.
Thro' thick and thin the furious Leaders drive,
Set raging out, and like a Storm arrive.
Theſe ruin'd fall, and others proſtrate yield,
And wide Deſtruction covers all the Field.
Orphans lament, the deſolate Widow weeps,
Thouſands undone, and yet the Nation ſleeps.
Here human Malice might it ſelf diſplay,
And many dark Deſigns expoſe to Day.
Here painted to the Life, the haughty Crew
Might in true Colours be expos'd to view.
But I forbear, nor ſhall their Rage inſpire
A Heav'nly Breaſt with like ill-natur'd Fire.
Let this ſuffice, expect the happy Day,
When all the Birds of Night, and thoſe of Prey
Shall to the Deſerts fly, to make the Virtuous way.
It is enough, I diſappoint their Aim,
Secure the Guiltleſs in their Wealth and Fame,
And fix in Honour *Duncomb*'s injur'd Name.
Such is the Temper of an *Engliſh* Soul,
It yields to ſoftneſs, but abhors Controul.
The frighted World all arm'd in his Defence,
Who either had good Nature or good Senſe.
Tir'd with their Spite, and all their Hopes o'erpaſt
To ruin him, they left the Chaſe at laſt,
But ſullenly, juſt as the *Bear* withdraws,
The Lamb redeem'd that fill'd his griping Paws.
By the known Laws he did himſelf acquit,
Reſcu'd by Heav'n from Malice and from Wit,
From bribes, and Power, from the devouring Jaw
Of high Oppreſſion, to take place as Law.

The

The City ſenſible what Men Conſpire
Againſt his Innocence, they ſoon took Fire;
Touch'd with his Sufferings, knowing his Deſert,
All with one Voice, unanimous in Heart,
My Sons advance him to the *Shrieval* Name, (Fame.
Where now he honours That, and gives the Nation
Our Royal Maſter by this time was come,
As late with Laurel, Crown'd with Olive, home.
Never of all our Martial Kings, from Heaven
To *Britain* has there yet a Prince been given,
Who ſooner did in Camps arrive at Fame,
Or paſt more Dangers to a Deathleſs Name.
Nor did the ſhining Chaſe of Glory ceaſe,
Till he had Crown'd his Martial Toils with Peace.
The Hero's Heat drives no cool Thought away,
His People long for Peace, without Delay
He glorioufly procures the wiſh'd for Day.
Plenty and Safety with their Brooding Wings
Extended wide, produce all uſeful things,
In Peace the Plowman Reaps, in Peace the Poet ſings.
To happy *England* had not Fate Decreed,
That from that Glorious *Pair* none ſhould ſucceed,
So much th' expecting World ſeem'd to require,
From *Mary*'s Vertue, and from *Naſſau*'s Fire,
Nature, deficient to ſo great a Taſk,
Would nothing give, when we too much did aſk.
We were ungrateful to the preſent Store,
Worthleſs of what we had, yet craving more.
Thoſe who from Tyranny Redeem the Land,
In Fame's large Temple ſhall for ever ſtand.
Greater than they, whoſe Conqueſt Trophies rear,
Such the *Camilli*, ſuch the *Decii* were:
Whoſe Names in Story are more Sacred far
Than theirs, who happy in Invaſive War,
Brought *Weſtern* Gold, and *Eaſtern* Spices home;
Theſe were admir'd, but thoſe belov'd in *Rome*.
This Glorious King returning to our Iſle,
Receiv'd the Intended *Martyr* with a Smile;

Pleas'd to beſtow on Injur'd Innocence
Favours, which leave to Malice no pretence.
Whom the King Honours, and the People chuſe,
To ſuch a one who can Applauſe refuſe,
Fit for the Praiſes of the chaſteſt Muſe?
Let then his Unjuſt Sufferings be repaid
By Praiſes due, for ſince my Walls were laid,
Never a Subject more befriended Trade.
Who in his Office ever rais'd ſo high
AUGUSTA's Name for Hoſpitality?
What Table thro the Nation does afford
So vaſt a Plenty as his Shrieval Board?
Who for all ſorts ſo fitly does prepare?
The Great, the Poor are equally his Care;
And Wit and Vertue ſtill are welcome there,
Mean while the ſparkling Wines around him move,
Th' Inſpiring *Nectar* which the Muſes love.
Whoe'er the City's Intereſt ſtudied more,
Or better Laws propos'd to feed the Poor?
Nor does he, ſplitting on the common Shelf,
Propoſe to others, what he ſhuns himſelf.
To give by Driblets (which is chiefly done)
Is but to keep the Needy Starving on.
He lays out his Relief at nobler Rates,
His Dole's a Market, and his Gifts Eſtates.
I here had anſwer'd, but the Dame withdrew,
And with her Sleep retir'd, and left me too;
But left the Impreſſion deep upon my Mind
Of *Duncomb* Honour'd, and *Auguſta* Kind.
Forgive me Sir, if thus oppreſt with Spleen,
I treat you with this Viſionary Scene:
Nor let the Muſes loſe me your Eſteem,
Since they Petition only but in Dream:
In Dreams they live, and chiefly Dreams regard,
But moſt they Err, when Dreaming of Reward.
But tho' my Sleep diſſents, I waking near
Upon that Subject, ſhall offend your Ear.

These Melancholy Vapours bred at sight,
Of Winter, with the Spring will take their flight,
When op'ning Sweets, and universal Green,
Produce a Gay Inimitable Scene.
Tho', now with Rains, and blighting Blasts we strive,
That Glorious Season will again revive.
The Tuneful Choir thro' every Field and Grove,
Will then renew their Musick, and their Love.
With them th' Exulting Muse her Voice shall raise;
And waking then, I'll sing my Patron's Praise.

The British Muse: Or Tyranny Expos'd A Satyr, Occasion'd by all the Fulsom and Lying Poems and Elegies, that have been Written on the Death of the Late King James.

FOR Tyrants dead no Statues we Erect,
Or sumptuous Fanes with sable Mourning deck'd;
No weeping Eyes the joyful Country drown,
But all rejoice to hear the Tyrant's gone:
For Slaves have Freedom when the Tyrant's Dead,
And do around their gawdy Ensigns spread.
England, Rejoice! Thy Slavish Fears are past:
The Tyrant's dead, who was thy worst and last.
Encircl'd he's within the Shades of Night,
Confin'd far distant from the Realms of Light:
No more thy Liberties he shall Invade,
Subvert thy Laws, and undermine thy Trade.

Whilſt Impious Pens Uſurp Illegal Fame,
And Honours give to his deteſted Name,
My *Britiſh* Muſe in juſteſt Notes ſhall ſing
A Bankrupt Monarch, and a Tyrant King.
Let Flaming *London* firſt appear in View,
And his good Actions and his Virtues ſhew,
Whoſe Houſes he into a Bonfire turn'd,
And Sacred Temples with like Zeal he burn'd:
Pleas'd with the Sight, as the great City fell,
He and his Prieſts Carous'd, and drank to Hell.
Thus *Nero*, *Rome* by Fire in Aſhes laid,
Laugh'd at the Flames, and as they burnt he play'd.
Proceed my Muſe, ſhew Martyrs round his Herſe,
Who in loud Yells their Injuries Expreſs;
Murder'd, yet unreveng'd by *Britiſh* Hands,
The Dire Effect of his unjuſt Commands.
Firſt ſtrangl'd *Godfrey* ſlides from Scenes of Light,
A pale thin Ghoſt would even Fiends affright.
Then *College*, firſt deſtroy'd by Popiſh Rage,
The Loſs and Scandal of that Impious Age:
His Ghoſt may well attend his Funeral,
And on his Soul for heavy Vengeance call.
His Name to *Oxford* a due Scandal bears,
Thro' a vaſt Series of ſucceeding Years.
When Time ſhall truly the ſad Story tell,
How its lewd Prieſt combin'd with *Rome* and Hell,
To Murder him who for their Freedom ſtrove,
And did for them a Bloody Victim prove;
Yet ſporting with his Death, were glad to ſee
A *College* added to their Univerſity:
Hang'd, Drawn and Quarter'd by Tyrannick Sway,
Which Paſſive Prieſts taught People to Obey,
Till they themſelves, in Popiſh Blankets toſt
By their lov'd *James* another College loſt.
Lord! how their Paſſive Cannons then did roar!
And their Report reach'd to the *Belgic* Shoar:
Then all grew Active, Paſſive were no more.

Next

Next murder'd *Eſſex* to his Herſe does come,
Sent by a Bloody Razor to his Tomb.
Then Nobleſt *Ruſſel* does augment the Throng,
And in a decent Terror ſlides alone:
Manly, yet Meek; his even Temper was
Crown'd both with moral Virtues, and with Grace:
Yet by the Ax of *Rome*'s curs'd Butcher fell
A Sacrifice to Bloody *James* and Hell.
He ſhew'd his numerous Wounds, and groan'd the reſt,
And then withdrew to Regions of the Bleſt.
Next Glorious *Sidney* at his Herſe appears,
Murder'd by *James* in his declining Years;
The Martyrs Fate did Crown his Hoary Hairs.
No better Man his Family did grace,
Nor had more Virtues of a Nobler Race,
No Man his Country's Freedom better knew,
Or in its Cauſe a Sword more Faithful drew.
No Man with greater Courage ever Fought,
Or for our Freedoms with more Learning wrote.
Learning and Parts are but a weak Defence,
And Tyrants will wage War with Wit and Senſe.
Corniſh, the beſt good Man *Auguſta* knew,
With pleaſant Terror does the Mourning view,
And that the Scene a Female ſhould not want,
To grace the Rear, comes up our Murther'd *Gaunt*:
All to their Graves by Popiſh Murder thruſt,
Was this, you lying Bards, your *James* the Juſt?
As in the Waters we do Fiſhes find,
Which do Devour and Prey upon their Kind;
This Princely Shark on his own Species fed,
When Cauſe requir'd, and *Rome* the Order made.
Thus *Coleman* to his Jaws a Victim fell,
Sent in a Jugler's Box to Plot in Hell.
Vain Wretch! who could ſo fatally believe
A Man inclin'd by Nature to deceive.
With him what Wretches would the Scepter truſt,
And Blaſphemouſly call him *James* the Juſt?

Nay, his own Brother, Partner in his Blood,
With Poiſonous Viſage o'er his Coffin ſtood:
For *James* (when many Murders he had done)
Poiſon'd his Brother to aſcend his Throne;
Then from his People and his Country fled,
The two good Acts this wicked Prince e'er did.
But now a Troop of Grizly Ghoſts appear,
And grinning Pale are all approaching near:
Numerous they were, and all beſmear'd with Blood,
With diſmal Horror round his Coffin ſtood;
They ſlid along, and interchanging Ground,
Roar'd out his Obſequies in hollow Sound.
Who Murder'd in the *Weſt* at his Command,
A noble Train of ſlaughter'd Patriots ſtand:
Some Beardleſs Youth ſlain by his Tyrant Rage,
And ſome declining by Decrepid Age.
Such Beauteous Youths might ſome Compaſſion move
In Bloody Tyrants, and might force their Love:
Some pity Age (for Age has alſo Charms)
Might move in Tyrants, and ſecure from Harms.
But *James*, of all the Tyrant Race accurſt,
Begot by Tygers, and by Vipers Nurs'd,
Nor Age nor Sex could his Compaſſion move,
Nor yet the Judgments of Almighty *Jove*.
Oh had I now by Heaven's Impartial Laws,
A Power ſufficient to Revenge your Cauſe, (fall
My Deareſt Murder'd Friends! whole Troops ſhou'd
By my juſt Hand to grace your Funeral;
Yet Heaven ſome weak Revenge does ſtill afford,
Admits the Pen, when it denies the Sword.
Were but my Pen ſharp-pointed as your Steel,
When you on *Sedgmore* Parracides did Kill,
I'd raiſe a Monument to future Times,
And Hang up Villains in Exalted Rhymes.
When Publick Juſtice is grown Deaf and Blind,
And Criminals no rightful Sentence find,
Each Honeſt Man ſhould his Reſentment ſhow,
And Mark the Path where Juſtice ought to go.

That

That Juſtice did not *Jefferies* Deſtroy,
Does more our Wonder than our Senſe Imploy:
He who by Blood climb'd to the top of State,
And grew by Murders Inſolent and Great:
To him blind Juſtice no due Halter gave,
But unreveng'd he found a common Grave.
Kirk did not by the Hand of Juſtice fall,
He liv'd a Villain, dy'd a General.
Such the Cataſtrophe of our ſtrange Times,
Preferment riſes from Enormous Crimes.

Can e'er our Land thoſe Bloody Scenes forget,
That *Weſtern* Maſſacre not queſtion'd yet?
In which the braveſt *Engliſh* Blood was ſpilt,
Without a Sacrifice t'atone the Guilt:
Where better Men than future Times will ſee,
By Cowards Murder'd, hung on every Tree.

Had I but then this Body laid aſide,
And with my dear, my happy Partners dy'd,
I had with them my ſhare of Bliſs poſſeſs'd,
And now been number'd with th' Immortal Bleſs'd;
Had upwards ſoar'd, and tow'ring left behind
My youthful Limbs expos'd to Heat and Wind;
Of Life's great Burden had been ſurely eas'd,
And not the Number of my Sins Encreas'd;
Had ne'er been quell'd by Time's Important Rage,
And known the Slights of an Ungrateful Age.
But Man contrives not his own Deſtiny,
And cannot, when he pleaſes, Live or Die.

Since Heav'n allows me Life againſt my Will,
And ſtill I upwards climb the ſteepy Hill,
Good God! forbid my Sands in vain ſhould paſs,
And no good Actions grace my ſinking Glaſs.
Tyrants I hated from my very Youth,
But always lov'd the Glorious Cauſe of Truth.
To *Engliſh* Laws I ſtill Allegiance paid,
And never yet a Tyrant King Obey'd,
But ſuch who Legally the Scepter Sway'd.

Speak Satyr! ſpeak! and let thy Notes be heard
By trembling Tyrants, of thy Laſh afraid!
Thy Task is noble, and thy Theme's Divine;
Let Satyr ſpeak, and bite in every Line!
And Kill more ſurely than the Sword or Shot,
Till the loath'd Name of *TYRANT* be forgot.
TYRANT! That thing accurſt, ally'd to Hell,
Where Tyrant Kings in flaming Sulphur dwell.
The dreadful *Tophet* was ordain'd of old,
Tyrannick Princes and their Slaves to hold.
Tyrants and Slaves we both together join,
And in one dark Abyſs do both confine;
For Slaves are Panders to a Tyrant's Luſt,
And raviſh Liberty by Force unjuſt;
Therefore o'er both the Heavenly Powers prevail,
To Damn 'em all in one Eternal Jail.
TYRANT! the very Name ſo heats my Blood,
My Veins ſcarce ſtop the Torrent of its Blood:
A Freeman's Rage can ſcarce my Senſe Command,
My Pen does tremble underneath my Hand.
Was every Atom of my Fleſh a Man,
As brave as ever to the Battle ran,
I round the Orb would Tyrant Kings purſue,
And even God-like *Brutus* would out-do,
Firſt into *France* I would my Army lead,
And ſtrike its proud and lofty Tyrant dead,
The vileſt Wretch did e'er a Scepter Sway,
Or e'er a wretched People did obey;
By Blood and Poiſon manages Intrigues,
And breaks, like Cobwebs; Solemn Pacts and Leagues:
Whoſe Sacred Oaths are broken o'er and o'er,
His Faith is found in every Carted Whore.
Him I'd depoſe, from his own Rack would ſend
His guilty Soul to his Infernal Friend,
His faithful Friend, whoſe Counſel ſtill he took,
And ne'er with him the dark Alliance broke.
I'd make his Slaves by my juſt Fury free,
And treat them with the Sweets of Liberty:

I'd

I'd pull his Vaſſals from his Tyrant Paws,
And reinſtate 'em in their Rights and Laws.
The little Baſtard he of late Proclaim'd
As King of *England*, ſhou'd with him be damn'd;
Tho' *England*, fearleſs of the *Gallick* Hope,
Defies the *French*, their Baſtard, and the Pope:
And if the Brat be *James* the Second's Son,
Like his dear Dad he'll from the Battel run;
His Noſe will bleed engag'd in Wars Deſign,
He'll ſcamper, like his Father from the *Boyn*.
Suppoſe the Brat to be Legitimate,
How can it mend or alter *England's* Fate?
Mend it cannot, but may diſturb our Fate;
Lewis a Deviliſh Cobler is of State.
Nor can the *Engliſh*, who are bold and ſtrong,
Fear one who from a Race of Cowards ſprung.
Yet ſhould my Army the young Cub deſtroy,
And with the grizly Tyrant Kill the Boy:
And Heaven does ſometimes the ſame Meaſures take,
Deſtroys the Horſe for the Lewd Rider's ſake.
Next into *Savoy* I my Courſe would ſteer,
And play the Devil with the Traytor there.
That lirtle Duke, yet mighty Tyrant, I
Would Blow like Rockets mounting to the Sky;
I would revenge his Treaſon in the War,
And make him of a Tyrant's Fortune ſhare:
The brave *Vaudois* their Country ſhould enjoy,
And help their Bloody Tyrant to deſtroy.
Then to compleat my brave and juſt Deſign,
I would my Forces with Prince *Eugene* join.
Monſieurs and *Dons* the ſelf-ſame Fate ſhould find,
As Clouds retiring from the Potent Wind,
Spaniards Enſlav'd I would with Freedom bleſs,
Augment their Eaſe, and make their Thraldom leſs:
Their Treacherous Nobles I'd ſeverely Drub,
Home to his Sire would ſend their Tyrant Cub.
To *Auſtria's* Houſe I'd leave the *Spaniſh* Crown,
If they would grant the Natives what's their own;

But

But if they rob'd 'em of their Rights and Health,
I'd turn old *Spain* into a Commonwealth.
And e'er I ſheath'd my juſt revenging Steel,
Porto Carero ſhould its Sharpneſs feel;
Crowding I'd ſend to Hell among the reſt,
That damn'd Tyrannick Villain of a Prieſt.
Tyrant and Prieſt in the ſame Yoke do draw,
One Damns the Goſpel, t'other Damns the Law.
'Tis fit that he who built a Tyrant's Throne,
And has by Forgery a Land undone,
Who to his Country did ſuch Ills Create,
Should ſhare of Tyrants the Impartial Fate.
Thus having in the *South* declar'd my VVorth,
I'd face about, and March my Army *North*:
The *Poliſh* Tyrant ſhould my Vengeance feel,
And downwards fall beneath my Fatal Steel.
The Ravenous Lion Tyrant of the VVood
Does claim Succeſſion for his ſerine Brood:
But no Succeſſion Crown'd the *Poliſh* Bear;
For every Tyrant is Elected there.
Ye *Poliſh* Slaves, Trepann'd into a Choice,
How ill your Cauſe ſutes with your Peoples Voice?
VVho could ſo madly for themſelves Elect
A Tyrant, and their Liberties Neglect.
To get a Crown he did forſake his God,
And juſtly proves to Fools a Scourge and Rod.
Great *Sweden*'s King, I'd then Revenge thy Cauſe,
And Reſcue *Saxony* from *Poland*'s Claws.
This done, I'd March againſt the Beaſtly *Czar*,
A ſhame to Princes, and a Fool in VVar:
VVith Numerous Hoſts he other Lands Invades,
But ſoon retires to Faſtneſſes and Shades;
Vanquiſh'd by *Sweden*'s Youth, he wildly flies,
And not on Proweſs, but on Flight relies.
Thus Tyrants Fight, and like a Tyrant he
Should from my Hand receive his Deſtiny:
More Wounds than *Brutus* Tyrant *Cæſar* gave,
From my Revenging ſteel this Beaſt ſhould have,

Leſt

Leſt the Curſt *Hydra* ſhould cement again,
And Plague his People in a longer Reign.
My Labours finiſh'd, I would return home,
And tell of Tyrants the Impartial Doom.
My Native Land's a Nation Free and Brave.
That hates the odious Title of a Slave:
As poiſonous Toads are kill'd by *Iriſh* Air,
So Bloody Tyrants can't Inhabit here,
But thrive like Plants in hot *Arabia*'s Sand,
And ſoon a dry and wither'd Stalk they ſtand.
Freeman and Slave are inconſtant things,
And one the other to Deſtruction brings.
England's the Fortunate, the Happy Iſle,
With Freedom Bleſt, and with a fruitful Soil,
Whoſe Laws and Freedoms juſt and Righteous are,
And every Man, the meaneſt, has his Share.
Here ſhall my Muſe to after Ages ſing
The Braveſt People, and the Happieſt King.

On the Promoted Biſhops.
1691.

1.

FOR the Miracles done
This Year Ninety One,
Let's go forth and Proclaim a Thankſgiving;
Late Archbiſhop we ſing
To the Tune of Late King,
While *J*——— and Old *S*——*ft* are Living.

2.

Of this Proteſtant Land
The Fleet not half Mann'd,
Is a Miracle ſcarce worth our Trouble:

We

We judge of the Weight
Of this Politick State,
Now the Church and the Throne carry double.

3.

The Law now in force
Made a ſolemn Divorce
Between J—— C—— and his Church has;
'Twill a Miracle ſhow,
As the Bleſſed Times go,
If Religion proves worth a Year's Purchaſe.

4.

The Goſpel now thrives,
For our Lord hath two Wives,
And a Prelate his See of each Party:
That the Law doth reſpect
The new B——ps Elect
Or the new ſecond Wife of *Clancarty*.

5.

As to the Paſtoral Staff,
We at *T*——*n* laugh,
And the Projects of dull Politicians;
Spite of all Satan's Power
Aaron's Rod ſhall devour
The Rod of their Heathen Magicians.

6.

Our Impotent Fleet
Our ſtarv'd Army may greet,
And at each others Confidence wonder;
With an Army unpaid,
And a Navy betray'd,
We faſt to keep great *Lewis* under.

7.

As old *Babylon* ſaith,
The Proteſtant Faith
Took deep Root from the Codpiece of *Harry*;
We good Witneſs can bring,
The good Biſhops all Spring
From the Conducts of *W*— and *M*——.

A

A Ballad on the Confederates in Imitation of Ratcliff Ramble.

A Number of Pr——s, tho' poor ones 'tis true,
In Confederacy join'd the *French* to undo,
But if they ſhould fail, then wo to the Crew
of Banditti.
All ſnotty and ſnorting, like Horſe that had Glanders,
All tatter'd they form the Mob of Commanders,
All poorer than *Job* were got into *Flanders*,
'tis pity.
To conquer the *French* King is not their Deſign,
Tho' that's their Pretence, but to drink up his Wine;
'Tis a Liquor, they ſay, will make them Divine,
to their Glory.
If a Peaſant that's drunk is as great as a King,
Then what is a Prince, a very fine thing,
And a Number of Princes will make the World ring
with their Story.
In a Council of War theſe Tatterdemallions
Having drunk off their Wine not by Quarts but by
Gallons;
Who tho' not fit for Soldiers are very good Stallions,
what d'ye think Sir?
Conſidering their Number, to make all things ſure,
A deſperate Diſeaſe wants a deſperate Cure,
We will inſtantly raiſe the Siege of *Namure*;
firſt let's drink, Sir.
They boaſt and they brag that we have a thing,
Some call him a P——, ſome call him a K——,
However he's ſomething, Hey Ding a Ding ding,
to the matter.
We'll

We'll beat them by Sea, and we'll beat them by Land;
It is a Royal Deſcent, you muſt underſtand,
To ruin the *French*. and unpeople the Land,
not to flatter.
At the *French* as yet you have no reaſon to Jeer us,
For if you conſider the Battle of *Flerus*,
You have little Mind any more to come near us:
ſo Good-Morrow.
Beſides you well know too when *Mons* was a taking,
Each Prince that looks big now, did then fall a ſhaking,
And found its Relief was a mad Undertaking,
to their Sorrow.
Nay further, your Courage did plainly appear,
When Politick *Æſop* fell foul on the Rear,
And cut off ten Thouſand; then Princes ſtand clear,
was the Word, Sir.
Your Cities are taken, your Armies are beat,
Namure is our own, now ſound a Retreat,
And brag of what Miſchief you've done to our Fleet,
not a T——, Sir.

CURSE, 1690.

CUrs'd be the Stars which did Ordain
Queen *Beſs* a Maiden-Life ſhould Reign;
Married ſhe might have brought an Heir,
Nor had we known a *S* —— *t* here.
Curs'd be the Tribe who at *Whitehall*
Slew one o'th Name, and ſlew not all.
Curs'd be the Second, who took Gold
From *France*, and *Britain*'s Honour Sold:
But Curs'd of all be, *J*—— the laſt,
The worſt of Kings, of Fools the beſt.

And

And doubly Curſed be thoſe Knaves,
Who out of Loyalty would make us Slaves,
Curs'd be the Clergy who deſire
The *French* to bring in *James* the Squire,
And ſave your Church ſo as by Fire.
Curſt be the Earl of *T*——*ton*,
Who almoſt had three Lands undone;
Who out of Fear, of Pride, or Gain,
Betray'd our Land, and loſt her Main.
Curs'd be the Miniſters of State,
Who keep our Fleet till 'tis too late;
Who have Six Weeks the Cauſe diſputed,
When the whole in two might have recruited.
Curs'd be the Name of *Engliſh-man*,
To Curſe it more, live *T*——*ton*.
Let Reſolution only be
King *William*'s noble Property:
He hath done what we ne'er could do,
Ill to himſelf, to us been true,
Prove that among us, and curſe me too.

Anſwer to the Prophecy, As when 'the Knight, *&c.*

WHen *J*— and his Army ſhall run from the *Boyne*,
And *England* ſtand bleſt to the altering their Coin;
When Plots laid in Hell can never ſucceed,
But the Traytors found out and lop'd like a Weed;
When thy Armies deſert thee for want of their Pay,
And thoſe that don't run thou forceſt away;
When the Fleet plays Bopeep, and ſculks up and down,
And dares not make Head like a Fleet of Renown;

When

When old Age ſhall ſeize thee, and thy Senſes decay,
And thy Counſels of Prieſtcraft ſhall lead the wrong (way;
Then, *Lewis*, I tell thee thou'rt a curſed damn'd Tool;
Thus to be expos'd for the ſake of a Fool:
When the Weight is too heavy in oppreſſing the Land,
That every Man's Mark'd with want in his Hand.

On the Exchequer Bills.

PRAY Sir, did you hear of a late Proclamation,
To ſend Paper for Payment quite thro' the Nation?
Yes Sir, I have, they're your *M*——*e*'s Notes,
Tinctur'd and colour'd by our Parliament Votes:
But it is plain on the People to be but a Jeſt,
They go by the Carrier, and come by the Poſt.

A Ballad on the Poll-Act.

A Poll and Land-Tax are now coming forth,
for our Deliverance they Travel in Birth,
And 'tis to pay for a thing more than it's worth,
VVhich no body can deny.
To pay our juſt Taxes was once thought too much,
But now Extraordinary Charity is ſuch,
VVe Bankrupt our ſelves for maintaining the *D*——;
Which, *&c.*

A Tax for the Land, and a Poll for the Head,
In this both the Houſes juſtly agreed,
For our Eſtates and our Heads are all forfeited;
Which, *&c.*

If we tax or poll on for a Year or two more,
The *French* I dare ſay will ne'er touch on our Shore,
For fear of the Charge of maintaining the Poor;
Which, *&c.*

Seeing nothing is done, for a Quarterly Poll
Is like taking Phyſick which gives one no Stool,
Make the Doctor a Knave, and the Patient a Fool;
Which, *&c.*

Since it is for Religion we make ſuch ado,
There's no way to prove our Pretenſions true,
Like parting with our Gold and Conſciences too;
Which no body can deny.

A Panegyrick, 169⅞.

HAIL happy *W*——, thou art ſtrangely great,
What is the Cauſe, thy *Virtue* or thy *Fate*?
For thee the Child the Parents Hearts will ſting,
For thee Favourite will deſert his King;
For thee the Patriot will ſubvert the Laws,
For thee the Judge will ſtill decide the Cauſe;
For thee the Prelate will the Church betray.
For thee the Soldier fights without his Pay.
For thee the Freeman mortgages his Hold,
For thee the Miſer laviſhes his Gold;
For thee the Merchant loſes all his Store,
For thee the Tradeſman is content and poor;
For thee the Senate our beſt Laws ſuſpend,
And will make any new to ſerve thy End:

The chief Deſign of all their Loyal Votes,
Is to invent new Ways, new Means and Plots,
No Credit in the Land but thine will paſs,
Nor ready Money if it want thy Face.
Thy Loyal Slaves love thy Oppreſſion more,
Than all their Wealth and Liberty before.
For thee and Tyranny they all declare,
And beg the Bleſſing of Eternal War.
And that this Wonder may more wondrous ſeem,
Thou never yet didſt one kind thing for them.
Rebels like Witches having ſign'd the Rolls,
Muſt ſerve their Maſters, tho they damn their Souls.

On the Earl of Caſtlemain's *Embaſſy to* Rome *in King* James *II. Reign.* 1687.

LET Mighty *Ceſar* not diſdain to view
Theſe Emblems of his Power and Goodneſs too
A ſhort Eſſay, but fraught with *Ceſar*'s Fame,
And ſhews how diſtant Courts Eſteem his Name.
Here may'ſt thou ſee thy wondrous Fortune trac'd;
With Sufferings firſt, and then with Empire grac'd
Long toſs'd with Storms on Faction's ſwelling Tide,
Thy Conduct and thy conſtancy was try'd;
As Heaven deſign'd thy Vertue to proclaim,
And ſhew the Crown deſerv'd before it came.
Troy's Hero thus, when *Troy* could ſtand no more,
Urg'd by the Fates to leave his native Shore,
With reſtleſs Toil, on Land and Seas was toſs'd,
E'er he arriv'd the fair *Lavinian* Coaſt.

Thu

Thus *Maro* did his mighty Hero feign.
Auguſtus claim'd the Character in vain,
Which *Britain*'s *Cæſar* only can ſuſtain.
Permit, dread Sir, my Muſe, tho mean, to own
A Truth to *Albion* and to *Europe* known:
You are what *Virgil* feign'd his Prince to be,
Your Valour ſuch, and ſuch your Piety.
Now *Theſeus* Deeds we can receive for true,
And *Hercules* was but a Type of you:
He made the fierce *Lernean* Monſter bleed,
From Hydra Faction you have *Albion* freed.
The paths of Glory trod, and Dangers paſt,
Juſt Heaven allows a peaceful Throne at laſt:
At home to ſhew th' Indulgence of a God,
And ſend your peaceful Miniſters abroad.
While *Palmer* haſtens to the *Roman* Court,
(And fraught with Worth that Honour to ſupport)
His glorious Train and paſſing Pomp to view,
(A Pomp that ev'n to *Rome* it ſelf was new)
Each Age, each Sex the *Latin* Turrets fill'd,
Each Age and Sex in Tears of Joy diſtill'd:
While Wonder them to *Statues* did convert;
And thoſe e'en ſeem'd that were the works of Art,
Emblems and Figures of ſuch Life and Force,
As wanting Speech did to the Eye diſcourſe,
And ſhew, what was deſpair'd in Ages paſt,
An univerſal Language found at laſt.
Hail *Palmer*, Hail Illuſtrious Miniſter!
To *Cæſar*, *Britain*, Fame, and Virtue dear;
Cæſar to repreſent, Great *Cæſar*'s Voice
Nam'd *Caſtlemain*; the *Britiſh* Shores rejoice,
And *Tyber*'s Banks applaud great *Cæſar*'s Choice.
How therefore could the Muſes ſilent be,
And none can want a Muſe that writes of thee!
From thine, not *Phebus* Tree, my Song I'll raiſe,
And crown'd with Palm, I will contemn the Bays.

On the Lord Treby's *Death.* 1700.

JUſtitiæ Defenſor eras, Defenſor Honeſti;
Defenſor Patriæ, publicus Orbis amor.
Regcarus eras, Viduis & patribus Orbis;
Auxilium attuleras, repuleraſque neſas.
Nulla tamen virtus, pietas, & premia Laudum,
Continure tuas, Mors truculenta, Manus.
Tu Pallas inopumque Caſus, & culmina Regum,
Omnis & imperio eſt ſubdita Terra tuo.
Sed Trebius poſt fata tamen, poſt funera vivit;
Mortis & Imperium ſub pede Fama premit.

On King William's *Statue at* Dublin *in Memory of the Victory at the* Boyne, July *1ſt*, 1690.

Monumentum Ære perennius.

HOW Nobly did our grateful City join
To repreſent King *William* at the *Boyne*;
And yet their Statue (we muſt all confeſs)
Tho it ſpeaks *Dublin* great, makes *William* leſs:
For where are Heaps of Slain, where Streams of Blood?
Where does it ſhew how Guardian Angels ſtood,
Watching

Watching to turn aſide the fatal Ball,
And in one Royal Perſon ſav'd us all?
Where may we ſee the dreadful *Scomberg* loſt,
And *William* routing all the trembling Hoſt,
Which once did like the fam'd Armado boaſt?
He could no leſs in juſt Revenge intend,
Than ſuch a General fall for ſuch a Friend.
Where do we ſee them all diſorder'd fly,
As if their Safety in their Heels did lie,
And they would baſely live, not bravely die?
The Artiſt knew no Skill could fully ſhew
That Conqueſt, all to his bold Conduct owe.
No Hand can make his warlike Spirit known
To long ſucceeding Ages, but his own;
And when all Braſs conſumes, all Marbles waſt,
Great *Naſſau*'s Glories, and the *Boyne* ſhall laſt.

On the Counteſs of Dor------r *Miſtreſs to King* J----- *II.* 1680. *By the Earl of* D-----.

1.

TELL me *Dormida*, why ſo gay,
Why ſuch Embroidery, Fringe, and Lace?
Can any Dreſſes find a way
To ſtop the Approaches of Decay,
And mend a ruin'd Face?

2.

Wilt thou ſtill ſparkle in the Box,
And ogle in the Ring?
Canſt thou forget the Age and Pox?
Can all that ſhines on Shels and Rocks
Make thee a fine young thing?

3.

So have I ſeen in Larder dark
Of Veal a lucid Loin,
Repleat with many helliſh Spark,
As wiſe Philoſophers remark,
At once both ſtink and ſhine.

A Pſalm ſung the 30th *of* January, 1696. *At the* C----s-H---d *Club.*

1.

THERE was a K—— of a *S*——*h* Race,
A Man of muckle Might,
He never was ſeen in a Battel great,
But greatly he would ſh——
This K—— begat another K——,
Which made the Nation ſad,
Was of the ſame Religion,
A Papiſt, with his Dad.

2.

This Monarch wore a pecked Beard,
And ſcorn'd a doughty Hero;
As *Diocleſian* Inſolent,
And merciful as *Nero.*
The Charges darling Implement,
But Scourge of all the People,
He ſwore he'd make each Mother's Son
Adore their Idols Steeple.

3.

But they perceiving his Deſign,
Grew plaguy ſly and jealous,
And fairly cut his C——H—— off,
And ſent him to his Fellows.

Old

Old *R*——y did ſucceed his Dad,
Such a King was never ſeen;
He'd f—— with every common Drab,
But ſeldom with his Queen.

4.

Reſtleſs and hot, about he roll'd
The Town from Whore to Whore;
A Monarch merry he lived,
But ſcandalous and poor.
His Dogs would ſit at Council-Board
Like Judges in their Furs;
We queſtion much who had moſt Senſe,
The Maſter or the Curs.

5.

At laſt he dy'd we know not how,
But ſome ſay by his Brother;
His Soul to Royal *Topbet* went
To ſee his Dad and Mother:
Then furious *J*—— uſurp'd the Throne,
To pull Religion down;
But by his Wife and Prieſts undone,
He quickly loſt the Crown.

6.

To *France* the wandring Bigot trudg'd
In hopes Relief to find,
Which he is like to have from thence,
E'en when the Devil is blind.
O how ſhould we rejoyce and pray,
And never ceaſe to ſing,
If Biſhops too were caſt away,
And baniſh'd with their K——!
Then Peace and Plenty would enſue,
Our Bellies would be full;
Then we would laugh and ſmile,
As in the Days of *Noll*.

An Answer to a Jacobite Panegyrick upon Sorrel.

INsulting Ass! Who basely couldst revile
The Guardian Angel of our wretched Isle;
Who now retiring from the Scenes of Wars,
Is known and number'd 'midst the shining Stars!
Perform'd a Work, which when he was below,
None but a Soul like his could undergo.
Britons enslav'd, he did with *Freedom* bless,
And broke the Chains their shackl'd Legs did press.
Belgia he did protect and sav'd its Land;
And made in awe the *Gallic* Tyrant stand;
He mark'd the Way to make all *Europe* free,
And gave the Mortal Wound to Slavery.
Too soon, alas! Too soon this Monarch fell!
Yet after Ages shall his Honour tell;
When *Britain* feels his Loss, its Natives shall
In vain to Heav'n for such a Monarch call.
For ever be that stumbling Beast accurst;
Got by a *Tory*, by a *Devil* nurst.
And may for ever that unlucky Steed
Only on *Briars* and on *Thistles* feed.

On the Expedition to Cales *under the D. of* Ormond. 1702.

WHether by Sea our mighty *Ormond* flies,
Or elſe encamp'd on foreign Lands he lies,
May ſtill Propitious *Fate* his Arms attend,
Still may the Gods, and Fortune be his *Friend*!
Let *England*'s Genius guide him in the War,
Let him the Darling of the Gods appear!
May Conqueſt ſtill attend the *Britiſh* Sword,
And Barren Lands Triumphant Wreaths afford:
May *Engliſh* Valour, like the Sun, diſperſe
Its martial Rays thro the whole Univerſe.
Let *England*'s *Fame*, like the laſt Trumpets, ſound
From Sea to Sea, from Pole to Pole rebound:
May trembling Nations, when the ſound they hear,
Submit, and ſupplicate the God of War.
England's the Land with greateſt *Freedom* bleſt,
Which Bleſſing ſhe would give to all the reſt.
Thus Mighty *VVilliam* (who her Sceptre ſway'd,
And whom all Men but abject Slaves, obey'd)
When he his *Albion* had from Bondage freed,
And all good Men and Heaven approv'd the Deed;
Europe Enſlav'd he did with Pity View,
And griev'd for men, *Freedom* never knew.
Shall I (ſaid He) *One Nation only Save?*
Why ſhould not others the ſame Freedom have?
VVhat tho the Wretches *do themſelves enthral?*
Compaſſion is a Tribute due to All:
I'll break their Bonds, and ſet all Europe *Free,*
And every Slave ſhall taſt of Liberty.

Belgia

Belgia *with* Albion *ſtrictly is Ally'd*;
In both their Powers I firmly can Confide:
Before their Force what Tyrant Foe can ſtand?
And who'l want Conqueſt, does ſuch Men Command?
Bravely reſolv'd, as bravely he purſu'd;
And had e'er this each Tyrant King ſubdu'd;
But Heav'n eſteem'd what He'd already done,
Who juſtly merited a better Throne:
And ſo from Toil remov'd Him to his Reſt,
T' augment the Number of th' Immortal Bleſt.
Thus ſome Wiſe Architect Foundation lays
Of a great Work would aggrandize,
Which e'er accompliſh'd he his Race has run,
And leaves unfiniſh'd what he had begun:
When ſome good Artiſt, building on his Fame,
With him obtains an Everlaſting Name.
William! the mighty *William* laid the Scene;
He did the work of *Liberty* begin;
He firſt attack'd the Grizly Foe, and gave
Aim to the People would their Freedoms ſave.
Where He left off, our *Ormond* does begin;
He is to finiſh the Illuſtrious Scene.
May all the Heav'nly Powers with Him Combine,
And Bleſs His Arms, as *William*'s at the *Boyne*.

Several

Several Copys of Verſes on her Majeſty's and the Prince's going to Oxford.

The Firſt by Mr. *Harcourt*, Son to Sir *Simon Harcourt*, Sollicitor General to Her Majeſty.

To the QUEEN *at Her coming to* Chriſt-Church.

WHen haughty Monarchs their proud State expoſe,
And Majeſty an awful Greatneſs ſhews;
Their Subjects, *Madam*, with Amazement ſeiz'd,
Gaze at the Pomp, rather ſurpriz'd than pleas'd.
But your more gentle Influence imparts
Wonder at once, and Pleaſure to our Hearts.
Where e'er you come Joy ſhines in ev'ry Face;
Such winning Goodneſs, ſuch an eaſy Grace,
Through all your Realms diffuſive Kindneſs pours,
That ev'ry *Engliſh* Heart's entirely yours.
The *Muſes* Sons with eager tranſport view
Their long deſponding Hopes reviv'd in You,
The *Muſes* Sons to *Monarchy* ever true.
These happy Walls by Royal Bounty Plac'd,
Often with Royal Preſence have been grac'd.
Here Kings to eaſe the Cares attend a Crown,
Preferr'd the *Muſes* Laurels to their own.
And here You once enjoy'd a ſafe Retreat,
From Noiſe and Envy free: To this lov'd Seat,

To

To be a Guest, You then did condescend,
Which now, its happy Guardian, You defend.
Oxford, with joy, beholds the Royal Pair,
And finds her *Muses* are her Prince's Care:
May We presume to claim a nearer Tye;
They are your Subjects, We Your Family,
Accept the Duty then we doubly Owe,
We share Your Presence and Protection too.
So when Great *Jove* within the Country Cell.
Of humble pious *Baucis* meant to dwell,
The bounteous God grac'd her with Gifts Divine,
And where he found his Refuge, fix'd his Shrine.

To the PRINCE, *at his coming to* Christ-Church.

Spoke by Mr. *Comstade*.

AND You, Auspicious Prince, our other Care,
Accept the Duty which Your *Isis* pays,
Whether in Arts of Peace, or Deeds of War,
The Hero justly claims the *Muses* praise.
Aspiring Youth fir'd with a generous flame,
The Tracts of Princely Vertues here pursues;
At once both copy, and admire Your *Fame*,
And all their different *Aims* unite in You.
One, bloody Sieges, and feign'd Camp designs,
And fancied Schemes of future Actions draws,
And early in imaginary Times,
Defends his Countries, and his Prince's Cause.

Others,

Others, the milder Arts of *Phebus* chuſe,
And to ſmooth Numbers from their tuneful Tongue
From You begin, to You direct their *Muſe*,
The Subject and the Patron of their Song.
Illuſtrious Gueſts, Joint-Partners in our Love,
Protect theſe Arts which by Your Influence live.
Thoſe Arts which We with Loyal Zeal improve,
To you return the Vigour they receive.
Whilſt *Ormond* by undaunted Courage led
Regions unknown, and diſtant Foes alarms.
We, *Ormond*'s Care, to early Duty bred,
Learn here to aid Your Councils, and Your Arms.

To the QUEEN *at Supper.*

Spoke by Mr. *Finch*, Son to the Honourable *Heneage Finch* Eſq;

With Love tho rude, we crowd this hallow'd (Place,
And clog that Triumph which we mean to (grace,
To view the QUEEN that frees us from Alarms,
Secures our Quiet, and directs our Arms.
England before its ruin'd Trade deplor'd,
A mourning Victor and diſputed Lord.
Now moulding Fleets in *Gallick* Harbours lie,
Whilſt *Britiſh* Ships their double World defy.
Our Muſes hear the Battles from afar,
And ſing the Triumphs, and enjoy the War.
This now, but ſoon the quivering Spear they'l weild
And lead the ſhouting Squadrons to the Field.

They'll ſerve that Princeſs whom before they ſung,
Defend that QUEEN beneath whoſe Eye they ſprung.
So ſpreading Oaks from lovely *Windſor* born,
Shall ſhelter *Britain*, which they now adorn:
With ſwelling Sails o'er diſtant Seas they'l go,
And guard that Goddeſs by whoſe Care they grow.

To the QUEEN *going to Bed.*

Spoke by Mr. *Pultney.*

MADAM, once more, th' obſequious *Muſe*,
With Zeal, and juſt Ambition fir'd,
Her grateful Homage here renews,
In Numbers by Your ſelf inſpir'd:
And late her willing Duty ſhews,
To guard You to Your ſafe Repoſe.

Within this ſilent humble Cell,
Secure the Gifts of Sleep receive;
No Factions here, or Diſcords dwell,
To break that Reſt the *Muſes* give.
Here daily Cares help to encreaſe,
Not interrupt our mighty Eaſe.

Theſe Walls more happy now, poſſeſt
Of the moſt fair and ſhining Court,
Not in the *Muſes*, but their Gueſt,
Theirs, and the *Muſes*, chief Support.
So *Delphos* was the bleſs'd Abode
Of *Phebus* Prieſts, and of the God.

May Heaven its ſacred Charge defend:
May every *Grace* and every *Muſe*,
Round you with watchful Care attend,

And

And Balms of gentle Sleep infuſe,
Such as the Vertuous only know;
Kind, as the Bleſſings you beſtow,

On the Duke of Ormond's *Succeſs at* Vigo, 1702.

THro Storms of Wind, and ſwelling Seas which (roar,
Our mighty *Ormond* has poſſeſt our Shore.
Fame ran before him like the Morning-Star,
And told his Deeds and wondrous Feats in War;
How he with *Engliſh* Force ſubdu'd
The *Gallick* Ships, and *Spaniſh* Multitude:
Thoſe on the Sea in Flames, outvy'd
The Riſing Sun, and ſcorch'd the flowing Tide.
Th' afrighted Fiſhes to the Ocean ſwim,
And ſay, Great *Ormond*, we're afraid of him.
See on the ſhore the yielding *Spaniards* fly,
And ſee on board their Ships the *Frenchmen* die.
In vain they Boms and Fortreſſes prepare
'Gainſt *Engliſh* Valor, and the fate of War.
What weak Dependance has the Watry Fry?
On what Sea-God or Power can we rely?
See *Neptune* yonder the vaſt Ocean's God,
At ſight of *Ormond* hides his Head in Mud.
The *Tritons*, flouncing thro the Oaſe, repair
To Rocky Caverns from the fate of War,
And all Sea-Monſters bellow from afar.
From *Vigo*'s Port to th' Ocean all make way,
For here, alas! they dare no longer ſtay:

By

By burning Ships the Water's made so hot,
Its Surface bubbles like a boiling Pot.
Half-roasted *Frenchmen*, some o'er Gratings broil'd,
Do mix with *Spaniards* in the Sea parboil'd.
For *Anjou*'s Dinner here's a pretty Dish;
I vow h' has made a Kettle fine of Fish.
Welcom Great *Ormond* to the *English* Land,
With Laurels loaden from a foreign Strand:
Welcom to *England*, as to Sailors Day,
When Storms and Darkness had obscur'd their Way.
Welcome to us, as Mighty *William* was,
When he restor'd us to our Rights and Laws.
With like Respect as th' Senate thought your due,
An honest *English* Heart returns his Thanks to you.

On the Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 12. 1702. *for the Success of her Majesty and her Allies by Sea and Land.*

WHilst *Lewis* the Tyrant *Te Deum* does sing;
And the People rejoice at the Lies of their King,
For the Wealth and the Strength of th' Invincible (*Flota*,
And the Confederates Loss at the Fort of *La Rota*;
While they Temples profane with a Sanctify'd (Cheat,
And backwards praise God who has let 'em be beat;
We join in our Praises for Victories known,
For ev'ry one knows what our Forces have done.
Our Queen to her People her *Actions* ne'er sham'd;
And who will not rejoice, let 'em cry and be damn'd.

The

The *Jacks* and *High-Fliers* this Day keep a Faſt,
Which as long as they live, I pray God it may laſt.
But now ye true *Britons*, who Honour your Queen,
Conſider of late how ſucceſsful ſhe's been;
How *Lewis* lies grovelling beneath her Juſt Arms,
Whilſt our Land is ſecur'd both from Fears and (Alarms.
Let your Bonfires this Night enlighten the Sky,
And even Great *Ormond*'s at *Vigo* outvy:
Let Rockets in th' Air each reſemble a Torch,
And Squibs, like *High-Flyers*, mount over the Church:
Whilſt *Jacks*, like the Bats, into Darkneſs do fly,
And in Holes, juſt as Thruſhes, in Winter do die;
Let each *Briton* this Evening his Bumper drink off,
To *Anna* the Great, but let him know when h'has e- (nough.

On the Recovery of His Royal Highneſs the Prince, Lord High Admiral of England, Novemb. 1702.

ANnals and Statues have the Hero grac'd,
Deſign'd to make their Names and Actions laſt:
And ſince 'tis ſo, 'tis *England*'s Juſtice too,
To rear their Monuments of Praiſe to You.
Departing Hereos, like retiring Light,
That veils the Day, and introduces Night,
Create Regret, as you Great Prince have done,
You whom we all eſteem'd a Setting Sun.

Shades have attempted e'en our Royal Queen;
Shades have attempted, tho' they could not ſkreen,
For thro' thoſe Shades ſtill Majeſty was ſeen.
While *Denmark*'s Darling, and our *Britain's* Love,
With Fate that brought Superior Orders, ſtrove;
Orders that would have rob'd our Mourning Iſle,
And laid our Hopes upon the Funeral Pile.
But now inſtead of Aſhes, Roſes come;
Our Hopes are now reviv'd, as in the Bloom,
Our Prince is Reſcu'd from the craving Tomb.
Let grateful Anthems Eccho to the Skies,
In Strains that Imitate their Harmonies,
The Zeal, the Gratitude, the Praiſe we own,
To that Above, for Bleſſings on our Throne.
Hail happy Pair! May Forreign Shores reſound,
And waft the VViſh the Univerſe around;
VVhilſt all but *France* and *Spain* the VVords re-
(bound.
Great *Anna*, as You both adorn the Crown,
May both your Loves increaſe by being One:
Like You, may we your Subjects all unite;
In Harmony as well as You, delight,
And *England* againſt *England* never Fight.

On

On the French *Proteſtants Extolling their Prince, notwithſtanding his forcing them to Abandon their Native Country.*

HAppy the People where no Prieſt gives Rules,
Whoſe ſlaviſh Doctrines fetter free-born Souls:
VVhere unconſtrain'd Obedience is paid
Only to Laws that we our ſelves have Made:
Such *England* is, and ſuch She ſhall remain,
Beneath the Bleſſings of Great *William*'s Reign.
VVhere Prince and People gratefully do ſtrive;
He guards our Rights, We His Prerogative..
Then Curs'd be thoſe who would our Rights betray
To the vain Luſts of Arbitrary Sway;
Who proud of *Miſery*, and fond of Chains,
Extol the Beauty of Deſpotick Reigns.
But let that Prieſt be Curs'd for Evermore,
VVho has ſo ſoon forgot the Chains he wore,
Condemn'd again to *Gallick* VVooden Shooes,
VVho durſt his new-born Freedom thus abuſe.
Let him go home and Preach that Doctrine, where
The Subjects Birth-right is Eternal Fear,
Thoſe little *French* Devices won't take here.
Muſt ſuch a paltry Vagabond as he
Preſume to cenſure *Engliſh* Liberty?
Why prithee Fool, what are our Rights to thee,
Thou wert born and bred in Slavery?
In vain 'tis then, that we our Gifts beſtow
On thoſe that would our Happineſs o'erthrow;

Who nurs'd with Charity and bleſt with Peace,
Grow wanton under unaccuſtom'd Eaſe:
Shall impudently dare to recommend
Thoſe Slaveries from which we them defend.
I vain Abroad for Freedom do we Fight, (Right.
If theſe warm'd Snakes at home abuſe our Native

On Her Majeſty's Birth-Day, Feb 6. 1702.

RIſe, lofty Numbers! Riſe from Scenes of Light,
And let the Dulleſt *Briton* ſee
All ſhades that be,
Yield to diſpelling Harmony,
And try the Charming Eloquence of Verſe.
Ye Mutes. who round the Sable Herſe
Of Mighty *William* late did ſit,
All your dumb ſigns of Grief forget:
Ye living Emblems of Eternal Night,
Each Artificial Spright,
Who would the Muſes and their Sons affright;
Riſe! Riſe! I ſay, your Throats prepare,
Lament no more the God of War,
Nor heed his Trumpets from afar:
Your Throats prepare, and in Melodious Noiſe
To *Anna*'s Fame extend your high exalted Voice.

II.

William the Brave, the Juſt, the Good is gone,
Anna the Vertuous does poſſeſs his Throne:
Æneas (tho' no juſter Prince
Did the Almighty Gods revere,

Or

Or greater General try'd the dubious Fate of War)
Yields to our Mighty *William* now remov'd from (hence
Eliza (who our Chronicles relate,
Guarded ſo well the Seas, and *Britains* State,)
Her Fame to *Anna*'s muſt give place,
Anna does Fly, not Run, in Glory's Race;
Eliza at long Run with Hands imbrew'd
In Blood, the *Spaniſh* daring Force ſubdu'd;
Anna no ſooner mounted on the Throne,
But with one ſtroke ſhe kick'd the *Spaniards* down.

III.

Ah happy *Britons* with two Reigns thus bleſt,
Long ſhall your Flocks and Lowing Herds have reſt;
Your Mighty *Pan*, alas! has left the Plain,
But great *Aſtrea* in his ſtead does Reign:
She too your Flocks from Ravenous Wolves will keep,
She'll guard the Jolly Shepherd and his Sheep:
Beneath your Vines you may in ſafety ſit,
And all the Ills of *Tory Reigns* forget;
When by the *Ax* and *Rope* your Patriots fell,
A Bloody Sacrifice to *Rome* and *Hell*.
May no Curſt *Tory* to her Councils Creep,
Nor have Command by Land, or on the Deep:
May they Dominion never more regain,
To ſhorten ſoon the Scenes of Her Bleſt Reign.
Britons Rejoice, and thank the Heavenly Powers,
They are Her Enemies as well as yours.

The Golden Age Reſtor'd.

A Poem in Imitation of the fourth Paſtoral of Virgil; ſuppos'd to have been taken from a Sibylline Prophecy.

—— Paulo majora canamus.

SIcillian Muſe, begin a loftier Flight,
Not all in Trees and lowly Shrubs delight:
Or if your Rural Shades you ſtill purſue,
Make your Shades fit for able Stateſmens View.

The time is come, by Antient Bards foretold,
Reſtoring the *Saturnian* Age of Gold:
The Vile, Degenerate, VVhiggiſh Offspring ends,
A High-Church Progeny from Heaven deſcends.
O Learned *Oxford*, ſpare no Sacred Pains
To nurſe the Glorious Breed, now thy own *B——ley* (Reigns.
And thou Great *S——l*, Darling of this Land,
Do'ſt foremoſt in that fam'd Commiſſion ſtand;
VVhoſe deep Remarks the Liſtning VVorld admires,
By whoſe Auſpicious Care old *R——gh* Expires,
Your mighty Genius no ſtrict Rules can bind; (find.
You puniſh Men for Crimes, which you want time to
Senates ſhall now like Holy Synods be,
And Holy-Synods Senate-like agree.
M——th and *M——n* here inſtruct the Youth,
There *B——ks* and *Kim——ly* maintain the ſacred Truth.
P——is and *H——lin* here with equal Claim,
Thro' wide *Weſt-Saxon* Realms extend their Fame;

There

There *B---ch* and *Hooper* Right Divine convey,
Nor treat their Biſhops in a human way.
Now all our Factions, all our Fears ſhall ceaſe,
And *Tories* Rule the Promis'd Land in Peace.
Malice ſhall die, and noxious Poiſons fail; (rail:
H——y ſhall ceaſe trick, and *S——* ceaſe to
The Lambs ſhall with Lions walk unhurt,
And *H——x* with *H——* meet civilly at Court.
Viceroys, like Providence, with diſtant Care,
Shall Govern Kingdoms where they ne'er appear:
Pacifick Admirals to ſave the Fleet,
Shall fly from Conqueſt, and ſhall Conqueſt meet:
Commanders ſhall be prais'd at *William*'s Coſt,
And Honour be retriev'd before 'tis loſt.
Br——ton and *Bu——by* by the Court ſhall grace,
And *H——* ſhall not diſdain to ſhare a Place.
Forgotten *Molineux* and *Maſon* now
Revive and Shine again in *F--* and *H---*.
But as they ſtronger grow, and mend their Strain,
By choice Examples of King *Charles*'s Reign;
Bold *Bel-fis* and Patriot *Da--nant* then,
One ſhall employ the Sword, and one the Pen:
Troops ſhall be led to Plunder, not to Fight,
The Tool of Faction ſhall to Peace invite, (unite
And Foes to Union be imploy'd the Kingdoms to
Yet ſtill ſome *Whigs* among the Peers are found,
Like Brambles Flouriſhing in Barren Ground.
Som--rs maliciouſly employs his Care
To make the Lords the Legiſlature ſhare.
B-----t declares how *French* Dragooning roſe,
And Biſhops Perſecuting Bills oppoſe:
Till *Ro----r*'s cool Temper ſhall be fir'd, (mir'd.
And *N——th*'s and *Not---m*'s ſtrong Reas'nings be ad-
But when due Time their Counſels ſhall mature,
And freſh Removes have made the Game ſecure;
When *Som——et* and *Dev——ire* give place
To *Winham*'s *B——d*, and *R——d*'s Grace,

Both Converts great; when Juſtice is refin'd,
And Corporations garbled to their Mind,
Then Paſſive Doctrines ſhall with Glory riſe,
Before them hated Moderation flies,
And Antichriſtian Toleration dies.
Gr——ile ſhall ſeize the long expected Chair,
Go——in to ſome Country Seat repair;
P——ke from all Employments be debar'd,
And *Mar——gh* for antient Crimes receive his juſt
(Reward.
France, that this happy Change ſo wiſely has begun,
Shall bleſs the great Deſign, and bid it ſmoothly run.
Come on, Young *J*——'s Friends, this is the time,
(come on;
Receive juſt Honours, and ſurround the Throne.
Boldly your Loyal Principles maintain,
H——s now rules the State, and *R——* the Main.
Gr——es is at hand the Members to reward,
And Troops are to your own *Gr——rd.*
The faithful Clubs aſſemble at the *Vine*,
And *French* Intrigues are broach'd o'er *Engliſh* Wine.
Freely the S——te the Deſign Proclaims,
Affronting *W——m*, and applauding *J——es.*
Good antient Members with a ſolemn Face,
Propoſe that Safety give to Order place;
And what they dare not openly diſſuade,
Is by Expedients ineffectual made.
E'en *F——ch* and *Mu--ve*, whom the Court Careſs,
Exalt its praiſes, but its Power depreſs;
And that Impartial Juſtice may be ſeen,
Confirm to Friends what they refus'd the Queen.
Biſhops who moſt advanc'd Good *J——*'s Cauſe
In Church and State, now reap deſerv'd Applauſe:
While thoſe who rather made the Tow'r their Choice,
Are ſtil'd unchriſtian by the Nation's Voice.
Avow'dly now St. *David*'s Cauſe they own,
And *J——es*'s Votes for Simony atone.

Arch-

Archbiſhop *K--n* ſhall from *Longleat* be drawn,
While firm *Non-jurors* from behind ſtand crowding for (the Lawn.
And thou, Great *W-----th*, to reward thy Charge,
Shalt ſail to *Lambeth* in his Grace's Barge.
See by baſe Rebels *J*———*es* the Juſt betray'd,
See his Three Realms by vile U—rs ſway'd;
Then ſee with Joy his Lawful H---- reſtor'd,
And erring Nations own their Injur'd L----.
O would kind Heaven ſo long my Life maintain,
Inſpiring Raptures worthy ſuch a Reign!
Not *Thracian* St. *J---ns* ſhould with me contend,
Nor my ſweet Lays harmonious *Ha*——*nd* mend:
Not tho' young *Davenant* St. *J*——*ns* ſhould protect,
Or the ſhrewd Doctor *H*——*nd*'s Lines correct.
Nay ſhould *Tr---am* in St. *Maws* compare his Songs to mine; (reſign.
Tr----am, tho' St. *Maws* were Judge, his Laurel ſhould
Prepare, Auſpicious Youth, thy Friends to meet;
Sir *G*---- already has prepar'd the Fleet,
Should Rival *Neptune* (who with Envious Mind
In times of Danger ſtill this Chief confin'd)
Now ſend the Gout, the Hero to Diſgrace,
Honeſt *G--- Ch*— may ſupply his Place.

The

The Fourth Paſtoral of Virgil, Engliſhed by Mr. Dryden.

Sicilian Muſe, begin a loftier Strain,
Tho' lowly Shrubs and Trees that ſhade the Plain
Delight not all; *Sicilian* Muſe, prepare
To make the Vocal Woods deſerve a Conſul's Care.

The laſt great Age, foretold by Sacred Rhymes,
Renews its finiſh'd Courſe, *Saturnian* Times
Roll round again, and mighty Years begun
From their firſt Orb, in Radiant Circles run.
The baſe degenerate Iron Off-ſpring ends;
A Golden Progeny from Heaven deſcends.
O chaſt *Lucina*, ſpeed the Mother's Pains,
And haſt the glorious Birth, thy own *Apollo* Reigns.
The Lovely Boy, with his Auſpicious Face,
Shall *Pollio*'s Conſulſhip and Triumph grace, (Race.
Majeſtick Months ſet out with him to their appointed
The Father Baniſh'd Virtue ſhall reſtore,
And Crimes ſhall threat the guilty World no more:
The Son ſhall lead the Life of Gods, and be
By Gods and Heroes ſeen, and Gods and Heroes ſee:
The jarring Nations he in Peace ſhall bind,
And with Paternal Virtues rule Mankind.
Unbidden Earth ſhall wreathing Ivy bring,
And Fragrant Herbs (the Promiſes of Spring)
As her firſt Off'rings to her Infant King.
The Goats with ſtrutting Dugs ſhall homeward ſpeed,
And lowing Herbs ſecure from Lions feed.
His Cradle ſhall with riſing Flowers be Crown'd,
The Serpents Brood ſhall die, the Sacred Ground
Shall

Shall Weeds and poiſonous Plants refuſe to bear,
Each Common Buſh ſhall *Syrian* Roſes wear,
But when Heroick Verſe in his Youth ſhall raiſe,
And form it to Hereditary Praiſe;
Unlabour'd Harveſts ſhall the Fields adorn,
And cluſter'd Grapes ſhall bluſh on every Thorn:
The knotted Oaks ſhall ſhowers of Honey weep,
And thro' the matted Graſs the liquid Gold ſhall creep.
Yet of old Fraud ſome Footſteps ſhall remain,
The Merchant ſtill ſhall Plough the Deep for Gain;
Great Cities ſhall with Walls be compaſs'd round,
And ſharpned Shares ſhall vex the fruitful Ground:
Another *Eyphis* ſhall new Seas explore,
Another *Argos* land the Chiefs upon th' *Iberian* Shore;
Another *Helen* other Wars create,
And Great *Achilles* urge the *Trojan* Fate.
But when to ripen'd Manhood he ſhall grow,
The greedy Sailor ſhall the Seas forego:
No Keel ſhall cut the Waves for Foreign Ware,
For every Soil ſhall every Product bear:
The labouring Hind his Oxen ſhall disjoin, Vine;
No Plow ſhall hurt the Glebe, no Pruning-hook the
Nor Wooll ſhall in diſſembled Colours Shine.
But the Luxurious Father of the Fold,
With Native Purple, or unborrow'd Gold,
Beneath his Pompous Fleece ſhall proudly ſweat,
And under *Tyrian* Robes the Lamb ſhall Bleat,
The Fates, when they this happy Web have ſpun,
Shall bleſs the Sacred Clue, and bid it ſmoothly run:
Mature in Years, to ready Honours move,
O of Celeſtial Seed! O Foſter Son of *Jove!*
See! Labouring Nature calls thee to ſuſtain
The Nodding Frame of Heaven, and Earth and Main:
See to their baſe reſtor'd Earth, Seas and Air,
And joyful Ages from behind in crowding Ranks (appear.
To ſing thy Praiſe, would Heaven my Breath prolong,
Infuſing Spirits worthy ſuch a Song,

No[t]

Not *Thracian Orpheus* ſhould tranſcend my Lays,
Nor *Linus* crown'd with never fading Bays;
Tho' each his Heavenly Parent ſhould Inſpire,
The Muſe inſtruct the Voice, and *Phœbus* tune the (Lyre.
Should *Pan* contend in Verſe, and thou my Theme,
Arcadian Judges ſhould their God condemn.
Begin, Auſpicious Boy, to caſt about (out:
Thy Infant Eyes, and with a Smile thy Mother ſingle
Thy Mother well deſerves that ſhort Delight,
The nauſeous Qualms of ten long Months and Travel (to requite.
Then ſmile, the frowning Infants Doom is read,
No God ſhall crown the Board, nor Goddeſs bleſs (the Bed.

Advice to a Painter, 1697.

WHAT Hand, what Skill can frame the Artful Piece,
To paint our Ruins in a proper Dreſs?
Inſpire us, *Denham*'s Genius, whilſt we write,
Urg'd by true Zeal to do our Country right;
As when the daring Artiſts taught by you,
With Maſter-Strokes the firſt bold Landſkip drew.
Here, Painter, here employ thy utmoſt Skill;
With War and Slav'ry the large Canvas fill:
And that the Lines be eaſier underſtood,
Paint not with fading Colours, paint with Blood;
Blood of our braveſt Youth in Battel ſlain,
At *Steenkirk* ſpilt, or *Landen*'s fatal Plain;
Or that which flow'd, and does juſt Heaven invoke,
When *F— k* yielded to the fatal Stroke.

Firſt

First draw the (*R*) Hero ſeated on the Throne,
Spite of all Law, himſelf obſerving none;
Let *Engliſh* Rights all gaſping round him lie,
And native Freedom thrown neglected by:
On either Hand the Prieſt and Lawyer ſet,
Two fit Supporters of the Monarch's Seat.
There in a greazy Rotchet cloth'd deſcribe
The bulky Oracle of the Preaching Tribe;
That ſolid neceſſary Tool of State,
Profoundly Dull, Divinely Obſtinate.
Here with polluted Robes juſt reeking draw
The Adulterous Moderator of the Law;
Whoſe wrinkled Cheeks and fallow Looks proclaim,
The ill Effect of his diſtemper'd Flame.
Next cringing B-*n*——*g* place, whoſe Earth-born (Race
The Coronet and Garter does diſgrace;
Of undeſcended Parentage made great
By Chance, his Vertues not diſcover'd yet:
Patron of the Nobleſt Order; O be juſt
To thy Heroick Founder's injur'd Duſt!
From his ignoble Neck thy Collar tear,
Let not his Breaſt thy Rays of Honour wear;
To black Deſigns and Luſts let him remain
A ſervile Favourite, and Grants obtain:
While antient Honours ſacred to the Crown
Are laviſh'd to ſupport the Minion.
Pale envy rages in his canker'd Breaſt,
And to the *Britiſh* Man a Foe profeſt.
Artiſt retire, 'twere Inſolence too great
T' expoſe the Secrets of the Cabinet;
Or tell how they their looſer Minutes ſpend,
That guilty Scene would all chaſt Eyes offend.
For ſhould you pry into the cloſe Alcove,
And draw the Exerciſe of Royal Love,
K-pp--ll and He are *Ganimede* and *Jove*.
Avert the Omen, Heavens, O may I ne'er
Purchaſe a Title at Rate ſo dear:

In

In ſome mean Cottage let me die unknown,
Rather than thus be Darling of a Throne.
Now Painter, now thy Art is at a ſtand,
For who can draw that *Proteus S--d——d*?
The deep Reſerves of whoſe Apoſtate Mind,
No Skill can reach, no Principles can bind;
Whoſe working Brain does more Diſguiſes bear
Than ever yet in Viſion did appear.
A ſupple, whiſp'ring Miniſter, ne'er juſt,
Confided ſtill, ſtill failing in his Truſt,
And only conſtant to unnat'ral Luſt.
For Witchery and Proſtituted Faith made great,
Yet this is he that muſt ſupport the Weight,
And prop the Ruins of a falling State.
Artiſt proceed, next the brib'd Senate draw,
That Arbitrary Body above Law;
Place Noiſe and Faction, and Diſorder there,
And formal *Paul* ſet mumping in the Chair;
Once the chief Bulwark of the Church and State,
Their Darling once, but now their Fear and Hate:
So rich a Cordial, when its Virtues ſpent,
Contributes to the Death it ſhould prevent.
Of publick Treaſure laviſhly Profuſe,
Large Sums diverted to their private uſe;
By Places, and by Bounties largely paid,
For Rights given up, and Liberties betray'd.
Expoſe the Mercenary Herd to View,
And in the Front, Imperious *M —— gue*:
With venal Wit, and Proſtituted Senſe,
With Matchleſs Pride, and matchleſs Impudence;
To whoſe ſucceſsful Villany we owe
All his own Ills, and all that others do.
Slaviſh Exciſes are his Darling Sin,
And Chequer-Bills the Project of his Brain;
No publick Project, but conducing moſt
To raiſe his Fortune at the Publick Coſt.
Order and Precedents are Terms of Courſe,
Too weak to interrupt his rapid Force;

Till Wiſer Commons ſhall in time to come
Their Antient Engliſh *Principles reſume,*
And give their baſe Corrupter his juſt Doom.
Thus have I ſeen a Whelp of Lion's Brood
Couch, Fawn, and Lick his Keeper's Hand for Food,
Till in ſome fatal Hour the generous Beaſt,
By an Inſulting Laſh, or ſome groſs Fraud oppreſs'd,
His juſt Reſentment terribly declares,
Diſdains the Marks of Slavery he wears,
And his weak Feeder into pieces tears.
Here Painter draw our Politician *B——le*,
That fawning Arſe-worm with his cringing Smile;
Relations, Country, Court do all deſpiſe him,
He's grown ſo low ev'n B--g---ry can't riſe him.
Let *Gaffney*'s noble Hangman next advance,
And tell his Fears of Popery and *France*;
And for the bluſt'ring Pedant leave a ſpace,
Who wears *Corinthian* Metal in his Face:
See where the florid Warlike *C---tts* appears,
As brave and ſenceleſs as the Sword he wears.
Here *Sloan* baits *S——ur*, *L——ton Jack H——*,
And all the while old *Bowman* cries Bow Wow.
To *P---ms* and *Sc——land*, and the *Yorkſhire* Crew
By *Sm--th* directed, the next Station's due.
Sm-th wſtilſt he ſeems good-natur'd, frank and kind,
Brays th'inveterate Temper of his Mind.
To the Chit *Sp——r* Painter next be juſt,
That weak ſour Off-ſpring of a forced Luſt,
Which his unnatural Father grudg'd to ſpare
From his *Italian* Joy, and ſpoil his Heir;
From hence that aukward Politician came,
To Commonwealth, which he admires, a Shame,
A Slave to Kings, tho' he abhors the Name.
He votes for Armies, talks for Liberty,
In th' Houſe for Millions, out for Property:
Thus Father-like, with Flattery Betrays
That Government which he propos'd to raiſe.

Near

Near him Lord *William* bawls, whose well-stock'd Brain
Out-weighs Chit's Index-Learning half a Grain.
With these as fellow Empricks in design,
Let *VV--ton*, *Rich*, *T--ng*, *Cl--k*, and *Hubbard* join;
Ann let not *H-- les* pass unregarded by.
'Twere endless to recount the meaner Fry
Of yelping Yeas and No's, who bawl by rote,
To multiply the Unites of a Vote;
Oppress't with Clamour Truth and Justice flies,
And thus pursu'd, down hunted Reason lies.
Some few untainted Patriots yet remain,
Who native Zeal and Probity retain;
These sullen draw, disgrac'd and discontent,
Mourning the Ruin which they can't prevent.
But Painter hold—— Reserve the vacant Room
For Knaves in Embrio, and Rogues to come;
Who undiscover'd yet with Ease betray,
And sell their Country in a closer way.

An Answer to the Earl *of* Rochester's *Satyr against* Man. Written *by Dr.* P---ck.

WEre I to choose what sort of Corps I'd wear,
I'd not be *Dog*, Lord *Monkey*, nor Earl *Bear*;
But I'd be *Man*, not as I am, the worst;
But *Man* refin'd, such as he was at first.
The *Speechless* State of *Brutes* I would refuse,
For the same Cause another does it chuse,
For then the Reputation I should lose

Of

Of Wit, Extravagance, and Mode, from whence
Reaſon is made to truckle under Senſe.
Or if to Senſe I did ſo much incline,
I'd rather be a Satyr, Goat or Swine;
To help to break the Court-Phyſicians, who
Beſides compounding Luſts have nought to do.
Nature (exceeding Broths) would then excite
Supplies to make a full-meal'd Appetite,
Nor bugbear Conſcience dulling the Delight.
But what need ſuch a *Metamorphoſis?*
Man being *Man*, can e'en do more than this;
Granting the Principle, that Reaſon's uſe,
Is not to curb, but make Senſe more profuſe.
For tho' Man's Life more vigorous is than Brutes,
His Pander Reaſon can contrive Recruits
For its Defects; what Sins the ſenſual Man
Can't do alone, the Reaſonable can.
With uſeful Wit for Senſuality,
An half unfaſhion'd Sinner does deſcry;
He's modiſhly debauch'd who can't tell why:
That ſtirs up ſlow-pac'd Luſt by Argument,
Who to hir'd Senſe gives no Divertiſement,
But calls for more when all its Force is ſpent.
And tho' the bragging Wretch would be content,
Diſabled from more Vice, now to repent,
Upbraided Reaſon ſcorns the puny Motion,
Bids it cheer up, and gives it t'other Potion;
Till after all, when Nature has giv'n o'er,
And Art can buoy up aged Senſe no more,
Reaſon reſerves this Remedy at laſt,
To think thoſe Pleaſures which it cannot taſt.
In this thinking Fool may become wiſe,
And yet think on ſo, that his Thinking lies
In Notions of Venereal Myſteries.
Hence ſprung the reaſoning Arts in former Days,
Of *Spinſtrix*, *Oſcis*, and the Modern ways,
By Baths, Laſcivious Pictures, Jigs and Plays.

If this be Reaſon's uſe, no more we'll call
Clodius Incontinent, but Rational,
And boaſt the Reaſon of *Sardanapal.*
Reaſon nicknam'd, like Quakers new-found Light,
One while call'd Spirit, *alias* Appetite:
A Stupid Reaſon which none will defend,
But he who has Brutes one common end;
Debaſing Reaſon, coupling every Aſs,
E'en with my Lord in the ſame reaſoning Claſs.
I'll be no Student in this reaſoning School;
I'd rather be that Human thinking Fool,
A Cloyſter'd Coxcomb, able to converſe,
Altho alone, with the whole Univerſe;
And reaſoning, into Heaven mount from thence,
Poſt Gazets of Divine Intelligence,
And ſacred Knowledge moſt remote from Senſe.
Might I be plac'd in this exploded Sphere,
I'd not alone forgive that Witty Jeer,
But boaſt the name of *reaſoning Engineer.*
But as for Man made perfect and upright,
Why not the Image of the Infinite?
Were this a Scandal to his Glory, muſt
We for his Honour ſake his Word diſtruſt?
Or is an Image ſuch a very ſame
With what it repreſents, that it muſt claim
Its full Perfections? Sure, my Picture might
Be painted like me, and yet void of Sight.
Muſt the firſt Draught of Man be vilifi'd, (ſtray'd?
Scorn'd and contemn'd, 'cauſe Man himſelf has
Or did not *Eve* ſufficiently tranſgreſs,
And Baſtardize Poſterity, unleſs
Man, little as he is, be made much leſs?
Tho he does not his higher End purſue
So well as does that more Ignoble Crew
Of Birds and Beaſts, that little have to do;
The difficulty of his lofty End
Above the others, does his Cauſe defend,

And

And in the Means a disproportion pleads;
Choice sways the one Instinct, the other leads.
'Tis not 'cause Jowler cries he kills the Hare,
But 'tis because Jowler cannot forbear.
Tho in the Chair of *State* some lolling sit,
That therefore none can sit upright in it,
Is a false Consequence, and void of Wit.
But you your self have taught Man such a way
Unto his Happiness, that he must stray:
For if his *Sense* must usher in his *Rest*,
And never be abridg'd of its request,
He may be drunk and pockey, but ne'er blest.
As for Pride gendering Philosophy,
A Captious word, 'tis what you'll have it be:
Your nice Distinctions have an Art to shew
'Tis good or bad, or neither, as please you.
Some *Sects* love Wrangling, others Pedantry;
But in the Love of Wisdom all agree;
Wisdom, which all acknowledge to be good,
But has the Fate to be misunderstood.
But tho Fools crowd among Philosophers,
The Fault is not the *Sciences*, but theirs;
With all their Flaws our *Bedlam* School I'd choose
Before the madder Taverns leuder Shews.
Tho both are Slaves, I rather do respect
The *Stoick* than the *Epicurean* Sect.
If Sense or Reason once must be deny'd
Reason would tell me, Reason must abide,
The less obnoxious, and the surest Guide.
But since kind Nature has design'd them both
For Human Complement, I shou'd be loth
To give up Human Sense to its own Will,
Or grant a Tyrant Reason leave to kill
Such useless Faculties; my Reason shall
Govern my subject Sense, but not enthral.
Nor shall officious Sense presume to act,
Till Justice Reason authorize the Fact.

That Humane Nature is corrupt I grant;
But was't of Reaſon or the want
That put out the warm Breath of Love? From whence
Sprung Murder firſt, but from malicious Senſe?
Which having once uſurp'd Queen Reaſon's Throne,
'Twas not contented with one Sin alone,
But falling Headlong, plainly ſhows, alas,
By too too fatal Proofs, that that which was
The beſt, corrupted, to the worſt doth paſs.
Hence the acuteſt Wits, when they're defil'd.
Turn moſt Extravagant, Profane and Wild,
Defend Debaucheries, and Senſe advance
To Reaſon, Reaſon out of Countenance,
Making their Knowledge worſe than Ignorance.
But muſt Humanity be quite eras'd,
Becauſe it is from what it was defac'd?
Or muſt the little Reaſon Men yet hold
For their Improvement, be for *Dogs* Fleſh ſold?
Sometimes the Gameſter, when ill Fortune croſſes,
With his laſt Stake recovers all his Loſſes.
He's but a weak Phyſician who gives o'er
His weaker Patient, whom he might reſtore.
But may he ſuffer an Eternal Curſe,
That dares preſcribe a Remedy that's worſe
Than the Diſeaſe it ſelf: when Jowler's lame,
No one expects that he ſhould kill the Game;
But he may hereafter, I am ſure
'Tis beſt not to cut off his Legs but cure.
He that feels Qualms of Conſcience in his Breaſt;
Let him not barter Reaſon with a Beaſt,
But purge the Guilt with which he is oppreſt.
That Honeſty's againſt all Common Senſe,
Is a good Argument for my defence.
If Senſe with that which has ſo good a Name
Is inconſiſtent, Senſe is much to blame;

And

And Reaſon will, ſpite of your Rhyme and Tide
Of Ink, Wit and Contempt, more firm abide,
For having ſuch a Vertue on its ſide.
And Valour to take part with her for Senſe,
As you contrive it, puts no difference
Between the Valiant that are ſo for fear,
And Cowards who wou'd be ſo, but don't dare.
Reaſon could never frame ſo witty a thing,
That Man ſhould fight for fear of Quarreling.
All men, you ſay, for Fools or Knaves muſt go,
And he's a Man himſelf who calls them ſo:
And being Man, is at his own Choice free,
Or in the Rank of Fools or Knaves to be;
Let him be either, or elſe both for me.
But let me, Sir, requeſt, before you ſlip
Into your *Dog*, or *Bear*, or *Monkey*'s Shape,
Whether you think their Brutiſh Form procures
Any Advantages exceeding yours.
Both *Dog* and *Bear*, as well as *Man* will fight,
And (to no purpoſe too) each other bite.
And as for Puggy, all his Virtues lie
In aping Man, the only thing you fly.
The wiſeſt way the Evil to redreſs,
Is to be what you are not more or leſs;
That is not *Man*, *Dog*, *Bear*, nor *Monkey* neither,
But a Rare ſomething of 'em altogether.

The Golden Age Revers'd.

Sicilian Goddeſs, whoſe Prophetick Tongue
Reveals Fate's dark Decrees in Sacred Song;
The preſent vile degenerate Age diſdain,
And ſound the Glories of a future Reign:
When Whigs again ſhall rouſe the drooping Land,
Unnerv'd and weaken'd by a Female Hand.
St——*d* for his great Wealth and Wiſdom known
Has in the Faction's Name ador'd the Riſing Sun,
Secur'd the point, and made the Game their own.
Then *So*——*t*, in whoſe capacious Mind
Learning and ſolid Senſe with Wit are join'd,
Judiciouſly in Council ſhall preſide;
And ev'ry deep Deſign, and ev'ry Project guide,
Then *H*——*x*, by Nature form'd to pleaſe,
Humble in Gratneſs, eaſy of Acceſs,
With unaffected Air the Court ſhall grace,
And ſafe from angry Votes enjoy his Place.
Tonſon and he in frequent cloſe Debate
Shall pondring weigh the buſineſs of the *State*;
Then *D*——*re*, whoſe elevated Chin
Proclaims the happy Vacancy within,
Shall ſhuffle with his Creditors no more,
But pay his Debts, forſake his Dice and Whore.
VVh——*n*, for Valour and for Truth renown'd,
Whoſe very Action is with Juſtice crown'd,
VVhoſe innocent and undeſigning Life
VVas always free from Faction, free from Strife,

Shall

Shall be inveſted with his old Command,
And wreſt the Staff from haughty *Seymour's* hand.
S——*rs*, tho weak in Body, ſtrong in Mind,
No Pox can taint a Subſtance ſo refin'd!
With juſt Applauſes ſhall reſume the Mace?
For now, neglecting Health, and private Eaſe,
He heals Diviſions, and promotes the publick Peace.
Or——*d* ſhall lord it o'er the ſubject Main,
Eager of Battle, negligent of Gain.
M——*n* ſhall put on a Politician's Face,
For Senſe with Riches always does encreaſe;
By railing now, he'll then deſerve a Place.
What if ſometimes when Strumpet lewd appears,
The Rake confeſſing, he the Sage caſhires?
So Puſs transform'd, the Mouſe could not refrain,
But re-aſſum'd her Shape, and mew'd again,
For Nature will in ſpite of Art remain.
Ha——*ngs*, tho now he ſtruts with Comick Mien,
And ſneers and jokes with Countenance ſerene,
Shall gravely quit his Jeſts, and liſping praiſe
The glorious Proſpect of theſe happy Days.]
Young *S*——*nd*, of honeſt Parents born,
Mature in Council, ſhall the Board adorn,
Shall emulate his Father's ſpotleſs Fame,
And with a Faith like his ſecure a laſting Name.
B——*t*, the Glory of the Lawn he wears,
Firm to the Churches Intereſt appears,
Aſſerts and vindicates her injur'd cauſe,
Whene'er invaded by Conforming Foes:
This holy Man ſhall *T*——*n* ſucceed,
Tall *T*——*n*, the Churches awful Head,
Whoſe venerable Fabrick fills the Eye
With ſolemn Apoſtolick Majeſty.
Lambeth rejoice, when one great Prelate dies,
Another, great as he, ſhall ſoon ariſe,
Of equal Gravity, of equal Size.
Than *H*——*ton*, the Commons mighty Chief,
Who with undaunted Zeal oppos'd the word *Retrieve*,

Shall baffle *Harcourt*'s Reaſoning, *Harley*'s Reach,
Muſgrave's Experience, *Seymour*'s Lofty Speech.
Jekyl, who was by his own Merits rais'd,
Shall juſtly be by all admir'd and prais'd.
Jeſſop and he with *Finch*'s Tongue ſhall vie,
And ev'ry Period, ev'ry Trope ſupply:
Bromley's clear Notions, *Granvile*'s Vehemence
Shall yield to *Jervois* Wit and *Pawlet*'s Senſe.
Then *B — le*, like *Sampſon*, for his Hair renown'd,
One was with *Strength* and one with *Beauty* crown'd,
Shall make no ſcruple to wheel round again,
For he ſweet Soul! complies with ev'ry Reign.
Now *Li — ton* diſdains to buy a Place,
But then the long forbidden Chair ſhall grace;
All his Debates ſhall be from Trifles free,
Nor Tale be heard, nor idle Repartee.
K — g in a mixt Capacity ſhall ſhine,
The Lawyers here, and there the Tub Divine.
C — per ſhall leave his Whoring, and grow chaſt;
For ſuch exceſſive Lewdneſs ne'er can laſt.
Str — nd ſhall wiſely talk, and ceaſe to rant;
And *F — g* for get his formal tedious Cant.
Str — ger no longer ſhall a Bully ſeem;
The Tories Terror, and the Whigs Eſteem.
St — pe, that Offſpring of unlawful Luſt,
Begot with more than Matrimonial Guſt,
Who thinks no Pleaſure like *Italian* Joy,
And to a *Venus* Arms prefers a Pathick Boy,
Shall thunder in a *Senate* and the *Field*,
And reap what Fame, or Arms, or Arts can yield,
Go — n, who this mighty Change foreſees,
Advances to their Cauſe by juſt degrees;
And happy they who can ſecure his Heart,
Unvarniſh'd with the falſe diſguiſe of Art,
His Thoughts are free, ſincere and unconfin'd,
His Words the Dictates of an open Mind.
But *S — h* ſure, who now ſurrounds the Throne
With her Innumerable Pygmee-ſpawn,

Can never hope a more Auſpicious Reign,
A kinder Miſtreſs or a greater Queen.
L——ds, *Mey——th*, *Ab——don* and *No——by*,
R——ke, *No——m* and *Ro——er* ſhall fly
To ſome Receſs, and there obſcurely die.
For their unequal Senſe can ne'er ſupport,
The vaſt Ambitious Aims of ſuch a Court.
Ma——ter, *B——ton*, *Ha——am*, *C——ſle*,
The Pride and Glory of our *Britiſh* Iſle,
*S*hall undertake and execute the Noble Toil.
O that my languid Numbers I could raiſe,
High as their Merits, ſounding as their Praiſe!
Not *Man——ring*, tho all his Club ſhould join,
And *So——ſet* himſelf correct each Line,
Could e'er produce Diviner Lays than mine.
Nay, towring *Ha——x*, that Giant Wit,
Tho he tranſcrib'd and own'd what *Prior* writ,
Could not pretend to reach the matchleſs *S*train,
The Poet's Envy, and the Critick's Pain.

The Golden Age, from the Fourth Eclog *of* Virgil, *&c.*

*S**icilian* Muſe, thy Voice and *S*ubject raiſe,
All are not pleas'd with Shrubs and *Sylvan* Lays
Or if we Shrubs and *Sylvian* Lays prepare,
Let 'em be ſuch as ſute a Conſul's Year.

Now *Merlin*'s Prophecies are made compleat,
And *Lilly*'s beſt Events with Credit meet;
Now Baniſh'd Juſtice takes it rightful place,
And *Saturn*'s Days return with *St——art*'s Race.

With

With its own Luſtre now the Church appears,
As one Year makes amends for fourteen Years,
And Joys ſucceed our Sighs, and Hopes ſucceed our Fears.

O Goddeſs, *Genius* of this Favourite Iſle,
On thy own Work, this Revolution, ſmile;
Salute the Pleaſures that come rolling on,
And greet the Wonders Heav'n and Thou haſt done;
Worthy the Glorious Change inſpire our Strains,
Now thy own *Anna* rules, in Her own Kingdom Reigns.

And thou, O *Daſhwood*, by peculiar Care,
Reſerv'd till now to fill *Auguſta*'s Chair,
Behold the Mighty Months Progreſſive ſhine!
See 'em begin their Golden Race in Thine!
Under thy Conſulſhip, Lo! Vice gives way,
And *Whigs* for ever ceaſe to come again in Play.
The Life of Gods the Monarchs ſhall partake,
Belov'd by Gods and Men for Virtues ſake;
As She from Heroes ſprung, brave Acts prefers,
And Heroes copy out their Fame from Hers;
As Kingdoms Rights She with her own maintains,
And where her injur'd F——r Govern'd, reigns.
Hail Sacred Queen! Thy very Enemies own
Thy Lawful Claim, and recognize thy Throne;
Diſſembling Stateſmen ſhall before thee ſtand,
And *H*—— be firſt that kiſs thy Hand;
S—— ſhall change his Temper with his Fate,
And promiſe Duty where he vow'd his Hate,
Seeming for paſt Offences to atone,
By complement Claims he would poſtpone;
Had one but liv'd, that rais'd him, to his Shame,
To let him pack the Cards, and win the Game.
W—— ſhall to St. *James*s Houſe reſort,
And leave his Maſter's Corps to make his Court;
S——ſhall quit the Practice of his Place,
Leave cutting Timber down in *E*——*d* Ch---ſe,
To ſeek for Favour, and prevail for Grace.

Old

Old *R*———ſhall thy Acceſſion ſing,
Hoping to ſerve Thee as he ſerv'd the King;
To keep his Grid-iron while he keeps his Life,
And build freſh Manſion-Houſes for his Wife.
Lions with Lambs united ſhall agree,
And Lambs like Lions, Lions Lambs ſhall be,
And *S*——with *S*—— hail and bow the Knee.
K———ſhall drop his Convocation Spleen,
And *Att*———y quarrels with the Dean,
To joyn in our Allegiance with the Dean,
The Church men and Diſſenters ſhall combine
To pay the Tribute due to *Stuart*'s Line,
As Presbyters with B——ps ſhall comply,
And B——ps ſhall fling out what Presbyters deny;
Like *L*—'s Watermen, whoſe Tempers ſhew,
That look one way while they another row.
Yet ſhall ſome Footſteps of old Fraud remain,
And Ills be practis'd in thy Golden Reign,
M— *en* at Sea ſhall in his Duty fail,
And *Wade* and Daſtard *Kirkby* turn their Tail.
H———at Land his Country ſhall abuſe,
And *B*———by Plund'ring Conqueſt loſe;
While *Britiſh* Troops with *Or*——*nd* at their Head,
Shall meet with Gonqueſt who from Conquſt fled;
And *M*———*gh*, of *William*'s Poſt poſſeſs'd,
Reducing *Liege*, ſhall *France* it ſelf inveſt.
S———'s huge P—— te ſhall before thee preach,
And his dead Lord to flatter thee, impeach;
Old dreaming *W*———*r*, once the Church's Pride,
Shall quit her Intereſt for anther ſide,
Brow-beat his Clergy, and a Chief defame,
Spotleſs as is the Blood from whence he came;
And tho' a Priſoner made in dubious times,
Shall now deſerve the *T*—*r* for real Crimes.
'Midſt *Lords* and *Commons* ſhall Diſputes ariſe,
And one diſſuade what t'other ſhall adviſe.

Proud

Proud *Adriatick O*——— ſhall be known
To ſink the Nation's Money for his own,
And fix the Courtier's *Thefts* upon the *Throne*.
Funds ſhall, as if no Funds there were, appear,
Millions be giv'n the Kingdoms Debts to clear,
Yet ſhall we owe the Millions that we gave,
And pay for what we had not Wit to ſave;
Unleſs ſome Moths that fret the thredbare State,
Prevent our Ruin by their timely Fate,
Unleſs a *P*—— more often *A*———*ts* keeps,
And gives the Queen the Crop which now he reaps.
But when confirm'd in Arts of Empire grown,
Thou ſeeſt thy Reign mature, and fix'd thy *Throne*,
Both Land and Sea thy Sovereign Power ſhall own;
Fearleſs of Loſs, and confident of Gain,
The Merchant ſhall in Safety plough the Main,
The lab'ring Hind ſhall cleave the Country Soil,
And Plenty, riſe and court the Farmer's Toil.
As every Subject ſees his Wrongs redreſs'd,
Views Faction quell'd, and Anarchy ſuppreſs'd,
And Prince and People mutually bleſs'd.

Such be thy Reign, the Fatal Siſters cry,
And ſuch Britannia's *Future Deſtiny*.

Ariſe Auſpicious Queen! the *Times* are come,
When *France* ſhall from thy Mouth expect her Doom;
When Providence ſhall labour in thy Cauſe,
And trembling *Spain* acknowledge *Engliſh Laws*:
Ariſe thou bright inſpirer of my Song,
And vindicate the Blood from whence thou'rt ſprung.
See the conſenting World adore thy Fame!
Heav'n, Earth, and Sea confeſs the Juſtice of thy Claim
See us, for *Thee*, our Vows and Prayers employ,
And coming Ages ſmile in hopes of coming Joy.
Oh! that this Life of mine ſo long would laſt,
As I might ſing thy Future Deeds and paſt,
As on thy riſing Glories I might dwell,
And I in Verſe, as thou in Fame, excel! Not

Not thy own Tate, tho' with thy Laurels crown'd,
Should touch a ſweeter Pipe, or give a ſweeter ſound:
Not Favourite *R*— tho *I*——*y* took his Part,
Should boaſt more Judgment, or reveal more Art;
Not *C* —— *ve* ſtock'd with all his Patron's Praiſe,
Produce a Zeal like mine, or equal Lays;
Tho *C* —— *H*—— his Friend ſhould be,
C——*ve*, if *H*—— were Judg, ſhould yield to me.
Begin, Great Queen, the *Stuart*'s Steps to tread,
And let thy Living Worth exceed the Dead;
Happieſt of Princes in this Climate born,
Entirely *Engliſh*, above thy Enemies Scorn.
Thou ne'er wert dandled on an *A*——'s Knee,
Nor *H* — *r* ſtood Godfather for thee,
But ſprung directly from the *Britiſh* Strain,
Where thou firſt drew'ſt thy Breath, doſt there (commence thy Reign

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A Poem, in defence of the Church of England; In Oppoſition to the Hind and Panther, written by Mr. John Dryden.

IF we into our ſelves, or round us look,
We find a God expreſt in Natures Book.
The Sacred Truth is writ in every Breaſt;
By every Clime and every Tongue confeſt:
Th' inconſtant World kneel'd early to the Sun;
His fruitful Light *Idolatry* begun.
Saturn, *Mercurius*, *Jupiter*, and *Mars*,
Were but the Names of ſeveral wandring *Stars*.

Men

Men worſhip'd with *Idolatry*, like theirs
Who ſlight our Kings, and Court their Miniſters.
Heroes that did great Actions here on Earth,
Were ſaid at laſt to be of Heavenly Birth:
And when no man wou'd own the doubtful Child,
Then *Jove* or *Mars* the eaſie Nymph beguil'd.
But different Climes invented ſeveral Rites;
For Nature in Variety delights:
Some ſacrific'd a Child, others a Ram;
Unlike the Offrings, but the Zeal the ſame
Some cut their Fleſh, and whipt themſelves with Rods,
As if their Blood and Torture pleas'd their Gods.
Bacchas with Feaſts and Revels ſome ador'd;
Devoutly drank, and piouſly they whor'd.
Unnatural Sins defil'd their ſenſual Nights,
Till Heathen Virtue roſe againſt ſuch Rites,
And drove that lewd Religion out of *Rome*,
Damning by Law all *Bachanals* to come.
Apis the *Ox* in *Egypt* was ador'd,
Their Gardens with Green Deities were ſtor'd;
Succeeding Times their Princes Deify'd,
And Prieſts and Temples for the Dead decreed;
In *Venus Fane* * others their Daughters plac'd,
To be deflowr'd by Strangers as they paſt,
Who in her wanton Service entertain'd,
Still gave the Prieſt and Goddeſs what they gain'd.
Thus human Fancy toil'd in vain to find
A Service grateful to the Heavenly Mind.
And untaught Nature gave us a dim ſight
Of Divine Beings, but no further Light.
Our God a Covenant with Mankind made,
The Womans Seed ſhould bruiſe the *Serpent's* Head;
Then *Abram's* Race he for his People choſe,
And holy Prophets from his Loins aroſe.

---

* Selden *Dis Syris*. Cap. 7.

Moſes

Moſes more fully did his Will declare,
And mighty Wonders his Credentials were:
Among the reſt, Error and *Idols* reign'd,
Peculiar Gods each *Legiſlator* feign'd.
At laſt he ſent his Son to guide Mankind
In Sacred Paths, of their great Duty blind;
He taught us Worldly Greatneſs to deſpiſe,
To bear Reproach, and pardon Enemies.
Meekneſs a Virtue, till his time unknown,
(Which Chriſtians properly may call their own)
He planted firſt, then his *Apoſtles* taught
The Truths he preach'd, and Wonders that he (wrought;
And in their Sacred Pages 'tis alone
Man finds his Duty to the Heavenly Throne.
VVho ever read, in Earneſt or in Jeſt,
Of any white unchang'd Immortal Beaſt;
Or of an harmleſs *Hind* that knew no Fear,
Yet fled when Hunters and the Hounds drew near?
Sure never any Brute before complain'd.
The Common Hunt her Company diſdain'd.
Tell me what Young ones are unlike their Dams;
Thy Tales of *Hero* Make, are Heathen Shams.
Friend *Bayes*, I fear this Fable, and theſe Rhymes,
Were thy dull Penance for ſome former Crimes,
When thy free Muſe her own briſk Language ſpoke,
And unbaptiz'd diſdain'd the Chriſtian Yoke.
Thy *Spaniſh Fryer* not thought himſelf reveng'd,
Until thy Stile, as well as Faith, were chang'd.
Our Church refus'd thee Orders, when I find
Her call'd the *Panther*, that of *Rome* the *Hind*.
O wondrous *Hind*, whoſe White no Blood can ſtain
Of Poople maſſacred, or Monarchs ſlain.
Their Wealth, their Friends, and Native Soil men (leave,
Becauſe they can't, as they are bid, believe.
Some tortur'd, of their harſh Converſion die;
Others the Oar in cruel Gallies ply,
Till what their hearts avow, their lips deny.

Of

Of all the Blood in ſuch a Quarrel ſpilt,
Who ſhall abſolve the Abſolvers from their Guilt?
If here thy *Hind* has loſt ſome vocal Blood,
In *France* and *Ireland* ſhe has ſpilt a Flood;
Not in a Legal way, where Treaſon mixt
With breach of Law, the double Guilt perplext.
For ſtill the boaſted Martyr's on her ſide,
Not for Religion, but for Treaſon dy'd:
They ſtuck ſo cloſe, that we could never part
The Prieſt from Traytor in the *Tyburn* Cart,
Nor yet in open Field, where Force with Force
The Brave repel, and kill without remorſe;
But in * cold Blood, all Enmity laid down,
Friendſhip and Joy reſtor'd throughout the Town.
Supinely reſting on a Monarch's Word,
Ten thouſand felt e'er they could fear the Sword.
Lodg'd in his Palace, on pretence of care,
They for Protection ran into the Snare,
So ruſhes on the Hounds the frighted Hare.
The King relenting as it nearer drew,
Having the mighty Ruin full in view,
Wou'd have gone back, but Zeal knew no retreat;
Then kill, ſaid he, all *Hereticks* you meet.
Keep this black Action from ſucceeding time,
Leave none alive, that may reproach the Crime.
Now rings the fatal Bell, Death is let looſe,
He ranges uncontroul'd thro' every Houſe:
Down every Street he pours a Purple Flood,
And mounting Souls prevent their vocal Blood:
The *Guiſe* not ſpares the Huſband of his Child:
Next the too eaſy *Admiral* is kill'd:
A croſs their Badge, and *Heretick* the Word,
(A ſtrange Commiſſion to a Chriſtian Sword)
A like all Ranks, all Ages, Sexes, fare:
Thy *Hind* bids kill, and 'tis a Crime to ſpare.

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* *The Maſſacre under* Charles *the* 9th *of* France, 1572.

The

The * *Lion* and his Shaggy Dam ſtood by,
And from their Windows clapt the *Tragedy.*
Zeals runs thro' every Province with like Rage,
Nor cou'd two Months the Purple Blood aſſwage.
The Pope himſelf did the vaſt Murder bleſs,
And gave God Publick Thanks for the Succeſs:
Before King *Philip*, in a *Spaniſh* Rant,
'Twas ſtil'd the Triumph of Church Militant.
Thus *Romiſh* Fury like the Plague deſtroys,
Baths in Kings Blood, and Maſſacres enjoys.
So the third *Henry* fell, from the Prieſt's Knife;
In vain ten Legions guard his Sacred Life.
The vile Aſſaſſinate thought Heaven his own,
When he the more than Helliſh Act had done;
His † *Holineſs* the *Murderer* extoll'd,
And *Clement* in the Book of Life enroll'd.
Next by *Ravilliac*'s Hand Great ‖ *Bourbon* dies,
Belov'd and guarded by his Enemies:
No publick Rage, ſcarce any private Frown,
All but the Church ſubmitted to the Crown;
By a hot Novice's miſguided Zeal,
In his full Glory, that Great *Hero* fell.
Three ** Popes with their Church Thunder ſhake his Throne,
No *Heretick* Right Learned Clergy own:
Birth-right, Deſcent, and Title, they declare
Not to be valued in a Pious War;
Nor wou'd the *States* admit him to the Crown,
Till firſt the Church receiv'd him for her Son.
Kings are but means, Church Greatneſs is the End;
He has beſt Right who will her Right defend.
Queen *Mary*'s Reign might a juſt Poem make,
Where Priſons, Whips, and Burning at the Stake

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* Charles *the 9th, and the Queen Mother.* ‡ *Sixtus Quintus.*
‖ Henry *the 4th of* France. ** *Sixtus Quintus*, Gregory *the 4th, and* Innocent.

Were common Puniſhments for *Hereſy*,
And almoſt grown familiar to the Eye.
Four Reverend Prelates in bleſt Flames aſcend,
And what in Life they taught, in Death defend.
Three hundred *Martyrs* her few years devour,
Never did Flames ſo highly feaſt before;
She kill'd, and burnt, as if her cruel Mind
A Veſtal Fire of *Hereticks* deſign'd.
Our Maiden Queen in vain the *Monſieur* woo'd;
In vain two *Popes* declare againſt her Blood;
Courtſhip and Malice ſhe alike withſtood,
Unwearied Malice, laſting as her Breath,
Teeming with *Plots*, *Conſpiracies*, and *Death*.
By a fierce *Pope* her Realms are given away,
Spain * fills with floating Towers the *Britiſh* Sea,
But Heaven in Storms forbids th' unlawful Prey;
And *Engliſh* Thunder with Celeſtial joins,
Scatters their Fleet, and ſinks their vaſt Deſigns.
No ſooner *James* on *Albion*'s Throne was plac'd,
But *Rome* prepares t' exalt him with a † Blaſt;
And in loud Flames prefer him to the Sky,
While round him Lords, and ſcatter'd Commons fly,
Short Blazing Stars of Zealous Cruelty.
Nor had it fail'd, but for a ſilly Scroll
Sent to *Monteagle* from ſome melting Fool;
Who poorly grudg'd to ſacrifice a Friend
To ſuch a pious and important End:
Doſt thou not think him below *Judas* damn'd,
Whom Pity thus unfainted and unmann'd?
Unlick'd and *Independant*, as thy Bear,
'Tis plain, at firſt, all Chriſtian Churches were;
Nor did St. *Paul* acknowledge *Peter*'s Chair;
But fill'd with equal Light, and equal Grace,
Withſtood him boldly to his Erring Face.

---

* *The* Spaniſh *Expedition in* 1588. † *The Gunpowder Treaſon confeſt by* Garnet *the Prieſt, and others at their Execution.*

Too

Too ſtrait enclos'd, he overthrew the Fence,
And forc'd the Laws, unſkilful to diſpence.
But yet for Liberty he nobly fought:
That *Engliſh* Plant thou diggs'd up by the Root.
Too far alas he carry'd his *Succeſs*,
The better ſort oft wiſh it had been leſs.
He chang'd the Legal for a lawleſs Lord;
So hard it is to rule a Conquering Sword.
War has Ten thouſand Miſchiefs in her Womb,
And fruitful Seeds of ev'ry Ill to come;
Inſtead of Curing ſhe provokes the Smart,
Or drives the deadly Poyſon to the Heart.
Thy * Apes will all thy choſen Party take,
Whilſt thy ſoft Numbers the Converſion make.
Like a ſtarv'd Dog now fauns thy quaking † Hare,
Can lye, and can diſſemble, tho' not ſwear.
Puſs is familiar with our *Nymrods* grown,
Makes up the Cry to run the *Panther* down,
And has a ſort of *Leopard* of her own.
A Motly Prince ſhining with inward Light,
Whoſe unarm'd Paſſive *Subjects* never fight,
Drink no Man's Health, uncover not the Head,
As 'twere a mark of Grace to be ill-bred:
Titles becauſe they want, they never give,
Cheat in few words, and without Oaths deceive;
Break for Ten thouſand Pounds with *Tea* and *Nay*,
And when the *Spirit* moves-um, run away;
Proudly our Forms and ways of ſpeaking ſlight,
For what's their inward *Spirit* but their Wit,
Which good or bad is their pretended Light?
This *Leopard*, once a Gay and ſpotted Beaſt,
A fair *Hybernian Nymph* wou'd have compreſt;
Bold in his Youth, and Luſtful in his Kind,
In Nightly howlings he expreſt his Mind.

---

* *The* Atheiſt. † *The* Quaker.

A Rival *Wolf*, the Terror of the Wood,
Who of whole Herds had drank the reaking Blood;
His Jaws well arm'd, his frightful Briſtles rear'd,
A dreadful Champion for the Dame appear'd:
Offers the Combat which the *Leopard* ſhuns,
Forſakes the Dame, and from the *Foreſt* Runs:
Thus he * for ſhame and fear became a *Saint*,
And thinks to cover all with Thred-bare Cant,
With which he got a Wife for his ſupply,
The higheſt Prize of their poor Lottery;
Such was the doughty Scribe againſt the *Teſt*,
From whom all Sides muſt learn their Intereſt.
Thy *Baptiſt Boar* perhaps may think it odd
A new-born Child ſhould cov'nant with his God,
Or go to Hell e'er he deſerve the Rod.
From Holy Scripture they their Doctrine draw,
And may miſtake, but do not break the Law;
While thy Infallible preſumptuous *Hind*
To Bread alone the Euchariſt confin'd, (join'd.
Tho Wine, as well as Bread, the Sacred Text en-
Thy graceleſs *Fox*, by *Athanaſius* chain'd,
† *Popes*, ‖ *Councils*, ** *Emperors*, a while maintain'd,
Till the loud *Nicene Hunt* quite run her down,
And with thy *Hind* confeſt the Three in One,
Th' Eternal Father, Spirit, and the Son.
Tho' above Senſe, this does not Senſe oppoſe,
What Mortal the Divine Exiſtence knows?
The Bread we ſee, we handle, taſt and ſmell;
Nor can a God within a Wafer dwell,
Or be devour'd by Thouſands at a time,
In every Age, in every diſtant Clime.

---

* W. P. *being challeng'd by a Gentleman, turn'd Quaker, that he might not be deem'd a Coward in not accepting the Challenge.* † Liberius *and* Felix *Popes.* ‖ *Council held at* Arles, *another at* Blois. ** Valens, Conſtantius, *and other Emperors.*

A Body glorify'd mends not the matter,
Such things agree not with Corporeal Nature;
If one the Croſs he ceas'd not to complain,
Can *Chriſt* be eaten now and feel no Pain?
Or like *Prometheus* Liver grows his Fleſh,
That ſtill theſe *Eagles* feed on him afreſh?
Heaven for our Weakneſs does in vin provide,
Since erring Judgments may miſtake the Guide,
Who tho unerring, is not ſo to me,
Unleſs I were Infallible as he.
Thy Throne of Darkneſs in a Pit of Light,
If not quite Nonſenſe, is a lofty Flight;
Since either damns us, why took Heaven no care,
We ſhould not ſin? Yet ſuch we ſhould not err.
Th' Omnipotence of God who dares deny?
Yet that he can't deſtroy himſelf or lye,
Releaſe the Damn'd, recall the Time once paſt,
Is on all hands without offence confeſt.
Chriſt ſtood before his Train in open Light,
With the ſame Body that eſcapes our Sight;
Which had none ſeen, the World had not believ'd,
Nay *Thomas* felt e'er he was undeceiv'd.
If our Redeemer then appeal'd to Senſe,
To doubt their Verdict we have no pretence:
By Godlike Acts he prov'd his Deity,
The Lame he made to walk, the Blind to ſee;
Souls to their former Manſions he reſtor'd,
Theſe Miracles Men ſaw e'er they ador'd.
But ſay what Senſe, what Miracles atteſt
The Corp'ral Preſence in the *Euchariſt*,
That lying Wonder of a coz'ning Prieſt;
When God upheld, and Princes on their Knees,
Heaven Gates he ſhuts and opens as he pleaſe.
All Reverence to the Word Divine is due,
But Man's Deductions are not always true;
The *Turks*, as well as we, make Faith their Guide,
So all Religons in the World beſide;

But Faith ſhould grafted upon Reaſon be,
Reaſon the Stock, and Faith the deathleſs Tree.
Thy *Iſgrim* next with famiſh'd Face appears,
A Haggard Look, Predeſtinating Ears,
For what thou wilt ſtill thy own Mother wears.
Teaching the Scriptures of themſelves are plain,
And fully every ſaving Truth contain;
He barks at Miter'd *Popes* in *Peter*'s Chair,
At Biſhops grins, and would the Surplice tear:
Among their Brethren would their Charge divide,
Check their Ambition, and abate their Pride.
Affirms th' Elect are the true Church, and here
Since others may, Councils and *Popes* may err.
If they alone the Scripture might explain,
Chriſt ſpoke, and his Apoſtles writ in vain,
Till they were ſettled in their Spiritual Reign;
He grins at Picture-Worſhip, *Saints*, and *Croſs*,
And would refine the Metal from the Droſs;
Yet ſets no foot on the Imperial Head,
As fair *Matilda*'s * *Paramour* once did;
When, all the Marks of Majeſty laid down,
Faſting and Barefoot * *Henry* alone,
Without his Guards, like a poor *Pilgrim* dreſt,
Beg'd for Admitance, and his Guilt confeſt
In vain, till fair *Matilda* us'd her Intereſt;
Her ſofter Charms over his Rage prevail'd,
And his Church-Thunder he at length recall'd.
So *Venus* beg'd, and would not be deny'd,
While the grim God lay panting by her ſide;
And in the Flames of Love half melted down,
Promis'd bright Armour for the Godlike Son.
Theſe are thy *Iſgrim*'s Doctrines; tell me now
Where's there Contempt of Heaven, or Kings below?
I'll not exempt ſome Times and Men from Blame,
For Prieſts of all Religion are the ſame;

* Gregory VII. *Pope* and Henry IV. *Emperor*. Anno 1080.

No

No not the *Panther*, nor thy harmleſs *Hind*:
Full Power is of the Perſecuting Kind.
Unhappy Regions, *Italy* and *Spain*,
Under the Myter'd Tyrants double Reign,
Where Fire and Sword, Church-Unity maintain.
Rome, once the gentleſt Miſtreſs of Mankind,
That Arms exalted, or that Arms refin'd;
Whoſe conquering *Eagles* travel'd with the Sun,
And a like Race of Deathleſs Glory run,
One ſpreading Vertue, and the other Light
Through every Region in their proſp'rous Flight;
Nobly ſhe Fought, to Conquer, not Enſlave,
And won Renown, but Peace and Plenty gave;
To injur'd Kings their *Empire* ſhe renew'd,
And Lawleſs Tyrants with juſt Arms purſu'd,
Improving ſtill whatever ſhe ſubdu'd;
Is now content under a Spiritual Head,
And petty Dukes from his Corruption bred,
Poorly to Languiſh in Inglorious Peace,
Rebel to Honour, and mean Slave to Eaſe.
The Fruitful Regions of all *Italy*
Unpeopl'd, Unmanur'd, Deſerted lie.
Nature in vain pours forth her various Store,
Rich is the Soil, but the vext Country poor,
While Prince or Prieſt their Induſtry devour.
So the *Jackal* upon the *Lyon* waits,
And what he leaves, the hungry Vermin Eats.
Theſe are the Bleſſings that ſhe now enjoys,
Under a Tyrant of a Conclaves's Choice,
Where *French*, or *Spaniſh* Piſtols ſways the Voice.
Thy noble *Lyon* do's bought *Converts* hate,
But Hope's a Bribe, Preferment is a Bait,
And mighty Bleſſings on all *Converts* wait;
Valiant they grow, and in an Inſtant Wiſe,
And what their Nature wants, their Faith ſupplies.
One of theſe riſing things who wou'd not be,
That were neglected, ſcorn'd, decay'd like thee?

Thy *Panther next appears, Spotted 'tis true,
But like thy *Hind*, of a Celeſtial hew.
Her generous *Lion* how can ſhe offend,
Whoſe Sons and Writings for his Power contend?
Her Duty, *Cæſar* and her God divide,
Allowing no Supremacy beſide.
When expert Huntſmen had the Wood beſet,
All Arts, all Inſtruments of Ruin met;
Some at his Life, ſome aiming at his Crown,
None cou'd preve t his Fall, but Heaven alone:
(Tho' well content thy *Hind* ſhou'd be enſnar'd)
Her Loyal Sons, thy generous *Lion* ſpar'd;
Th' *Excluſive Bill* in the Lords Houſe they damn'd,
Pulpit and Preſs againſt the Act exclaim'd,
Not ſo the Clergy of too Jealous *Rome*,
Look'd on the Right of † *Henry* to come;
Leſt o'er the Flock one *Heretick* ſhould reign,
Popes with the *League*, the *League* combines with *Spain*.
They level their Church-Thunder at his Crown,
Biſhops and Nobles muſt their King diſown,
Or elſe involv'd in the ſame Sentence lie,
The laſt effect of Spiritual Tyranny.
The *League* with *Spaniſh* Arms their King oppoſe;
And Zeal unites, whom Nature had made Foes;
Ten thouſand Men th' *Italian* Clergy ſend,
That might their Choice of a new King defend.
Our Church not thinks the Heart can go along
With Prayers utter'd in an unknown Tongue,
No more than how old Women can do harm
With barbarous words repeated in a Charm:
Nor from the Vulgar do's the Word conceal,
But open wide to all that Heavenly *Weal*.
Where in plain words all ſaving Doctrines dwell.
All neceſſary Truths are ſhort and clear,
She and th' *Apoſtle* bids us ſeek 'em there.

---

* *Church of* England. † *The* 4*th of* France.

Finding

Finding no Track of an unerring Guide,
She ſets *Rome*'s haughty Plea to it aſide;
Exacts no lewd Confeſſion to a Prieſt,
Lodging our ſecret Sins in others Breaſts,
A burden which the *Primitive Church* Declin'd,
And which long after, * *Innocent* enjoin'd,
When firſt he *Tranſubſtantiation* Coin'd.
She makes no *Saints*, nor *Pictures* to adore,
Obeys her Maker, and enquires no more:
He *Images* forbid in Sacred Writ,
She fears the nice diſtinctions of your Wit;
Nor will *Doulia* nor *Latria* truſt,
But to the plain and ſacred Text be juſt.
The Godhead's every where, we know not how,
Such real *Preſence* all of us allow;
But that we eat his *Fleſh* or drink his *Blood*,
Is neither meant, believ'd, nor underſtood.
So *Jews* when their old Feaſts they celebrate,
Call 'em the bitter Herbs their Fathers eat;
Not literally thoſe which they did taſt,
When by their Gates th' avenging *Angel* paſt;
But ſuch as were in after-times deſign'd
To bring that great Deliverance to their mind.
From Purging Flames, no *Maſſes* for the Dead
At a ſet Price are in our Churches ſaid,
Nor act we Scriptures which all ought to read.
Your antient Doctrines we indeed reject,
But 'tis when elder Truths they contradict.
Of new Opinions thus we ſtand accus'd,
While we revive the Old too much abus'd.
Our *Reformation*'s new, it is confeſt,
But our Religion is as old as Chriſt's.
The *Iſraelites* when out of *Ægypt* led,
By Wonders reſcu'd, and by Wonders fed,

---

* *In the* 4th Lateran *Council*, 1215.

Did

Did not the Subſtance of the Calf adore,
Which was but their own Gold and Rings before.
Under that Figure they ador'd their God,
Who gave ſuch Virtue to the Sacred Rod;
Created *Locuſts*, that Devour'd their Corn,
And ſmote thro' *Pharoah's* Kingdom the firſt-Born;
Made the Red-Sea retire on either ſide,
Baniſh her rolling Waves, abſent her Tide;
While they upon her Sandy Boſom trod,
To Mortal Men a new Imperious Road.
Yet God thoſe ſly *Idolaters* abhor'd,
And in their *Calf* diſdain'd to be ador'd.
Scarce Holy *Moſes* cou'd his Wrath aſſwage,
Obtain their Pardon, and diſarm his Rage;
Yet they directed their Intention right,
The *Calf* but brought their God before their Sight;
What Pleads thy *Hind* more than theſe Wretches (might?

The *Wolf* and *Bear* too lately ſhe eſcap'd,
In their rough Paws to be again Entrap'd;
They but forſook her for reſembling thee,
Worſt Foe to Man's and Chriſtian's Liberty;
O *Hind* unchang'd! But 'tis in Cruelty.
To their Miſtaken Sight ſhe did appear
No *Panther*, but a ſort of Spotted *Deer*,
That might, when paſt the Glories of her Prime,
Grow grey with Age, and become white in time;
They thought unlighted *Tapers* uſeleſs things,
Abſurd as *Altars* without *Offerings*;
That Real Preſence might grow Corporal,
And Men from Kneeling to Adoring fall.
Tho' ſhe reſemble thee alas too much,
With Joy they find ſhe never will be ſuch;
She like a Loving Spouſe endur'd it long,
And much abus'd, diſſembled with the Wrong;

Till driven from the Table, ſhe withdrew,
Forc'd from the Board, ſhe left the Houſhold too;
And never will the odious Tye renew.
Where is it ſaid a Prieſt ſhall have no Wife?
Where's the Command for a Monaſtick Life?
Our wiſe Creator bid us fill the Land,
And ſhall we Vow to break his firſt Command?
Our Sons and Daughters into Convents thruſt,
And their hot Youth with untam'd *Fryers* truſt?
'Tis true, they pay a ſort of forc'd Conſent,
But Pride and Friends forbid 'em to Repent;
Like Cowards in a Battel they go on,
Aſham'd and loth to run away alone;
Till tam'd by Cuſtom, and benum'd with Age,
Like Birds long kept, they cannot leave the Cage.
A Roſie-colour'd Face *Religion* ſhews,
This every *Convent*, and *Fat Abby* knows.
The Pride of *Cardinals* what Pen can trace?
When they appear, the Royal Blood gives Place;
They may on Earth but by the *Pope* be try'd,
To Kill 'em is a ſort of Parricide.
This * *Henry* found; the *Guiſe* unheeded falls,
But *Bourbon*'s Blood for the *Church-Thunder* calls,
Paris and *Orleans* reject his Reign,
And *Sorbon Doctors* their Revolt maintain,
Affirming that the People ſafely might
Againſt their King, when thus Excommun'd, fight.
See here the Boaſted Loyalty of *Rome*,
And by their paſt, expect their Faith to come.
Men need not fear how they their Lives Pollute,
Penance and *Faſts* kind Father will commute,
The Price af Sins they eaſily compute.
A tedious *Lent* th' *Arabian Prophet* made,
But *Diſpenſations* were no common Trade;

---

* *The* 3*d of* France.

His

His temperate Law the Joys of Wine abhor'd,
When he plurality of Wives reſtor'd;
Wiſely foreſeeing that Exceſs might ſpoil
The wiſh'd Increaſe of his unpeopled Soil;
Indulging thence their Nobler Appetites,
His new *Religion* to the Clime he fits.
But Natures Frailtys both alike relieve,
The *Turks* allow but what your Prieſts forgive.
The next which bids a Biſhop have one Wife,
Excuſes *Luther* in his Married Life;
Nor has that Sacred Bed ſuch Joys of Love,
To be miſtook for *Bacchanals* above.
'Tis true, our Church is to our *Iſle* confin'd,
No cruel Swords inforce it on Mankind;
No harſh Converſions ſtain our peaceful Faith,
Ours are the Effects of Charity, not Wrath;
While *Turks* their Errors with their *Empire* ſpread,
And from *Dragoons* our *Neighbours* learn their *Creed*.
Japan and *China* with your Prieſt abound,
And *Maſs* is ſaid wherever Gain is found
What *Swede*, what *Norway* converts can you boaſt?
You never Trade to any barren Coaſt.
Your Zeal burns dim, benum'd with *Northern* Cold,
But flames and rages in the Climes of Gold.
Once for three Years the Church had loſt her Head,
Princes and Cardinals in no *Pope* agreed.
At length the weary'd Faction with one Voice
To Cardinal *Doſſa* left the Sacred Choice.
He nam'd himſelf, defeating all their Hopes,
And ſhew'd us a new way of making Popes.
Urban and *Clement* did the * World divide;
Scarce forty Years cou'd the dark Right decide.

---

* Gregory *at* Rome, Benedict *at* Avignion, *and Alexander choſen at* Piſa *under* Charles *the* VI. *See* Mezeray, Thuanus, *and other* French *Hiſtorians.* 1409.

Coun-

Councils and Cardinals both their Titles Damn'd,
And *Alexander* a third *Pope* Proclaim'd.
Where all this time was *Rome's* unerring Guide?
Did he in none, or in all three reſide?
Saint *Peter* cou'd no Succeſſor declare,
He *Clement* nam'd, but *Linus* took the Chair.
If Popes be doubtful who can Prieſthood truſt?
For if they fail, their long Succeſſion muſt.
Since then falſe *Popes* as well as true ordain'd,
How can *Rome's* Holy Orders be maintain'd?
By *Otho's* Arms aſſiſted, the Twelfth *John*,
Not full Eighteen, his Papacy began:
His Mind was Bloody, few and lewd his Days;
His great Imperial Patron he betrays,
Aſſiſts his Foe; but *Otho* overcome,
And drove th' ingrateful Stripling out of *Rome*.
His Life in Corners he a while prolong'd;
But fell at laſt by one whoſe Bed he wrong'd.
Sergius by force of Arms the Chair obtain'd,
And *Pepin's* Right Pope *Zachary* maintain'd:
Grandchild to *Pepin*, who his King Dethron'd
At *Rome*, ſo Early was Rebellion own'd.
And *Valentine* a Deacon; not a Prieſt,
Choſen by all, the Holy Seat poſſeſt.
Sylveſter on his Deathbed did declare,
The Devil and *Magick* plac'd him in the Chair.
Clement in Pangs of Poiſon ends his Days,
And *Amaſus* that gave it, takes the Place.
Victor the Third dy'd of a Poiſonous Sup;
And prov'd that more than Blood was in the Cup.
The Popedome Virtuous * *Celeſtine* reſign'd.
The Sacred Charge he conſciouſly declin'd;
Warn'd not a nights by Heaven as he thought,
But by Impoſtors *Benedict* had taught,

---

* Celeſtine *the* I.

In

In broken Voices to disturb his Rest;
And tell him God was with his Reign displeas'd.
The pious Hermit caught in that false Snare,
Retires, and *Benedict* assumes the Chair,
Leaving the Hermit to the Jaylor's Care.
After the Death of *Clement* it appears,
The Holy Seat was Vacant for two Years.
VVhere in those Days was *Rome*'s unerring Guide?
VVho thus omitted might be laid aside.
Full Forty Years His Holiness was split,
Half did at *Rome*, half at *Avignion* sit.
Each fiercely by his Followers maintain'd,
Both VVonders forc'd, and Revelations feign'd.
By Temporal Arms both Popes assert their Right,
Princes and Nobles in both Parties Fight.
John by a Council which at *Constance* met,
For Crimes and Vices was Expell'd the Seat;
VVhich to Confirm by Edict, they Proclaim,
That next to Christ, a Council was Supream.
Henry the Second made the *Romans* Swear,
VVithout his Leave not to Confer the Chair.
He from a Pope receiv'd th' Imperial Crown,
But claim'd a Right to give the Triple one.
Thus sometimes Popes made Emperors, and then
They took upon them to make Popes agen.
Each propping at their need with others Might,
The weak Foundations of Injurious Right,
So *Photas*, when he had the Hate Incur'd
Of his own Clergy for his Murther'd Lord,
At *Rome* for Lawful Emperor was own'd,
As if by Choice, or long Descent Enthron'd.
He first with that Vile Flattery Beguil'd)
Head of the Church, the *Roman* Bishop stil'd.
None but *Apelles* might the Conqueror Paint;
VVe want a *Juvenal* to draw this Saint.
His Holiness, a Father now indeed,
Might Damn Election, and let Blood succeed.

John

John his First-born was Earl of *Candia* made,
Cæsar a Cardinal of's Father's trade.
Jeffry the Third we Prince *Squillaci* find,
And bright *Lucretio* to * *Alphonso* join'd.
These were the Comforts of his private Life,
While fair *Vannochia* was esteem'd his Wife;
E'er wild Ambition taught him to aspire,
Or worldly Pomp misled his vain Desire:
But when once *Pope*, his Vice grew Villany,
A doubtful Friend, a cruel Enemy;
Faithless and Proud, oppressive was his Reign,
His Lust was Avarice, his God was Gain:
He brib'd the *Conclave*, and the *Popedom* bought,
But to just Ruin the vile *Card'nal* brought;
He *Banish'd*, *Poison'd*, or *Imprison'd* most
Of those Red-Caps, that put him to that Cost.
Cæsar with Arms lays waste his native Soil,
And with the *French* divides the odious Spoil;
And for Reward of his unnatural War,
Is promis'd Realms with *Albret* of *Navarre*:
But under vast Designs vast Treasures fail,
Places and *Card'nals Caps* are set to sale;
Extortion, *Violence*, and *Simony*,
Groan with the weight of *War* and *Luxury*.
Had *Magus* liv'd till now, and offer'd most,
Saint *Peter*'s Heir had sold the *Holy Ghost*,
Dock'd the Entail, and the Succession croft.
All Projects failing, Murder is decreed,
But yet the Sacred Scarlet must not bleed,
Tho to their Wealth his *Holiness* succeed.
At *Belvidere* he makes a treatcherous Feast,
Card'nals and wealthy Prelates are the Guests;
Where liquid Death, in private Bottle placed,
Attends the Cup th' invited Card'nals taste;

* *Duke of* Ferara.

But

But by miſtake, or Heaven's immediate Care,
He and his Son the deadly Potion ſhare:
Thus damn'd and murder'd by himſelf he dies,
A wicked *Prieſt*, but worthy Sacrifice.
So many Villanies no long Race affords,
Nor rude Election of *Pretorian* Swords,
As have ſucceeded to this Sacred Chair;
They can uſurp, kill, poiſon, but noi err.
A General Council cannot err, ſome ſay,
Yet every *Prieſt* is Fallible, and may,
The Army can't, each Man may run away.
Heaven fix'd Salvation to the Name of Chriſt;
Whom he redeem'd, why damns the *Popiſh Prieſt?*
Believe in him, you have Eternal Life;
Make not the God of Peace the Subject of your Strife.
Chriſt ſaid, the Gates of Hell ſhould not prevail
Againſt the Church, nor ſhould ſhe ever fail;
Who knows but that the Spirit might intend,
To uſe *Reformers* to that Sacred end?
Differ we may, yet all have ſaving Faith,
Go the ſame *Journey*, tho each chuſe his Path.
Error and Sin attend us here below,
That *God* that pardons Sin, will pardon Error too.
Were *Picture-Worſhip* no *Idolatry*,
I think it ſo, and 'twere a Crime in me;
Tho feign'd *Converſion* may the World deceive,
Men muſt be ſav'd by what themſelves believe.
This found thy *Lion*, and our Peace proclaim'd,
Calm'd our Diſſetions, and our Fury tam'd.
The *Panther*, *Wolf*, the *Hind*, the *Fox*, the *Hare*,
And the whole *Foreſt* his Protection ſhare;
The *Ark* did not more peacefully contain
Their warring Kinds, than his impartial Reign;
Truly devout, with an indulgent Eye,
He nobly views all ſorts of Piety:
His generous Nature *Perſecution* hates,
Heaven's eaſier Methods patiently he waits;

Thought

Thought by Experience that no outward Force
Can ſtop *Religion*'s Immaterial Courſe:
Men, *Threats*, and *Death*, and *Torture* not regard,
Whoſe Thoughts are fix'd on the ſublime Reward;
Their raviſh'd Fancies ev'n in Flames delight,
And Heaven deſcends expanded to their ſight;
With *Grief*, not *Rage*, he views the wandring Flock,
And ſandy Cots not founded on the Rock;
Born to Command, and forward th Controul,
His trembling Conſcience checks his daring Soul.
No harſh Submiſſion to his Will we pay,
Fearing we love, and loving we obey:
Deceit he ſcorns, and Force he will not uſe,
But by like means his great Deſigns purſues.
His Word he never, nor his Friend forgets,
His Smiles are Promiſes, and Frowns are Threats:
No idle Talk, no Laughter ſhakes the Room,
No looſe *Buffoons* on their leud Jeſts preſume;
His Mirth is Royal, Pleaſures are ſevere,
The Neighing Steed and Trumpet charm his Ear.
He flouriſhes that Sword he knows to uſe,
And the old Terror of our Arms renews.
Hunting (that flattering Image of the War)
Does but his Limbs for nobler Toils prepare.
Th' Extremes of Heat and Cold he learns to ſlight,
And ſees the ſhort Defence of trembling Flight:
Whether on foot he takes his certain Aim,
Or on his fiery Steed purſue the Game.
Buſineſs and well-arm'd Troops his Time divide,
And War appears in all her harmleſs Pride:
Like a young *Lion* e'er he taſt of Blood,
While from his Dam he draws his eaſy Food;
E'er Rage or Hunger drive him thro the Plains,
Of flying Herds to drink the reaking Veins.
Nor will our fierce Ambitious Neighbour dare
Provoke a Prince ſo well prepar'd for War;
Nor home-bred Treaſon ſhow her odious Face,
Doubly ſubdu'd by Arms and Acts of Grace.

The Ax may cut off Traytors as they ſprout,
But Mercy digs up Treaſon by the Root;
Above the Forms, yet true to the Intent
Of Law he ſteers his ſteddy Government;
And only ſtretches his Prerogative,
To eaſe the oppreſt and let offenders live.
So ſwift a Pity does his Wrath ſucceed,
His fierceſt Foes but for Example bleed;
Not like thoſe Princes who decline the weight,
And glorious Toils of their Exalted State:
By Heaven entruſted and aſſiſted too,
He will no Partner of his Cares allow.
His Mind has Motions perfectly her own;
And the firm Springs to Mortals are unknown.
The Crafty Courtier knows not where to bribe,
Nor where to cringe, nor fawn, the ſtarving Tribe.
Of a free Gift the Charming Force he knows;
Unimportun'd his Royal Bounty flows,
Like the ripe Cluſters of the generous Vine,
Whoſe unpreſt running makes the Nobleſt Wine.
The Zeal of Prieſts he curbs in the Debate,
When he determines the Affairs of State.
Thus freed from their vile Fears, his Royal Mind
That wiſe Indulgence for all Sects deſign'd;
He ſaw us languiſh, and our Trade decay,
Our Bankers break, our Seamen run away;
Our Churches fill'd with a dividing Herd,
Who but our Temples, to our Jayls prefer'd;
Others of God, more than of Man afraid,
To Foreign Parts our gainful Trades convey'd.
Some for Plantations left their native Soil,
Their Wealth and Eaſe, for Poverty and Toil.
No *Taxes*, no *Oppreſſion* vext the Land,
Yet Power and Wealth he ſaw were at a ſtand.
His piercing Judgment the Diſeaſe deſcry'd,
His Goodneſs the bleſt Remedy apply'd:
Not like thoſe Hirelings who had rather kill
With common Druggs, than hazard their own Skill;

But

But like a Father, and Phyſician too,
He trys the utmoſt that his Art can do;
Secure that at his Pleaſure he can ſtop
The doubtful Medicine, ſhould the Patient droop.
Let Commonwealths boaſt Liberty no more,
She thrives as well beneath thy Lyons Roar;
Not as with them, mean, ſordid and ill-bred,
But like the Partner of a Royal Bed:
With all the Decent Charms of Beauty grac'd,
And next her Lord in Veneration plac'd,
Her Lord, from whom this Bleſſing we receive,
Greater than ſome thought Monarchy could give.

Quintus Arbelius *to* Charles *Lord* H------.

TAke Courage, Noble *Charles*, and ceaſe to muſe;
I came from t'other World to bring thee News:
I'm *Quint. Arbelius* in black *Scylla*'s time,
Proſcribed then, and for no other Crime,
Than that my Lands in fair *Albania*'s Field
Were pleaſant there, and did much Profit yield.
Take Courage, Man, for that thou haſt a Charm,
Thy pleaſant Lands can never do thee harm:
And yet thy Faults are worſe, far worſe than Mine:
My Lands my Faults were, and thy Place is thine.
Thy Faults are worſe, for I, poor ſilly Fool,
Had no Ambition, nor a Soul to rule:
But thou, Great *Charles*, the Glory of that Court,
Thy Maſter's Crown and Honour didſt ſupport;
Thou kepſt thoſe Vipers from that Sacred Head:
But the great Patron of Mankind is dead?

And now they ſpit their Venom, ſet their Sting
On thee, and all that lov'd that Glorious King.
But 'tis a Crime enough in any Caſe
To keep, when Men in Power want a Place.
Take Courage *Charles*, for this Comfort bring,
The Heav'ns that did protect and love that King,
After ſome Trial thou ſhalt ſurely find
To all his Friends propitious and kind.
More would I tell thee, but th' approach of Day
Forces us Shadows to make haſt away.

On King William *the* III.

GReat *Naſſau*, from his Cradle to his Grave,
Oppos'd by thoſe whom he was born to ſave;
Whilſt every Check mounted his Glory higher,
Forc'd ſuch as would not love, yet to admire.
Thoughtfully Wiſe, ſedately Fierce and Brave,
He Conquer'd to Deliver, not t' Enſlave:
Saviour of Nations, Tyranny's ſworn Foe,
Faithful to himſelf, and Faith's Defender too.
Three Crowns the Royal Hero's Head Adorn'd,
And thrice three Nations at his Fun'ral mourn'd.
The *Belgick* with the *Britiſh* Lions groan,
Th' *Imperial* Eagle drooping ſits alone,
Sad *Europe* doth its Champion's Loſs bemoan.
Having outdone all that is Great below,
To find an Equal he to Heaven did go.
Heaven that ſo long his God-like Soul had fir'd,
Now crowns that Virtue which it ſelf inſpir'd,
And which it ſelf, as well as Earth admir'd.

FINIS.

POSTSCRIPT.

The following Poem ſhould have been inſerted in Pag. 432. *it being an Anſwer to the* Advice to a Painter, *which begins Pag.* 428. *eſpecially that Part of it which relates to K.* W.



AND muſt the Hero that redeem'd our Land,
Here in the Front of this baſe Tablet ſtand?
The Man, the more than Man, that Left his Eaſe,
And croſt ſo oft the faithleſs boiſtrous Seas;
That paid an annual Tribute of his Life,
To guard *Britania* from the Murderer's Knife?
Muſt He, the Brave, the Pious, and the Juſt,
Adorn theſe Scenes of Tyranny and Luſt?
O! my Blood boils, my Spirit's all on Flame!
Curſe on the Poet, Darkneſs on his Name!
Methinks the Skies ſhould lower, juſt Thunder roll,
And Lightning blaſt the Villain to the Soul.
Audacious Wretch! to ſtab a Monarch's Fame,
And blow his Subjects to a rebellious Flame;
To call the Painter to his black Deſigns,
To draw our Guardian's Face in helliſh Lines!
Painter forbear: The Monarch can be ſhown
Under no Shape but Angels or his own,
Gabriel or *William* on the the *Britiſh* Throne
O! cou'd my Thoughts but ſute the vaſt Deſign
Or Words with Infinite Ideas join,

I'd rouſe *Apelles* from his Iron Sleep,
And bid him trace the Conqu'ror o'er the Deep;
Trace him, *Apelles*, on the *Belgian* Plain,
Fierce climb'ng o'er the Mountains of the Slain,
Scattering juſt Vengeance thro the red Campaign.
Then daſh the Canvaſs with a flying Stroke,
Till it be loſt in Clouds of Fire and, ſmoke (broke.
And ſay, it was the Conqu'ror thro the Squardons
Heave'ns! how he leaves the Pleaſures of a Throne,
And makes his Peoples Dangers all his own.
Now Noble Pencil, lead him to our Iſle;
Mark how the Skies with joyful Glories ſmile:
Waſh off the Blood, and take a peaceful Teint.
All red the Warrior, white the Ruler paint;
Abroad a Hero, and at home a Saint.
Throne him on high upon a ſhinning Seat,
Luſt and Profaneneſs dying at his Feet;
Laurels about his Head, and may they blow
With flowry Bleſſings ever on his Brow.
Place at his Hand the Volume of the Laws,
Whence his imperial commands he draws.
Let Liberty and Right, with Plumes diſplay'd,
Clap their glad wings around his Sacred Head.
Deſcribe the Vertues that his Actions teach,
His Soul inſpires us what his Prophets preach.
His Soul inſpires, and, wide as his command,
Scatters his brave Example through the Land.
Not ſo the former Reigns.———
Bend down his ear to Each afflicted Cry,
And paint the generous mercy in his Eye.
But O! the Love, the pity of his Breaſt,
'Tis not to be by Art or Words expreſt:
Stop Pencil here, for we muſt think the reſt.
Now Muſe, purſue the Satyriſt again,
Whipe off the Blots of his invenom'd Pen.
Hark how he bids the ſervile Painter draw,
In monſtrous Shapes, the Patrons of our Law;

And

And at one dash he crosses every Name
From the Records of Honesty and Fame.
This scribling Fool makes every Man a Knave,
Shoots all his Bolts promiscuous at the Base and Brave;
And with unpardonable Molice sheds
Poison and Spite on undistinguish'd Heads.
Painter forbear; or if thy bolder Hand
Dares to attempt the Villains of the Land,
First draw this Poet like some baleful Star,
With silent Influence shedding Civil War,
Or factious Trumpeter, whose Magick Sound
Calls off the Subjects to the Hostile Ground,
And scatters hellish Feuds the Nations round.
These are the Imps of Hell, the curs'd Tribe,
That make the Plagues and Mischiefs they describe.
Draw just above the Great ones of our Isle,
Still from the good distinguishing the Vile:
Set these in Pomp, in Grandeur and Command,
Peeling the Subjects with a greedy Hand.
Paint out the Knaves that have the Nation sold,
And tinge their meagre Looks with sordid Gold.
Mark how a slavish Faction undermines
The Pious Monarch's generous Designs;
Spoil their own Native Land, as Vipers do,
Vipers that tear their Mothers Bowels thro.
Let Great *NASSAU* beneath a careful Crown,
With Eyes of Pity and just Rage, be drawn;
Grieving to see how weak his Labour proves,
To save the stubborn Nation that he loves.

FINIS.